

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakespeare,
WITH THE COMPLETE HISTORY OF
ISAAC REED, Esq.
Shakespeare.

STEREOTYPE EDITION

LONDON:

1832.

Alphabetic.

—
NOTICE TO THE READER

THE
DRAMATIC WORKS
OF
William Shakespeare,

FROM THE CORRECT EDITION OF
ISAAC REED, Esq.

WITH COPIOUS
ANNOTATIONS.

VOL. XI.

CYMBELINE.
TIMON OF ATHENS.
OTHELLO.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. WALKER; G. OFFOR; SHARPE AND SONS; AND
J. SUTHERLAND, EDINBURGH; ALSO J. CUMMING, DUBLIN.

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ANNOTATIONS
WITH EXPLANATIONS

VOL. XI.

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CYMBELINE

CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope supposed the story of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was mistaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old story-book entitled *Westward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian novelist, as from Shakespeare, though they concur in some material parts of the fable. It was published in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto seen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is said to have been written by *Kitt of Kingston*.
STEEVENS.

The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Pisanio has left her in the forest; her being almost famished; and being taken at a subsequent period, into the service of the Roman General as a *page*. The general scheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakespeare has taken a circumstance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See Act II. sc. ii. It appears from the preface to the old translation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an English dress, and had been printed separately: "I know, most worthy lord, (says the printer in his Epistle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long since been published before*, as stolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his sweet style and elocution of phrase, neither savouring of his singular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinshed, in the 19th year of the reign of Augustus Cæsar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-second year of the reign of Augustus, and the 16th of the Christian æra: notwithstanding which, Shakespeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario*, *Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is said to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

MALONE.

An ancient translation, or rather a deformed and interpolated imitation, of the ninth novel of the second day of the *Dacameron* of Boccacio, has recently occurred. The title and colophon of this rare piece, are as follows :

“ This mater treateth of a merchaūtes wyfe that afterwarde went lyke a mā and becam a great lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde.”

“ Thus endeth this lytell story of lorde Frederyke. Im-
pryted i Anwarpe by me John Dusborowhge, dwellynge
besyde y^e Camer porte in the yere of our lorde god a.
M^{CCCC}. and xvijj.”

This novel exhibits the material features of its original; though the names of the characters are changed, their sentiments debased, and their conduct rendered still more improbable than in the scenes before us. John of Florence is the Ambrogiulo, Ambrosius of Jennens the Bernabo of the story. Of the translator's elegance of imagination, and felicity of expression, the two following instances may be sufficient. He has converted the picturesque mole under the left breast of the lady, into a black wart on her left arm; and when at last, in a male habit, she discovers her sex, instead of displaying her bosom only, he obliges her to appear before the King and his whole court completely “ naked, save that she had a karcher of sylke before hyr members.”—The whole work is illustrated with wooden cuts representing every scene throughout the narrative.

I know not that any advantage is gained by the discovery of this antiquated piece, unless it serves to strengthen our belief that some more faithful translation had furnished Shakespeare with incidents which, in their original Italian to him at least were inaccessible. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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**CYMBELINE**, *king of Britain.*

**CLOTEN**, *son to the Queen by a former husband.*

**LEONATUS POSTHUMUS**, *a gentleman, husband to Imogen.*

**BELARIUS**, *a banished lord, disguised under the name of Morgan.*

**GUIDERIUS**, { *sons to Cymbeline, disguised under the*  
**ARVIRAGUS**, { *names of Polydore and Cadwal, supposed*  
                  { *sons to Belarius.*

**PHILARIO**, *friend to Posthumus,* } *Italians.*  
**IACHIMO**, *friend to Philario,* }

*A French Gentleman, friend to Philario.*

**CAIUS LUCIUS**, *general of the Roman forces.*

*A Roman Captain. Two British Captains.*

**PISANIO**, *servant to Posthumus.*

**CORNELIUS**, *a physician.*

*Two Gentlemen.*

*Two Gaolers.*

**QUEEN**, *wife to Cymbeline.*

**IMOGEN**, *daughter to Cymbeline by a former queen.*

**HELEN**, *woman to Imogen.*

**Lords, Ladies, Roman Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions,**  
**a Soothsayer, a Dutch Gentleman, a Spanish Gentleman,**  
**Musicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Messengers, and**  
**other Attendants.**

**SCENE**, *sometimes in Britain ; sometimes in Italy.*



# CYMBELINE

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—Britain. *The garden behind Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter two Gentlemen.*

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our  
bloods

No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;  
Still seem, as does the king's.

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of's kingdom,  
whom

He purpos'd to his wife's sole son, (a widow,  
That late he married,) hath referr'd herself  
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;  
Her husband banish'd; she imprison'd: all  
Is outward sorrow; though, I think, the king  
Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath lost her, too: so is the queen,  
That most desir'd the match: But not a courtier,  
Although they wear their faces to the bent



Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not  
Glad at the thing they scowl at.

2 *Gent.*

And why so?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miss'd the princess, is a thing  
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,  
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—  
And therefore banish'd) is a creature such  
As, to seek through the regions of the earth  
For one his like, there would be something failing  
In him that should compare. I do not think,  
So fair an outward, and such stuff within,  
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.*

You speak him far.

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, sir, within himself;  
Crush him together, rather than unfold  
His measure duly.

2 *Gent.*

What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father  
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,  
Against the Romans, with Cassibelan;  
But had his titles by Tenantius, whom  
He serv'd with glory and admir'd success:  
So gain'd the sur-addition, Leonatus:  
And had, besides this gentleman in question,  
Two other sons, who, in the wars o'th' time,  
Died with their swords in hand; for which their father  
(Then old and fond of issue,) took such sorrow,  
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,  
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd  
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe  
To his protection; calls him Posthumus;  
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:  
Puts him to all the learnings that his time



Could make him the receiver of; which he took,  
As we do air, fast as 'twas minister'd; and  
In his spring became a harvest: Liv'd in court,  
(Which rare it is to do,) most prais'd, most lov'd:  
A sample to the youngest; to the more mature,  
A glass that feated them; and to the graver,  
A child that guided dotards: to his mistress,  
For whom he now is banish'd,—her own price  
Proclaims how she esteem'd him and his virtue;  
By her election may be truly read,  
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him  
Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,  
Is she sole child to th' king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.  
He had two sons, (if this be worth your hearing,  
Mark it,) the eldest of them at three years old,  
I th'swathing clothes the other, from their nursery  
Were stolen; and to this hour, no guess in knowledge  
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children should be so convey'd!  
So slackly guarded! And the search so slow,  
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howsoe'er 'tis strange,  
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,  
Yet is it true, sir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We must forbear: Here comes the queen,  
and princess. [Exeunt.]



SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, and IMOGEN.*

*Queen.* No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,  
After the slander of most step-mothers,  
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but  
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys  
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthúmus,  
So soon as I can win th' offended king,  
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet  
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,  
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience  
Your wisdom may inform you.

*Post.* Please your highness,  
I will from hence to-day.

*Queen.* You know the peril:—  
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying  
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king  
Hath charg'd you should not speak together.

[*Exit Queen.*

*Imo.* O  
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant  
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,  
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,  
(Always reserv'd my holy duty,) what  
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;  
And I shall here abide the hourly shot  
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,  
But that there is this jewel in the world,  
That I may see again.

*Post.* My queen! my mistress!  
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause



To be suspected of more tenderness  
Than doth become a man! I will remain  
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.  
My residence in Rome at one Philario's;  
Who to my father was a friend, to me  
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,  
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,  
Though ink be made of gall.

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Queen.* Be brief, I pray you:  
If the king come, I shall incur I know not  
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*  
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,  
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;  
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

*Post.* Should we be taking leave  
As long a term as yet we have to live,  
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

*Imo.* Nay, stay a little:  
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,  
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;  
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;  
But keep it till you woo another wife,  
When Imogen is dead.

*Post.* How! how! another?—  
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,  
And sear up my embracements from a next  
With bonds of death!—Remain thou here

[*Putting on the ring*  
While sense can keep it on? And sweetest, fairest,  
As I my poor self did exchange for you,  
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles



I still win of you: For my sake, wear this;  
It is a manacle of love; I'll place it  
Upon this fairest prisoner. [*Putting a bracelet on her arm*

*Imo.* O, the gods!  
When shall we see again?

*Enter CYMBELINE and Lords.*

*Post.* Alack, the king!

*Cym.* Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!  
If, after this command, thou fraught the court  
With thy unworthiness, thou diest: Away!  
Thou art poison to my blood.

*Post.* The gods protect you:  
And bless the good remainders of the court!  
I am gone. [*Exit*

*Imo.* There cannot be a pinch in death  
More sharp than this is.

*Cym.* O disloyal thing,  
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest  
A year's age on me!

*Imo.* I beseech you, sir,  
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I  
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare  
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

*Cym.* Past grace? obedience?

*Imo.* Past hope, and in despair; that way, past grace.

*Cym.* That might'st have had the sole son of my  
queen!

*Imo.* O bless'd, that I might not! I chose an eagle  
And did avoid a puttock.

*Cym.* Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made  
my throne  
A seat for baseness.



*Imo.* No; I rather added  
A lustre to it.

*Cym.* O thou vile one!

*Imo.* Sir,  
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus:  
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is  
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me  
Almost the sum he pays.

*Cym.* What!—art thou mad!

*Imo.* Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were  
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus  
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

*Re-enter Queen.*

*Cym.* Thou foolish thing!—  
They were again together: you have done [*To the Queen.*  
Not after our command. Away with her,  
And pen her up.

*Queen.* 'Beseech your patience:—Peace,  
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet sovereign,  
Leave us to ourselves; and make yourself some comfort  
Out of your best advice.

*Cym.* Nay, let her languish  
A drop of blood a day; and, being aged,  
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Queen.* Fye!—you must give way:  
Here is your servant.—How now, sir? What news?

*Pis.* My lord your son drew on my master.

*Queen.* Ha!  
No harm, I trust, is done?

*Pis.* There might have been,



But that my master rather play'd than fought,  
And had no help of anger: they were parted  
By gentlemen at hand.

*Queen.* I am very glad on't.

*Imo.* Your son's my father's friend; he takes his  
part.—

To draw upon an exile!—O brave sir!—  
I would they were in Africk both together;  
Myself by with a needle, that I might prick  
The goer back.—Why came you from your master?

*Pis.* On his command: He would not suffer me  
To bring him to the haven: left these notes  
Of what commands I should be subject to,  
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

*Queen.* This hath been  
Your faithful servant: I dare lay mine honour,  
He will remain so.

*Pis.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Queen.* Pray, walk a while.

*Imo.* About some half hour hence,  
I pray you, speak with me: you shall, at least,  
Go see my lord aboard: for this time, leave me. [*Exeunt*

### SCENE III.—*A publick place.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

*1 Lord.* Sir, I would advise you to shift a shirt; the  
violence of action hath made you reek as a sacrifice:  
Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad  
so wholesome as that you vent.

*Clo.* If my shirt were bloody, then to shift it—  
Have I hurt him?

*2 Lord.* No, faith; not so much as his patience. [*Aside.*



1 *Lord*. Hurt him! his body's a passable carcass, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for steel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord*. His steel was in debt; it went o'th' backside the town. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. The villain would not stand me.

2 *Lord*. No; but he fled forward still, toward your face. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you some ground.

2 *Lord*. As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aside*.

*Clo*. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord*. So would I, till you had measured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. And that she should love this fellow, and refuse me!

2 *Lord*. If it be a sin to make a true election, she is damned. [*Aside*.

1 *Lord*. Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together: She's a good sign, but I have seen small reflection of her wit.

2 *Lord*. She shines not upon fools, lest the reflection should hurt her. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been some hurt done!

2 *Lord*. I wish not so; unless it had been the fall of an ass, which is no great hurt. [*Aside*.

*Clo*. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord*. I'll attend your lordship.

*Clo*. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord*. Well, my lord.

[*Exeunt*.



SCENE IV.—*A room in Cymbeline's palace.**Enter IMOGEN and PISANIO.*

*Imo.* I would thou grew'st unto the shores o'th'haven,  
And question'dst every sail: if he should write,  
And I not have it, 'twere a paper lost  
As offer'd mercy is. What was the last  
That he spake to thee?

*Pis.* 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

*Imo.* Then wav'd his handkerchief?

*Pis.* And kiss'd it, madam.

*Imo.* Senseless linen! happier therein than I!—  
And that was all?

*Pis.* No, madam; for so long  
As he could make me with this eye or ear  
Distinguish him from others, he did keep  
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,  
Still waving, as the fits and stirs of his mind  
Could best express how slow his soul sail'd on,  
How swift his ship.

*Imo.* Thou should'st have made him  
As little as a crow, or less, ere left  
To after-eye him.

*Pis.* Madam, so I did.

*Imo.* I would have broke mine eye-strings; crack'd  
them, but  
To look upon him; till the diminution  
Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:  
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from  
The smallness of a gnat to air; and then  
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Pisanio,  
When shall we hear from him?



*Pis.* Be assur'd, madam,  
With his next vantage.

*Imo.* I did not take my leave of him, but had  
Most pretty things to say: ere I could tell him,  
How I would think on him, at certain hours,  
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear  
The shes of Italy should not betray  
Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him,  
At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,  
To encounter me with orisons, for then  
I am in heaven for him; or ere I could  
Give him that parting kiss, which I had set  
Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,  
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,  
Shakes all our buds from growing.

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* The queen, madam,  
Desires your highness' company.

*Imo.* Those things I bid you do, get them despatch'd.—

I will attend the queen.

*Pis.* Madam, I shall. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—Rome. *An apartment in Philario's house.*

*Enter PHILARIO, IACHIMO, a Frenchman, a Dutchman,  
and a Spaniard.*

*Iach.* Believe it, sir: I have seen him in Britain: he  
was then of a crescent note; expected to prove so worthy,  
as since he hath been allowed the name of: but I  
could then have looked on him without the help of  
admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments



had been tabled by his side, and I to peruse him by items.

*Phi.* You speak of him when he was less furnished, than now he is, with that which makes him both without and within.

*French.* I have seen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the sun with as firm eyes as he.

*Iach.* This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he must be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.

*French.* And then his banishment:—

*Iach.* Ay, and the approbation of those, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours, are wonderfully to extend him; be it but to fortify her judgment, which else an easy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality. But how comes he is to sojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

*Phi.* His father and I were soldiers together; to whom I have been often bound for no less than my life:—

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

Here comes the Briton: Let him be so entertained amongst you, as suits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of his quality.—I beseech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than story him in his own hearing.

*French.* Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

*Post.* Since when I have been debtor to you for courtesies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay still.



*French.* Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindness: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you; it had been pity, you should have been put together with so mortal a purpose, as then each bore, upon importance of so slight and trivial a nature.

*Post.* By your pardon, sir, I was then a young traveller: rather shunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences: but, upon my mended judgement, (if I offend not to say it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether slight.

*French.* 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of swords; and by such two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other, or have fallen both.

*Iach.* Can we, with manners, ask what was the difference?

*French.* Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction, suffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out last night, where each of us fell in praise of our countrymistresses: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wise, chaste, constant-qualified, and less attemptible, than any the rarest of our ladies in France.

*Iach.* That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

*Post.* She holds her virtue still, and I my mind.

*Iach.* You must not so far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

*Post.* Being so far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profess myself her adorer, not her friend.

*Iach.* As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand



comparison,) had been something too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If she went before others I have seen, as that diamond of yours out-lustres many I have beheld, I could not but believe she excelled many: but I have not seen the most precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.

*Post.* I praised her as I rated her: so do I my stone.

*Iach.* What do you esteem it at?

*Post.* More than the world enjoys.

*Iach.* Either your unparagoned mistress is dead, or she's outprized by a trifle.

*Post.* You are mistaken: the one may be sold, or given; if there were wealth enough for the purchase, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for sale, and only the gift of the gods.

*Iach.* Which the gods have given you?

*Post.* Which, by their graces, I will keep.

*Iach.* You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, strange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be stolen too: so, of your brace of unprizeable estimations, the one is but frail, and the other casual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accomplished courtier, would hazard the winning both of first and last.

*Post.* Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier, to convince the honour of my mistress; if, in the holding or loss of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have store of thieves; notwithstanding I fear not my ring.

*Phi.* Let us leave here, gentlemen.

*Post.* Sir, with all my heart. This worthy signior I thank him, makes no stranger of me; we are familiar at first.



*Iach.* With five times so much conversation, I should get ground of your fair mistress: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

*Post.* No, no.

*Iach.* I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my estate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'er-values it something: But I make my wager rather against your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durst attempt it against any lady in the world.

*Post.* You are a great deal abused in too bold a persuasion; and I doubt not you sustain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

*Iach.* What's that?

*Post.* A repulse: Though your attempt, as you call it, deserve more; a punishment too.

*Phi.* Gentlemen, enough of this: it came in too suddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

*Iach.* 'Would I had put my estate, and my neighbour's, on the approbation of what I have spoke.

*Post.* What lady would you choose to assail?

*Iach.* Yours; whom in constancy, you think, stands so safe. I will lay you ten thousand dueats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a second conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine so reserved.

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot



preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, she is not worth our debate: if she remain un-seduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.



*Post.* Agreed. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and IACHIMO.*]

*French.* Will this hold, think you?

*Phi.* Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—Britain. *A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter Queen, Ladies, and CORNELIUS.*

*Queen.* Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers;

Make haste: Who has the note of them?

*1 Lady.*

I, madam.

*Queen.* Despatch.—

[*Exeunt Ladies.*]

Now, master doctor; have you brought those drugs?

*Cor.* Pleaseth your highness, ay: here they are  
madam: [*Presenting a small box.*]

But I beseech your grace, (without offence;  
My conscience bids me ask;) wherefore you have  
Commanded of me these most poisonous compounds,  
Which are the movers of a languishing death;  
But, though slow, deadly?

*Queen.*

I do wonder, doctor,

Thou ask'st me such a question: Have I not been

Thy pupil long? Hast thou not learn'd me how

To make perfumes? distil? preserve? yea, so,

That our great king himself doth woo me oft

For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,

(Unless thou think'st me devilish,) is't not meet

That I did amplify my judgement in

Other conclusions? I will try the forces

Of these thy compounds on such creatures as

We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)



To try the vigour of them, and apply  
Allayments to their act; and by them gather  
Their several virtues, and effects.

*Cor.* Your highness  
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:  
Besides, the seeing these effects will be  
Both noisome and infectious.

*Queen.* O, content thee.—

*Enter PISANIO.*

Here comes a flattering rascal; upon him *[Aside.*  
Will I first work: he's for his master,  
And enemy to my son.—How now, Pisanio?—  
Doctor, your service for this time is ended;  
Take your own way.

*Cor.* I do suspect you, madam;  
But you shall do no harm. *[Aside.*

*Queen.* Hark thee, a word.—  
*[To PISANIO.*

*Cor. [Aside.]* I do not like her. She doth think,  
she has

Strange lingering poisons: I do know her spirit,  
And will not trust one of her malice with  
A drug of such damn'd nature: Those, she has,  
Will stupify and dull the sense awhile:  
Which first, perchance, she'll prove on cats, and  
dogs;

Then afterward up higher; but there is  
No danger in what show of death it makes,  
More than the locking up the spirits a time,  
To be more fresh, reviving. She is fool'd  
With a most false effect; and I the truer,  
So to be false with her.



*Queen.* No further service, doctor,  
Until I send for thee.

*Cor.* I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

*Queen.* Weeps she still, say'st thou? Dost thou think,  
in time

She will not quench; and let instructions enter  
Where folly now possesses? Do thou work;  
When thou shalt bring me word, she loves my son,  
I'll tell thee, on the instant, thou art then  
As great as is thy master: greater; for  
His fortunes all lie speechless, and his name  
Is at last gasp: Return he cannot, nor  
Continue where he is: to shift his being,  
Is to exchange one misery with another;  
And every day, that comes, comes to decay  
A day's work in him: What shalt thou expect,  
To be depender on a thing that leans?  
Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,

[*The Queen drops a box: PISANIO takes it up*  
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'st up  
Thou know'st not what; but take it for thy labour:  
It is a thing I made, which hath the king  
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know  
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;  
It is an earnest of a further good  
That I mean to thee. Tell thy mistress how  
The case stands with her; do't, as from thyself.  
Think what a chance thou changest on; but think  
Thou hast thy mistress still; to boot, my son,  
Who shall take notice of thee: I'll move the king  
To any shape of thy preferment, such  
As thou'lt desire; and then myself, I chiefly,  
That set thee on to this desert, am bound



To load thy merit richly. Call my women:  
Think on my words. [*Exit PISA.*—A sly and constant  
knave;

Not to be shak'd: the agent for his master;  
And the remembrancer of her, to hold  
The hand fast to her lord.—I have given him that,  
Which, if he take, shall quite unpeople her  
Of liegers for her sweet; and which she, after,  
Except she bend her humour, shall be assur'd

*Re-enter PISANIO and Ladies.*

To taste of too.—So, so;—well done, well done:  
The violets, cowslips, and the primroses,  
Bear to my closet:—Fare thee well, Pisanio;  
Think on my words. [*Exeunt Queen and Ladies.*

*Pis.* And shall do:  
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,  
I'll choke myself: there's all I'll do for you. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* A father cruel, and a step-dame false;  
A foolish suitor to a wedded lady,  
That hath her husband banish'd;—O, that husband!  
My supreme crown of grief! and those repeated  
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-stolen,  
As my two brothers, happy! but most miserable  
Is the desire that's glorious: Blessed be those,  
How mean see'er, that have their honest wills,  
Which seasons comfort.—Who may this be? Fye!



*Enter PISANIO and IACHIMO.*

*Pis.* Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;  
Comes from my lord with letters.

*Iach.* Change you, madam?  
The worthy Leonatus is in safety,  
And greets your highness dearly. [*Presents a letter.*

*Imo.* Thanks, good sir:  
You are kindly welcome.

*Iach.* All of her, that is out of door, most rich!

[*Aside.*

If she be furnish'd with a mind so rare,  
She is alone th' Arabian bird; and I  
Have lost the wager. Boldness be my friend!  
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!  
Or, like the Parthian, I shall flying fight;  
Rather, directly fly.

*Imo.* [*Reads.*—*He is one of the noblest nobs, to whose kindnesses I am most infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your truest*

LEONATUS.

So far I read aloud:  
But even the very middle of my heart  
Is warm'd by the rest, and takes it thankfully.—  
You are as welcome, worthy sir, as I  
Have words to bid you; and shall find it so,  
In all that I can do.

*Iach.* Thanks, fairest lady.—  
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes  
To see this vaulted arch, and the rich crop  
Of sea and land, which can distinguish 'twixt  
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd stones  
Upon the number'd beach? and can we not



Partition make with spectacles so precious  
Twixt fair and foul?

*Imo.* What makes your admiration?

*Iach.* It cannot be i' th' eye; for apes and monkeys,  
'Twixt two such shes, would chatter this way, and  
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i' th' judgement;  
For idiots, in this case of favour, would  
Be wisely definite: Nor i' th' appetite;  
Sluttery, to such neat excellence oppos'd,  
Should make desire vomit emptiness,  
Not so allur'd to feed.

*Imo.* What is the matter, trow?

*Iach.* The cloyed will,  
(That satiate yet unsatisfied desire,  
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening first  
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

*Imo.* What, dear sir,  
Thus raps you? Are you well?

*Iach.* Thanks, madam; well:—'Beseech you, sir,  
desire [To PISANIO.  
My man's abode where I did leave him: he  
Is strange and peevish.

*Pis.* I was going, sir,  
To give him welcome. [Exit PISANIO.

*Imo.* Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?

*Iach.* Well, madam.

*Imo.* Is he dispos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

*Iach.* Exceeding pleasant; none a stranger there  
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd  
The Briton reveller.

*Imo.* When he was here,  
He did incline to sadness; and oft-times  
Not knowing why.



*Iach.* I never saw him sad.  
There is a Frenchman his companion, one  
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves  
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces  
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton  
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from free lungs, cries, O.  
*Can my sides hold, to think, that man,—who knows*  
*By history, report, or his own proof,*  
*What woman is, yea, what she cannot choose*  
*But must be,—will his free hours languish for*  
*Assured bondage?*

*Imo.* Will my lord say so?

*Iach.* Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.  
It is a recreation to be by,  
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens  
know,  
Some men are much to blame.

*Imo.* Not he, I hope.

*Iach.* Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him  
might  
Be us'd more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much  
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—  
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound  
To pity too.

*Imo.* What do you pity, sir?

*Iach.* Two creatures, heartily.

*Imo.* Am I one, sir?

You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,  
Deserves your pity?

*Iach.* Lamentable! What!  
To hide me from the radiant sun, and solace  
I'th' dungeon by a snuff?

*Imo.* I pray you, sir,



Deliver with more openness your answers  
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

*Iach.* That others do,  
I was about to say, enjoy your——But  
It is an office of the gods to venge it,  
Not mine to speak on't.

*Imo.* You do seem to know  
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray  
you,

(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more  
Than to be sure they do: For certainties  
Either are past remedies; or, timely knowing,  
The remedy then born,) discover to me  
What both you spur and stop.

*Iach.* Had I this cheek  
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,  
Whose every touch, would force the feeler's soul  
To th'oath of loyalty; this object, which  
Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,  
Fixing it only here: should I (damn'd then,)  
Slaver with lips as common as the stairs  
That mount the Capitol; join gripes with hands  
Made hard with hourly falsehood (falsehood, as  
With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,  
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light  
That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit,  
That all the plagues of hell should at one time  
Encounter such revolt.

*Imo.* My lord, I fear,  
Has forgot Britain.

*Iach.* And himself. Not I,  
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce  
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces



That, from my mutest conscience, to my tongue,  
Charms this report out.

*Imo.* Let me hear no more.

*Iach.* O dearest soul! your cause doth strike my heart  
With pity, that doth make me sick. A lady  
So fair, and fasten'd to an empery,  
Would make the great'st king double! to be partner'd  
With tomboys, hir'd with that self-exhibition  
Which your own coffers yield! with diseas'd ventures,  
That play with all infirmities for gold  
Which rottenness can lend nature! such boil'd stuff,  
As well might poison poison! Be reveng'd;  
Or she, that bore you, was no queen, and you  
Recoil from your great stock.

*Imo.* Reveng'd!

How should I be reveng'd? If this be true,  
(As I have such a heart, that both mine ears  
Must not in haste abuse,) if it be true,  
How should I be reveng'd?

*Iach.* Should he make me  
Live like Diana's priest, betwixt cold sheets;  
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,  
In your despite, upon your purse? Revenge it.  
I dedicate myself to your sweet pleasure;  
More noble than that runagate to your bed;  
And will continue fast to your affection,  
Still close, as sure.

*Imo.* What ho, Pisanio!

*Iach.* Let me my service tender on your lips.

*Imo.* Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have  
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,  
Thou would'st have told this tale for virtue, not  
For such an end thou seek'st; as base, as strange.



Thou wrong'st a gentleman, who is as far  
 From thy report, as thou from honour; and  
 Solicit'st here a lady, that disdains  
 Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Pisanio!—  
 The king my father shall be made acquainted  
 Of thy assault: if he shall think it fit,  
 A saucy stranger, in his court, to mart  
 As in a Romish stew, and to expound  
 His beastly mind to us; he hath a court  
 He little cares for, and a daughter whom  
 He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

*Iach.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!

*Imo.* O happy Leonatus! I may say;  
 The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,  
 Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness  
 Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!  
 Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only  
 For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.  
 I have spoke this, to know if your affiance  
 Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,  
 That which he is, new o'er: And he is one  
 The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,  
 That he enchants societies unto him:  
 Half all men's hearts are his.

*Imo.* You make amends.

*Iach.* He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:  
 He hath a kind of honour sets him off,  
 More than a mortal seeming. Be not angry,  
 Most mighty princess, that I have adventur'd  
 To try your taking of a false report; which hath  
 Honour'd with confirmation your great judgement  
 In the election of a sir so rare,  
 Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him



Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,  
Unlike all others, chaffless. Pray, your pardon.

*Imo.* All's well, sir: Take my power i' h' t'court for yours.

*Iach.* My humble thanks. I had almost forgot  
To entreat your grace but in a small request,  
And yet of moment too, for it concerns  
Your lord; myself, and other noble friends,  
Are partners in the business.

*Imo.* Pray, what is't?

*Iach.* Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,  
(The best feather of our wing) have mingled sums,  
To buy a present for the emperor;  
Which I, the factor for the rest, have done  
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,  
Of rich and exquisite form; their values great;  
And I am something curious, being strange,  
To have them in safe stowage; May it please you  
To take them in protection?

*Imo.* Willingly;  
And pawn mine honour for their safety: since  
My lord hath interest in them, I will keep them  
In my bed-chamber.

*Iach.* They are in a trunk,  
Attended by my men: I will make bold  
To send them to you, only for this night;  
I must aboard to-morrow.

*Imo.* O, no, no.

*Iach.* Yes, I beseech; or I shall short my word,  
By length'ning my return. From Gallia  
I cross'd the seas on purpose, and on promise  
To see your grace.

*Imo.* I thank you for your pains;  
But not away to-morrow?



*Iach.* O, I must, madam :  
Therefore, I shall beseech you, if you please  
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:  
I have outstood my time; which is material  
To th'tender of our present.

*Imo.* I will write.  
Send your trunk to me; it shall safe be kept,  
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome. [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Court before Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CLOTEN, and two Lords.*

*Clo.* Was there ever man had such luck! when I  
kissed the jack upon an up-cast, to be hit away! I had  
a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreson jackanapes  
must take me up for swearing; as if I borrowed mine  
oaths of him, and might not spend them at my pleasure.

*1 Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his  
pate with your bowl.

*2 Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it,  
it would have ran all out. [*Aside.*]

*Clo.* When a gentleman is disposed to swear, it is not  
for any standers-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

*2 Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*Aside.*] crop the ears of  
them.

*Clo.* Whoreson dog!—I give him satisfaction? 'Would  
he had been one of my rank!



2 Lord. To have smelt like a fool. [Aside]

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—  
A pox on't! I had rather not be so noble as I am; they  
dare not fight with me, because of the queen my mother:  
every jack-slave hath his belly full of fighting, and I must  
go up and down like a cock that nobody can match.

2 Lord. You are a cock and capon too; and you crow,  
cock, with your comb on. [Aside]

Clo. Sayest thou?

1 Lord. It is not fit, your lordship should undertake  
every companion that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I should commit  
offence to my inferiors.

2 Lord. Ay, it is fit for your lordship only.

Clo. Why, so I say.

1 Lord. Did you hear of a stranger, that's come to  
court to-night?

Clo. A stranger! and I not know on't!

2 Lord. He's a strange fellow himself, and knows it  
not. [Aside]

1 Lord. There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought,  
one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a banished rascal; and he's another,  
whatsoever he be. Who told you of this stranger?

1 Lord. One of your lordship's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no  
derogation in't?

1 Lord. You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not easily, I think.

2 Lord. You are a fool granted; therefore your issues  
being foolish, do not derogate. [Aside]

Clo. Come, I'll go see this Italian: What I have lost  
to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go



2 Lord. I'll attend your lordship.

[*Exeunt* CLOTEN and first Lord.]

That such a crafty devil as is his mother  
Should yield the world this ass! a woman, that  
Bears all down with her brain; and this her son  
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,  
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princess,  
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'st!  
Betwixt a father by thy step-dame govern'd;  
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,  
More hateful than the foul expulsion is  
Of thy dear husband, than that horrid act  
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm  
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unshak'd  
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'st stand,  
To enjoy thy banish'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A bed-chamber; in one part of it a trunk.*

IMOGEN *reading in her bed; a Lady attending.*

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?

Lady. Please you, madam.

Imo. What hour is it?

Lady. Almost midnight, madam.

Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are  
weak:—

Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:  
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;  
And if thou canst awake by four o'th'clock,  
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit* Lady.]

To your protection I commend me, gods!



From fairies, and the tempters of the night,  
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps. IACHIMO, from the trunk.*

*Iach.* The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense  
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus  
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd  
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,  
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!  
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!  
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,  
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that  
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o'th' taper  
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,  
To see th'enclosed lights, now canopied  
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd  
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?  
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—  
Such, and such, pictures:—There the window:—Such  
Th'adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,  
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'th' story,—  
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,  
Above ten thousand meaner moveables  
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:  
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!  
And be her sense but as a monument,  
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—

*[Taking off her bracelet.*

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard!—  
'Tis mine; and this will witness outwardly,  
As strongly as the conscience does within,  
To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast  
A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops  
I'th' bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,  
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret



Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en  
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?  
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,  
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late  
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,  
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:  
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.  
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night!—that dawning  
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;  
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*  
One, two, three,—Time, time!

[*Goes into the trunk. Scene closes.*]

SCENE III.—*An ante-chamber adjoining Imogen's  
apartment.*

*Enter CLOTEN and Lords.*

1 *Lord.* Your lordship is the most patient man in loss,  
the most coldest that ever turned up ace.

*Clo.* It would make any man cold to lose.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble  
temper of your lordship; You are most hot, and furious,  
when you win.

*Clo.* Winning would put any man into courage: If  
I could get this foolish Imogen, I should have gold  
enough: It's almost morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

*Clo.* I would this musick would come: I am advised  
to give her musick o' mornings; they say, it will pene-  
trate.—

*Enter Musicians.*

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your



fingering, so; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but I'll never give o'er. First, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful sweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her consider.

## SONG.

*Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phæbus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chalic'd flowers that lies;*

*And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes;  
With every thing that pretty bin:  
My lady sweet, arise;  
Arise, arise.*

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will consider your musick the better: if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horse-hairs, and cats-guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend.

[*Exeunt Musicians*]

*Enter CYMBELINE and Queen.*

**2 Lord.** Here comes the king.

**Clo.** I am glad, I was up so late; for that's the reason I was up so early: He cannot choose but take this service I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majesty, and to my gracious mother.

**Cym.** Attend you here the door of our stern daughter? Will she not forth?

**Clo.** I have assailed her with musick, but she vouchsafes no notice.

**Cym.** The exile of her minion is too new;  
She hath not yet forgot him. some more time



Must wear the print of his remembrance out,  
And then she's yours.

*Queen.* You are most bound to th' king;  
Who lets go by no vantages, that may  
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourself  
To orderly solicits; and be friended  
With aptness of the season: make denials  
Increase your services: so seem, as if  
You were inspir'd to do those duties which  
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,  
Save when command to your dismissal tends,  
And therein you are senseless.

*Clo.*

Senseless? not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* So like you, sir, ambassadors from Rome;  
The one is Caius Lucius.

*Cym.* A worthy fellow,  
Albeit he comes on angry purpose now;  
But that's no fault of his: We must receive him  
According to the honour of his sender;  
And towards himself his goodness forespent on us  
We must extend our notice.—Our dear son,  
When you have given good morning to your mistress,  
Attend the queen, and us; we shall have need  
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

*[Exeunt Cym. Queen, Lords, and Mess.]*

*Clo.* If she be up, I'll speak with her; if not,  
Let her lie still, and dream.—By your leave ho!—

*[Knocks.]*

I know her women are about her; What  
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold  
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes



Diana's rangers false themselves, yield up  
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer; and 'tis gold  
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;  
Nay, sometime, hangs both thief and true man: What  
Can it not do, and undo? I will make  
One of her women lawyer to me; for  
I yet not understand the case myself.  
By your leave. [Knocks.]

*Enter a Lady.*

*Lady.* Who's there, that knocks?

*Clo.*

A gentleman.

*Lady.*

No more?

*Clo.* Yes, and a gentlewoman's son.

*Lady.*

That's more

Than some, whose tailors are as dear as yours,  
Can justly boast of: What's your lordship's pleasure?

*Clo.* Your lady's person: Is she ready?

*Lady.*

Ay,

To keep her chamber.

*Clo.* There's gold for you; sell me your good report.

*Lady.* How! my good name? or to report of you  
What I shall think is good?—The princess——

*Enter IMOGEN.*

*Clo.* Good-morrow, fairest sister: Your sweet hand.

*Imo.* Good-morrow, sir: You lay out too much  
pains

For purchasing but trouble: the thanks I give,  
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,  
And scarce can spare them.

*Clo.*

Still, I swear, I love you.

*Imo.* If you but said so, 'twere as deep with me:



If you swear still, your recompense is still  
That I regard it not.

*Clo.* This is no answer.

*Imo.* But that you shall not say I yield, being silent,  
I would not speak. I pray you, spare me: i' faith,  
I shall unfold equal discourtesy  
To your best kindness; one of your great knowing  
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.

*Clo.* To leave you in your madness, 'twere my sin:  
I will not.

*Imo.* Fools are not mad folks.

*Clo.* Do you call me fool?

*Imo.* As I am mad, I do:

If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;  
That cures us both. I am much sorry, sir,  
You put me to forget a lady's manners,  
By being so verbal: and learn now, for all,  
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,  
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;  
And am so near the lack of charity,  
(To accuse myself) I hate you: which I had rather  
You felt, than make't my boast.

*Clo.* You sin against  
Obedience, which you owe your father. For  
The contract you pretend with that base wretch,  
(One, bred of alms, and foster'd with cold dishes,  
With scraps o' th' court,) it is no contract, none:  
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,  
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their souls  
(On whom there is no more dependency  
But brats and beggary) in self-figur'd knot;  
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by  
The consequence o' th' crown; and must not soil



The precious note of it with a base slave,  
A hilding for a livery, a squire's cloth,  
A pantler, not so eminent.

*Imo.*

Profane fellow!

Wert thou the son of Jupiter, and no more,  
But what thou art, besides, thou wert too base  
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,  
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made  
Comparative for your virtues, to be styl'd  
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated  
For being preferr'd so well.

*Clo.*

The south-fog rot him!

*Imo.* He never can meet more mischance, than come  
To be but nam'd of thee. His meanest garment,  
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,  
In my respect, than all the hairs above thee,  
Were they all made such men.—How now, Pisanio?

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Clo.* His garment? Now, the devil—

*Imo.* To Dorothy my woman hie thee presently:—

*Clo.* His garment?

*Imo.*

I am sprighted with a fool;

Frighted, and anger'd worse:—Go, bid my woman  
Search for a jewel, that too casually  
Hath left mine arm; it was thy master's: 'shrew me,  
If I would lose it for a revenue  
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,  
I saw't this morning: confident I am,  
Last night 'twas on mine arm; I kiss'd it:  
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord  
That I kiss aught but he.

*Pis.*

'Twill not be lost.



*Imo.* I hope so: go, and search. [Exit *Pis.*

*Clo.* You have abus'd me:—

His meanest garment?

*Imo.* Ay; I said so, sir.

If you will make't an action, call witness to't.

*Clo.* I will inform your father.

*Imo.* Your mother too:

She's my good lady; and will conceive, I hope,

But the worst of me. So I leave you, sir,

To th' worst of discontent. [Exit.

*Clo.* I'll be reveng'd:—

His meanest garment?—Well. [Exit.

SCENE IV.—Rome. *An apartment in Philario's house.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and PHILARIO.*

*Post.* Fear it not, sir: I would, I were so sure  
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour  
Will remain hers.

*Phi.* What means do you make to him?

*Post.* Not any; but abide the change of time;  
Quake in the present winter's state, and wish  
That warmer days would come: In these fear'd hopes,  
I barely gratify your love; they failing,  
I must die much your debtor.

*Phi.* Your very goodness, and your company,  
O'er pays all I can do. By this, your king  
Hath heard of great Augustus: Caius Lucius  
Will do his commission throughly: And, I think,  
He'll grant the tribute, send th' arrearages,  
Or look upon our Romans, whose remembrance  
Is yet fresh in their grief.

*Post.* I do believe,



(Statist though I am none, nor like to be,) That this will prove a war; and you shall hear The legions, now in Gallia, sooner landed In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæsar Smil'd at their lack of skill, but found their courage Worthy his frowning at: Their discipline (Now mingled with their courages) will make known To their approvers, they are people, such That mend upon the world.

*Enter IACHIMO.*

*Phi.*

See! Iachimo!

*Post.* The swiftest harts have posted you by land:  
And winds of all the corners kiss'd your sail,  
To make your vessel nimble.

*Phi.*

Welcome, sir.

*Post.* I hope, the briefness of your answer made  
The speediness of your return.

*Iach.*

Your lady  
Is one the fairest that I have look'd upon.

*Post.* And, therewithal, the best; or let her beauty  
Look through a casement to allure false hearts.  
And be false with them.

*Iach.*

Here are letters for you.

*Post.* Their tenour good, I trust.

*Iach.*

'Tis very like.

*Phi.* Was Caius Lucius in the Britain court,  
When you were there?

*Iach.*

He was expected then,  
But not approach'd.

*Post.*

All is well yet.—



Sparkless this stone as it was wont? or is't not  
Too dull for your good wearing?

*Iach.* If I have lost it,  
I should have lost the worth of it in gold.  
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy  
A second night of such sweet shortness, which  
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

*Post.* The stone's too hard to come by.

*Iach.* Not a whit,  
Your lady being so easy.

*Post.* Make not, sir,  
Your loss your sport: I hope, you know that we  
Must not continue friends.

*Iach.* Good sir, we must,  
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought  
The knowledge of your mistress home, I grant  
We were to question further: but I now  
Profess myself the winner of her honour,  
Together with your ring; and not the wronger  
Of her, or you, having proceeded but  
By both your wills.

*Post.* If you can make't apparent  
That you have tasted her in bed, my hand  
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion  
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loses,  
Your sword, or mine; or masterless leaves both  
To who shall find them.

*Iach.* Sir, my circumstances,  
Being so near the truth, as I will make them,  
Must first induce you to believe: whose strength  
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,  
You'll give me leave to spare, when you shall find  
You need it not.



*Post.*

Proceed.

*Iach.*

First, her bed-chamber,  
(Where, I confess, I slept not; but, profess,  
Had that was well worth watching,) It was hang'd  
With tapestry of silk and silver; the story  
Proud Cleopatra, when she met her Roman,  
And Cydnus swell'd above the banks, or for  
The press of boats, or pride: A piece of work  
So bravely done, so rich, that it did strive  
In workmanship, and value; which, I wonder'd,  
Could be so rarely and exactly wrought,  
Since the true life on't was——

*Post.*

This is true;  
And this you might have heard of here, by me,  
Or by some other.

*Iach.*

More particulars  
Must justify my knowledge.

*Post.*

So they must,  
Or do your honour injury.

*Iach.*

The chimney  
Is south the chamber; and the chimney-piece,  
Chaste Dian, bathing: never saw I figures  
So likely to report themselves: the cutter  
Was as another nature, dumb; outwent her,  
Motion and breath left out.

*Post.*

This is a thing,  
Which you might from relation likewise reap;  
Being, as it is, much spoke of.

*Iach.*

The roof o' th' chamber  
With golden cherubins is fretted: Her andirons  
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids  
Of silver, each on one foot standing, nicely  
Depending on their brands.



*Post.* This is her honour!—  
 Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise  
 Be given to your remembrance,) the description  
 Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves  
 The wager you have laid.

*Iach.*

Then, if you can,

[*Pulling out the bracelet.*]

Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—  
 And now 'tis up again: It must be married  
 To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

*Post.*

Jove!—

Once more let me behold it: Is it that  
 Which I left with her?

*Iach.*

Sir, (I thank her,) that:

She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;  
 Her pretty action did outsell her gift,  
 And yet enrich'd it too: She gave it me, and said,  
 She priz'd it once.

*Post.*

May be, she pluck'd it off,

To send it me.

*Iach.*

She writes so to you? doth she?

*Post.* O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;

[*Gives the ring*]

It is a basilisk unto mine eye,  
 Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,  
 Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,  
 Where there's another man: The vows of women  
 Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,  
 Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—  
 O, above measure false!

*Phi.*

Have patience, sir,

And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:  
 It may be probable, she lost it; or,



Why knows if one of her women, being corrupted,  
Hath stolen it from her.

*Post.*

Very true;

And so, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—  
Render to me some corporal sign about her,  
More evident than this; for this was stolen.

*Iach.* By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

*Post.* Hark you, he swears; by Jupiter he swears.

'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am sure,  
She would not lose it: her attendants are  
All sworn, and honourable:—They induc'd to steal it!  
And by a stranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:  
The cognizance of her incontinency  
Is this,—she hath bought the name of whore thus  
dearly.—

There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell  
Divide themselves between you!

*Phi.*

Sir, be patient:

This is not strong enough to be believ'd  
Of one persuaded well of——

*Post.*

Never talk on't;

She hath been colted by him.

*Iach.*

If you seek

For further satisfying, under her breast  
(Worthy the pressing,) lies a mole, right proud  
Of that most delicate lodging: By my life,  
I kiss'd it; and it gave me present hunger  
To feed again, though full. You do remember  
This stain upon her?

*Post.*

Ay, and it doth confirm

Another stain, as big as hell can hold,  
Was there no more but it.

*Iach.*

Will you hear more?



*Post.* Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;  
Once, and a million!

*Iach.* I'll be sworn,——

*Post.* No swearing.

If you will swear you have not done't, you lie;  
And I will kill thee, if thou dost deny  
Thou hast made me cuckold.

*Iach.* I will deny nothing.

*Post.* O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!  
I will go there, and do't; i' th' court; before  
Her father:—I'll do something—— [Exit.

*Phi.* Quite besides  
The government of patience!—You have won:  
Let's follow him, and pervert the present wrath  
He hath against himself.

*Iach.* With all my heart. [Exeunt

SCENE V.—*The same. Another room in the same.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS.*

*Post.* Is there no way for men to be, but women  
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;  
And that most venerable man, which I  
Did call my father, was I know not where  
When I was stamp'd; some coiner with his tools  
Made me a counterfeit: Yet my mother seem'd  
The Dian of that time: so doth my wife  
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!  
Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,  
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with  
A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't  
Might well have warm'd old Saturn; that I thought her  
As chaste as unsunn'd snow:—O, all the devils!—



This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—  
Or less,—at first: Perchance he spoke not; but,  
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,  
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted: found no opposition  
But what he look'd for should oppose, and she  
Should from encounter guard. Could I find out  
The woman's part in me! For there's no motion  
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm  
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,  
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;  
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,  
Nice longings, slanders, mutability,  
All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,  
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:  
For ev'n to vice  
They are not constant, but are changing still  
One vice, but of a minute old, for one  
Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,  
Detest them, curse them:—Yet 'tis greater skill  
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:  
The very devils cannot plague them better. **[Exit]**



## ACT III.

SCENE I.—Britain. *A room of state in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, and Lords, at one door; and at another, CAIUS LUCIUS, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Now say, what would Augustus Cæsar with us?

*Luc.* When Julius Cæsar (whose remembrance yet  
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,  
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,  
And conquer'd it, Cassibelan, thine uncle,  
(Famous in Cæsar's praises, no whit less  
Than in his feats deserving it,) for him,  
And his succession, granted Rome a tribute,  
Yearly three thousand pounds; which by thee lately  
Is left untender'd.

*Queen.* And, to kill the marvel,  
Shall be so ever.

*Clo.* There be many Cæsars,  
Ere such another Julius. Britain is  
A world by itself; and we will nothing pay,  
For wearing our own noses.

*Queen.* That opportunity,  
Which then they had to take from us, to resume  
We have again.—Remember, sir, my liege,  
'The kings your ancestors; together with  
The natural bravery of your isle; which stands  
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscaleable, and roaring waters;  
With sands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,



But suck them up to th' top-mast. A kind of conquest  
Cæsar made here; but made not here his brag  
Of, *came*, and *saw*, and *overcame*: with shame  
(The first that ever touch'd him,) he was carried  
From off our coast, twice beaten; and his shipping,  
(Poor ignorant baubles!) on our terrible seas,  
Like egg-shells mov'd upon their surges, crack'd  
As easily 'gainst our rocks: For joy whereof,  
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point  
(O, giglot fortune!) to master Cæsar's sword,  
Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,  
And Britons strut with courage.

*Clo.* Come there's no more tribute to be paid: Our  
kingdom is stronger than it was at that time; and, as  
I said, there is no more such Cæsar's: other of them  
may have crooked noses; but, to owe such straight  
arms, none.

*Cym.* Son, let your mother end.

*Clo.* We have yet many among us can gripe as hard  
as Cassibelan: I do not say, I am one; but I have a  
hand.—Why tribute? why should we pay tribute? If  
Cæsar can hide the sun from us with a blanket, or put  
the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for  
light; else, sir, no more tribute, pray you now

*Cym.* You must know,  
Till the injurious Romans did extort  
This tribute from us, we were free: Cæsar's ambition,  
(Which swell'd so much, that it did almost stretch  
The sides o' th' world,) against all colour, here  
Did put the yoke upon us; which to shake off,  
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon  
Ourselves to be. We do say then to Cæsar,  
Our ancestor was that Mulmutius, which



Ordain'd our laws; (whose use the sword of Cæsar  
Hath too much mangled; whose repair, and fran-  
chise,

Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,  
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,  
Who was the first of Britain, which did put  
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd  
Himself a king.

*Luc.* I am sorry, Cymbeline,  
That I am to pronounce Augustus Cæsar  
(Cæsar, that hath more kings his servants, than  
Thyself domestick officers,) thine enemy:  
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confusion,  
In Cæsar's name pronounce I 'gainst thee: look  
For fury not to be resisted:—Thus defied,  
I thank thee for myself.

*Cym.* Thou art welcome, Caius.  
Thy Cæsar knighted me; my youth I spent  
Much under him; of him I gather'd honour;  
Which he, to seek of me again, perforce,  
Behoves me keep at utterance; I am perfect,  
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for  
Their liberties, are now in arms: a precedent  
Which, not to read, would show the Britons cold:  
So Cæsar shall not find them.

*Luc.* Let proof speak.

*Clo.* His majesty bids you welcome. Make pastime  
with us a day, or two, longer: If you seek us afterwards  
in other terms, you shall find us in our salt-water girdle:  
if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the  
adventure, our crows shall fare the better for you; and  
there's an end.

*Luc.* So, sir.



*Cym.* I know your master's pleasure, and he mine:  
All the remain is, welcome. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*Another room in the same.*

*Enter PISANIO.*

*Pis.* How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not  
What monster's her accuser?—Leonatus!  
O, master! what a strange infection  
Is fallen into thy ear? What false Italian  
(As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,) hath prevail'd  
On thy too ready hearing?—Disloyal? No:  
She's punish'd for her truth; and undergoes,  
More goddess-like than wife-like, such assaults  
As would take in some virtue.—O, my master!  
Thy mind to her is now as low, as were  
Thy fortunes.—How! that I should murder her?  
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I  
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?  
If it be so to do good service, never  
Let me be counted serviceable. How look I,  
That I should seem to lack humanity,  
So much as this fact comes to? *Do't: the letter*

[Reading

*That I have sent her, by her own command  
Shall give thee opportunity:—O damn'd paper!  
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senseless bauble,  
Art thou a feodary for this act, and look'st  
So virgin-like without? Lo, here she comes.*

*Enter IMOGEN.*

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.

*Imo.* How now, Pisanio?



*Pis.* Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

*Imo.* Who? thy lord? that is my lord? *Leonatus?*  
O, learn'd indeed were that astronomer,  
That knew the stars, as I his characters;  
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,  
Let what is here contain'd relish of love,  
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,  
That we two are asunder, let that grieve him,—  
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,  
For it doth physick love;—of his content,  
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bless'd be,  
You bees, that make these locks of counsel! Lovers,  
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;  
Though forfeiters you cast in prison, yet  
You clasp young Cupid's tables.—Good news, gods!

[*Reads.*] *Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me in his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as you, O the dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes. Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, advise you, follow. So, he wishes you all happiness, that remains loyal to his vow, and your, increasing in love,*

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

O, for a horse with wings!—Hear'st thou, *Pisanio?*  
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me  
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs  
May plod it in a week, why may not I  
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true *Pisanio*,  
(Who long'st, like me, to see thy lord; who long'st,—  
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'st,—  
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;  
For mine's beyond beyond,) say, and speak thick,  
(Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing,  
To th'smothering of the sense,) how far it is



To this same blessed Milford: And, by the way,  
Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as  
To inherit such a haven: But, first of all,  
How we may steal from hence; and, for the gap  
That we shall make in time, from our hence-going,  
And our return, to excuse:—but first, how get hence:  
Why should excuse be born or e'er begot?  
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, speak,  
How many score of miles may we well ride  
'Twixt hour and hour?

*Pis.* One score, 'twixt sun and sun,  
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

*Imo.* Why, one that rode to his execution, man,  
Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,  
Where horses have been nimbler than the sands  
That run i' th' clock's behalf:—But this is foolery:—  
Go, bid my woman feign a sickness; say  
She'll home to her father: and provide me, presently,  
A riding suit; no costlier than would fit  
A franklin's housewife.

*Pis.* Madam, you're best consider.

*Imo.* I see before me, man, nor here, nor here,  
Nor what ensues; but have a fog in them,  
That I cannot look through. Away, I pr'ythee;  
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to say;  
Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—Wales. *A mountainous country, with a cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* A goodly day not to keep house, with such  
Whose roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate  
Instructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you



To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs  
Are arch'd so high, that giants may jet through  
And keep their impious turbands on, without  
Good morrow to the sun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!  
We house i' th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly  
As prouder livers do.

*Gui.* Hail, heaven!

*Arr.* Hail, heaven!

*Bel.* Now, for our mountain sport: Up to yon hill,  
Your legs are young; I'll tread these flats. Consider,  
When you above perceive me like a crow,  
That it is place, which lessens, and sets off.  
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you  
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:  
This service is not service, so being done,  
But being so allow'd: To apprehend thus,  
Draws us a profit from all things we see:  
And often, to our comfort, shall we find  
The sharded beetle in a safer hold  
Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life  
Is nobler, than attending for a check;  
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;  
Prouder, than rustling in unpaid-for silk:  
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,  
Yet keeps his book uncross'd: no life to ours.

*Gui.* Out of your proof you speak: we, poor unfledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o' th' nest; nor know not  
What air's from home. Haply, this life is best,  
If quiet life be best; sweeter to you,  
That have a sharper known; well corresponding  
With your stiff age: but, unto us, it is  
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;



A prison for a debtor, that not dares  
To stride a limit.

*Arr.* What should we speak of,  
When we are old as you? when we shall hear  
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,  
In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse  
The freezing hours away? We have seen nothing:  
We are beastly; subtle as the fox, for prey;  
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:  
Our valour is, to chase what flies; our cage  
We make a quire, as doth the prison bird,  
And sing our bondage freely.

*Bel.* How you speak!  
Did you but know the city's usuries,  
And felt them knowingly: the art o'th' court,  
As hard to leave, as keep; whose top to climb  
Is certain falling, or so slippery, that  
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil o'th' war,  
A pain that only seems to seek out danger  
I'th' name of fame, and honour; which dies i'th' search;  
And hath as oft a slanderous epitaph,  
As record of fair act; nay, many times,  
Doth ill deserve by doing well; what's worse,  
Must court'sey at the censure:—O, boys, this story  
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd  
With Roman swords; and my report was once  
First with the best of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;  
And when a soldier was the theme, my name  
Was not far off: Than was I as a tree,  
Whose boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night  
A storm, or robbery, call it what you will,  
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,  
And left me bare to weather.



*Gui.*

Uncertain favour!

*Bel.* My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,) But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline, I was confederate with the Romans: so, Follow'd my banishment; and, this twenty years, This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world: Where I have liv'd at honest freedom; paid More pious debts to heaven, than in all The fore-end of my time.—But, up to th' mountains; This is not hunters' language:—He, that strikes The venison first, shall be the lord o'th' feast; To him the other two shall minister; And we will fear no poison, which attends In place of greater state. I'll meet you in the valleys.

[*Exeunt GUI. and ARV.*]

How hard it is, to hide the sparks of nature! These boys know little, they are sons to th' king; Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive. They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly.

I' th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them, In simple and low things, to prince it, much Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,— The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove! When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell The warlike feats I have done, his spirits fly out Into my story: say,—*Thus mine enemy fell;* And thus I set my foot on's neck; even then The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats, Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture



That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,  
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,  
Strikes life into my speech, and shows much more  
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—  
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conscience, knows,  
Thou didst unjustly banish me: whereon,  
At three, and two years old, I stole these babes;  
Thinking to bar thee of succession, as  
Thou reft'st me of my lands. Euriphile,  
Thou wast their nurse; they took thee for their mother,  
And every day do honour to her grave:  
Myself, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,  
They take for natural father. The game is up. [*Exit.*

## SCENE IV.—Near Milford-Haven.

*Enter PISANIO and IMOGEN.*

*Imo.* Thou told'st me, when we came from horse,  
the place  
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so  
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!  
Where is Posthúmus? What is in thy mind,  
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that  
sigh  
From th'inward of thee? One, but painted thus,  
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd  
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself  
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness  
Vanquish my staid senses. What's the matter?  
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with  
A look untender? If it be summer news,  
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st  
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!



That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-craftied him,  
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue  
May take off some extremity, which to read  
Would be even mortal to me.

*Pis.* Please you, read;  
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing  
The most disdain'd of fortune.

*Imo.* [Reads.] *Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life; I shall give thee opportunities at Milford-Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.*

*Pis.* What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper  
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;  
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue  
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath  
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie  
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,  
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave  
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

*Imo.* False to his bed! What is it, to be false?  
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?  
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,  
To break it with a fearful dream of him,  
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?  
Is it?

*Pis.* Alas, good lady!

*Imo.* I false? Thy conscience witness:—*Iachimo,*  
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;  
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,



Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,  
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:  
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;  
And, for I am richer than to hang by th' walls,  
I must be ripp'd:—to pieces with me!—O,  
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,  
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought  
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;  
But worn, a bait for ladies.

*Pis.* Good madam, hear me.

*Imo.* True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,  
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping  
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity  
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthúmus,  
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;  
Goodly, and gallant, shall be false, and perjur'd,  
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:  
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him  
A little witness my obedience: Look!  
I draw the sword myself: take it; and hit  
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.  
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:  
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,  
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.  
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;  
But now thou seem'st a coward.

*Pis.* Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.

*Imo.* Why, I must die;

And if I do not by thy hand, thou art  
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter  
There is a prohibition so divine,  
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;



Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;  
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?  
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,  
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,  
Corrupters of my faith! you shall no more  
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools  
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd  
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor  
Stands in worse case of woe.

And thou, Posthúmus, thou that didst set up  
My disobedience 'gainst the king my father,  
And make me put into contempt the suits  
Of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find  
It is no act of common passage, but  
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,  
To think, when thou shalt be disedg'd by her  
That now thou tir'st on, how thy memory  
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, despatch:  
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?  
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,  
When I desire it too.

*Pis.* O gracious lady,  
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,  
I have not slept one wink.

*Imo.* Do't, and to bed then.

*Pis.* I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.

*Imo.* Wherefore then  
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd  
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?  
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?  
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,  
For my being absent; whereunto I never  
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,



To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,  
The elected deer before thee?

*Pis.* But to win time  
To lose so bad employment: in the which  
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,  
Hear me with patience.

*Imo.* Talk thy tongue weary; speak:  
I have heard, I am a strumpet; and mine ear,  
Therein false struck, can take no greater wound,  
Nor tent to bottom that. But speak.

*Pis.* Then, madam,  
I thought you would not back again.

*Imo.* Most like;  
Bringing me here to kill me.

*Pis.* Not so, neither:  
But if I were as wise as honest, then  
My purpose would prove well. It cannot be,  
But that my master is abus'd:  
Some villain, ay, and singular in his art,  
Hath done you both this cursed injury.

*Imo.* Some Roman courtezan.

*Pis.* No, on my life.  
I'll give but notice you are dead, and send him  
Some bloody sign of it; for 'tis commanded  
I should do so: You shall be miss'd at court,  
And that will well confirm it.

*Imo.* Why, good fellow,  
What shall I do the while? Where bide? How live?  
Or in my life what comfort, when I am  
Dead to my husband?

*Pis.* If you'll back to the court,—

*Imo.* No court, no father; nor no more ado  
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing:



That Cloten, whose love-suit hath been to me  
As fearful as a siege.

*Pis.* If not at court,  
Then not in Britain must you bide.

*Imo.* Where then?  
Hath Britain all the sun that shines? Day, night,  
Are they not but in Britain? I' th' world's volume  
Dur Britain seems as of it, but not in it;  
In a great pool, a swan's nest; Pr'ythee, think  
There's livers out of Britain.

*Pis.* I am most glad  
You think of other place. Th' ambassador,  
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven  
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind  
Dark as your fortune is; and but disguise  
That, which, to appear itself, must not yet be,  
But by self-danger; you should tread a course  
Pretty, and full of view: yea, haply, near  
The residence of Posthumus: so nigh, at least,  
That though his actions were not visible, yet  
Report should render him hourly to your ear,  
As truly as he moves.

*Imo.* O, for such means!  
Though peril to my modesty, not death on't,  
I would adventure.

*Pis.* Well then, here's the point:  
You must forget to be a woman; change  
Command into obedience; fear, and niceness,  
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,  
Woman its pretty self,) to a waggish courage;  
Ready in gibes, quick-answer'd, saucy, and  
As quarrellous as the weasel: nay, you must  
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,



Exposing it (but, O, the harder heart!  
Alack no remedy!) to the greedy touch  
Of common-kissing Titan; and forget  
Your laboursome and dainty trims, wherein  
You made great Juno angry.

*Imo.* Nay, be brief:

I see into thy end, and am almost  
A man already.

*Pis.* First, make yourself but like one.

Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,  
(’Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hose, all  
That answer to them: Would you, in their serving,  
And with what imitation you can borrow  
From youth of such a season, ’fore noble Lucius  
Present yourself, desire his service, tell him  
Wherein you are happy, (which you’ll make him know,  
If that his head have ear in musick,) doubtless,  
With joy he will embrace you; for he’s honourable,  
And, doubling that, most holy. Your means abroad  
You have me, rich; and I will never fail  
Beginning, nor supplyment.

*Imo.* Thou art all the comfort

The gods will diet me with. Pr’ythee, away:  
There’s more to be consider’d; but we’ll even  
All that good time will give us: This attempt  
I’m soldier to, and will abide it with  
A prince’s courage. Away, I pr’ythee.

*Pis.* Well, madam, we must take a short farewell;  
Lest, being miss’d, I be suspected of  
Your carriage from the court. My noble mistress,  
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;  
What’s in’t is precious; if you are sick at sea,  
Or stomach-qualm’d at land, a dram of this



Will drive away distemper.—To some shade,  
And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods  
Direct you to the best!

*Imo.*

Amen: I thank thee. [*Exeunt*

SCENE V.—*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter* CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, and Lords

*Cym.* Thus far; and so farewell.

*Luc.*

Thanks, royal sir

My emperor hath wrote; I must from hence;  
And am right sorry, that I must report ye  
My master's enemy.

*Cym.*

Our subjects, sir,

Will not endure his yoke; and for ourself  
To show less sovereignty than they, must needs  
Appear unkinglike.

*Luc.*

So, sir, I desire of you

A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—

Madam, all joy befall your grace, and you!

*Cym.* My lords, you are appointed for that office;  
The due of honour in no point omit:—

So, farewell, noble Lucius.

*Luc.*

Your hand, my lord.

*Clo.* Receive it friendly: but from this time forth  
I wear it as your enemy.

*Luc.*

Sir, the event

Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

*Cym.* Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,  
Till he have cross'd the Severn.—Happiness!

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, and Lords.

*Queen.* He goes hence frowning: but it honours us  
That we have given him cause.



*Clo.* 'Tis all the better;  
Your valiant Britons have their wishes in it.

*Cym.* Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor  
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,  
Our chariots and our horsemen be in readiness:  
The powers that he already hath in Gallia  
Will soon be drawn to head, from whence he moves  
His war for Britain.

*Queen.* 'Tis not sleepy business;  
But must be look'd to speedily, and strongly.

*Cym.* Our expectation that it would be thus,  
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,  
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd  
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd  
The duty of the day: She looks us like  
A thing more made of malice, than of duty:  
We have noted it.—Call her before us; for  
We have been too slight in sufferance. [*Exit an Atten*

*Queen.* Royal sir,  
Since the exile of Posthumus, most retir'd  
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,  
'Tis time must do. 'Beseech your majesty,  
Forbear sharp speeches to her: She's a lady  
So tender of rebukes, that words are strokes,  
And strokes death to her.

*Re-enter an Attendant.*

*Cym.* Where is she, sir? How  
Can her contempt be answer'd?

*Attend.* Please you, sir,  
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no answer  
That will be given to th' loud'st of noise we make.

*Queen.* My lord, when last I went to visit her,



She pray'd me to excuse her keeping close;  
Whereto constrain'd by her infirmity,  
She should that duty leave unpaid to you,  
Which daily she was bound to proffer: this  
She wish'd me to make known; but our great court  
Made me to blame in memory.

*Cym.* Her doors lock'd?  
Not seen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,  
Prove false! [Exit.

*Queen.* Son, I say, follow the king.

*Clo.* That man of hers, Pisanio, her old servant,  
I have not seen these two days.

*Queen.* Go, look after.—

[Exit CLOTEN  
Pisanio, thou that stand'st so for Posthúmus!—  
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his absence  
Proceed by swallowing that; for he believes  
It is a thing most precious. But for her,  
Where is she gone? Haply, despair hath seiz'd her;  
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, she's flown  
To her desir'd Posthúmus: Gone she is  
To death, or to dishonour; and my end  
Can make good use of either: She being down,  
I have the placing of the British crown.

*Re-enter CLOTEN.*

How now, my son?

*Clo.* 'Tis certain, she is fled.  
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none  
Dare come about him.

*Queen.* All the better: May  
This night forestall him of the coming day!  
[Exit Queen.



*Clo.* I love, and hate her: for she's fair and royal;  
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite  
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one  
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,  
Outsells them all: I love her therefore; But,  
Disdaining me, and throwing favours on  
The low Posthúmus, slanders so her judgement,  
That what's else rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,  
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,  
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

*Enter PISANIO.*

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, sirrah?  
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,  
Where is thy lady! In a word; or else  
Thou art straightway with the fiends.

*Pis.* O, good my lord.

*Clo.* Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter  
I will not ask again. Close villain,  
I'll have this secret from thy heart, or rip  
Thy heart to find it. Is she with Posthúmus?  
From whose so many weights of baseness cannot  
A dram of worth be drawn.

*Pis.* Alas, my lord,  
How can she be with him? When was she miss'd?  
He is in Rome.

*Clo.* Where is she, sir? Come nearer;  
No further halting: satisfy me home,  
What is become of her?

*Pis.* O, my all-worthy lord!

*Clo.* All-worthy villain!  
Discover where thy mistress is, at once,



At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—  
Speak, or thy silence on the instant is  
Thy condemnation and thy death.

*Pis.*

Then, sir,

This paper is the history of my knowledge  
Touching her flight.

[*Presenting a letter.*

*Clo.*

Let's see't:—I will pursue her  
Even to Augustus' throne.

*Pis.*

Or this, or perish.

She's far enough; and what he learns by this,  
May prove his travel, not her danger.

} *Aside.*

*Clo.*

Humph!

*Pis.* I'll write to my lord she's dead. O Imogen,  
Safe may'st thou wander, safe return again!

[*Aside.*

*Clo.* Sirrah, is this letter true?

*Pis.*

Sir, as I think.

*Clo.* It is Posthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if  
thou would'st not be a villain, but do me true service;  
undergo those employments, wherein I should have  
cause to use thee, with a serious industry,—that is,  
what villainy soe'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly  
and truly,—I would think thee an honest man: thou  
shouldest neither want my means for thy relief, nor my  
voice for thy preferment.

*Pis.* Well, my good lord.

*Clo.* Wilt thou serve me? For since patiently and  
constantly thou hast stuck to the bare fortune of that  
beggar Posthumus, thou canst not in the course of  
gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt  
thou serve me?

*Pis.* Sir, I will.

*Clo.* Give me thy hand, here's my purse. Hast any  
of thy late master's garments in thy possession?



*Pis.* I have, my lord, at my lodging, the same suit he wore when he took leave of my lady and mistress.

*Clo.* The first service thou dost me, fetch that suit hither: let it be thy first service; go.

*Pis.* I shall, my lord. [Exit.]

*Clo.* Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to ask him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there thou villain, Posthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, these garments were come. She said upon a time, (the bitterness of it I now belch from my heart,) that she held the very garment of Posthumus in more respect than my noble and natural person, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that suit upon my back, will I ravish her: First kill him, and in her eyes; there shall she see my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my speech of insultment ended on his dead body,—and when my lust hath dined, (which, as I say, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that she so praised,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath despised me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

*Re-enter PISANIO, with the clothes.*

Be those the garments?

*Pis.* Ay, my noble lord.

*Clo.* How long is't since she went to Milford-Haven?

*Pis.* She can scarce be there yet.

*Clo.* Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the second thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou shalt be a voluntary mute to my design. Be but duteous, and true preferment shall tender itself to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [Exit.]



*Pis.* Thou bidd'st me to my loss: for, true to thee,  
Were to prove false, which I will never be,  
To him that is most true.—To Milford go,  
And find not her whom thou pursu'st. Flow, flow,  
You heavenly blessings, on her! This fool's speed  
Be cross'd with slowness; labour be his meed! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Before the cave of Belarius.*

*Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.*

*Imo.* I see, a man's life is a tedious one:  
I have tir'd myself; and for two nights together  
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,  
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,  
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,  
Thou wast within a ken: O Jove! I think,  
Foundations fly the wretched: such, I mean,  
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,  
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,  
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis  
A punishment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,  
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness  
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood  
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!  
Thou art one o' th' false ones: Now I think on thee,  
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was  
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?  
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:  
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,  
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.  
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever  
Of hardness is mother.—Ho! who's here?  
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,



Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.  
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy  
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.  
Such a foe, good heavens! *[She goes into the cave.]*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Bel.* You, Polydore, have prov'd best woodman, and  
Are master of the feast: Cadwal, and I,  
Will play the cook and servant; 'tis our match:  
The sweat of industry would dry, and die,  
But for the end it works to. Come; our stomachs  
Will make what's homely, savoury: Weariness  
Can snore upon the flint, when restive sloth  
Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,  
Poor house, that keep'st thyself!

*Gui.* I am thoroughly weary.

*Arv.* I am weak with toil, yet strong in appetite.

*Gui.* There is cold meat i'th' cave; we'll browse on  
that,

Whilst what we have kill'd be cook'd.

*Bel.* Stay; come not in: *[Looking in]*  
But that it eats our victuals, I should think  
Here were a fairy.

*Gui.* What's the matter, sir?

*Bel.* By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,  
An earthly paragon!—Behold divineness  
No elder than a boy!

*Enter* IMOGEN.

*Imo.* Good masters, harm me not:  
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought  
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good  
troth,



I have stolen nought; nor would not, though I had found  
Gold strew'd o' th' floor. Here's money for my meat:  
I would have left it on the board, so soon  
As I had made my meal; and parted  
With prayers for the provider.

*Gui.* Money, youth!

*Arv.* All gold and silver rather turn to dirt!  
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those  
Who worship dirty gods.

*Imo.* I see, you are angry:  
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I should  
Have died, had I not made it.

*Bel.* Whither bound?

*Imo.* To Milford-Haven, sir.

*Bel.* What is your name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir: I have a kinsman, who  
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford,  
To whom being going, almost spent with hunger,  
I am fallen in this offence.

*Bel.* Pr'ythee, fair youth,  
Think us no churls; nor measure our good minds  
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!  
'Tis almost night: you shall have better cheer  
Ere you depart; and thanks, to stay and eat it.—  
Boys, bid him welcome.

*Gui.* Were you a woman, youth,  
I should woo hard, but be your groom.—In honesty,  
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

*Arv.* I'll make't my comfort,  
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—  
And such a welcome as I'd give to him,  
After long absence, such as yours:—Most welcome!  
Be sprightly, for you fall 'mongst friends.



*Imo.* 'Mongst friends  
If brothers?—'Would it had been so, that they  
Had been my father's sons! then had my prize  
Been less; and so more equal ballasting  
To thee, Posthúmus. *Aside.*

*Bel.* He wrings at some distress.

*Gui.* 'Would, I could free't!

*Arv.* Or I; whate'er it be,  
What pain it cost, what danger! Gods!

*Bel.* Hark, boys.  
[*Whispering.*

*Imo.* Great men,  
That had a court no bigger than this cave,  
That did attend themselves, and had the virtue  
Which their own conscience seal'd them, (laying by  
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)  
Could not out-peer these twain. Pardon me, gods!  
I'd change my sex to be companion with them,  
Since Leonatus false.

*Bel.* It shall be so:  
Boys, we'll go dress our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:  
Discourse is heavy, fasting; when we have supp'd,  
We'll mannerly demand thee of thy story,  
So far as thou wilt speak it.

*Gui.* Pray, draw near.

*Arv.* The night to th'owl, and morn to th'lark, less  
welcome.

*Imo.* Thanks, sir.

*Arv.* I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt*



## SCENE VII.—Rome.

*Enter two Senators and Tribunes.*

**1 Sen.** This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;  
That since the collection men are now in action  
'Gainst the Pannonians and Dalmatians;  
And that the legions now in Gallia are  
Full weak to undertake our wars against  
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite  
The gentry to this business: He creates  
Lucius pro-consul: and to you the tribunes,  
For this immediate levy, he commands  
His absolute commission. Long live Cæsar!

**Tri.** Is Lucius general of the forces?

**2 Sen.**

**Ay.**

**Tri.** Remaining now in Gallia?

**1 Sen.** With those legions  
Which I have spoke of, whereunto your levy  
Must be supplyant: The words of your commission  
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time  
Of their despatch.

**Tri.** We will discharge our duty.

**[Exeunt]**



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The forest, near the cave.**Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I am near to the place where they should meet, if Pisanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments serve me! Why should his mistress, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (saving reverence of the word) for 'tis said, a woman's fitness comes by fits. Therein I must play the workman. I dare speak it to myself, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glass to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no less young, more strong, not beneath him in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike conversant in general services, and more remarkable in single oppositions: yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite. What mortality is! Posthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy shoulders, shall within this hour be off; thy mistress enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face: and all this done, spurn her home to her father: who may, haply, be a little angry for my so rough usage: but my mother, having power of his testiness, shall turn all into my commendations. My horse is tied up safe: Out, sword, and to a sore purpose! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very description of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me.

*Exit.*



SCENE II.—*Before the cave.*

*Enter, from the cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS,  
and IMOGEN.*

*Bel.* You are not well: [*To IMOGEN.*] remain here  
in the cave;  
We'll come to you after hunting.

*Arv.* Brother, stay here:  
[*To IMOGEN.*]

Are we not brothers?

*Imo.* So man and man should be;  
But clay and clay differs in dignity,  
Whose dust is both alike. I am very sick.

*Gui.* Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

*Imo.* So sick I am not;—yet I am not well:  
But not so citizen a wanton, as  
To seem to die, ere sick: So please you, leave me;  
Stick to your journal course: the breach of custom  
Is breach of all. I am ill; but your being by me  
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort  
To one not sociable: I'm not very sick,  
Since I can reason of it. Pray you, trust me here:  
I'll rob none but myself; and let me die,  
Stealing so poorly.

*Gui.* I love thee; I have spoke it:  
How much the quantity, the weight as much,  
As I do love my father.

*Bel.* What? how? how?

*Arv.* If it be sin to say so, sir, I yoke me  
In my good brother's fault: I know not why  
I love this youth; and I have heard you say,  
Love's reason's without reason; the bier at door,



And a demand who is't shall die, I'd say,  
*My father, not this youth.*

*Bel.* O noble strain! [*Aside*  
O worthiness of nature! breed of greatness!  
Cowards father cowards, and base things fire base:  
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.  
I am not their father; yet who this should be,  
Doth miracle itself, lov'd before me.—  
'Tis the ninth hour o' th' morn.

*Arv.* Brother, farewell.

*Imo.* I wish ye sport.

*Arv.* You health.—So please you, sir.

*Imo.* [*Aside.*] These are kind creatures. Gods, what  
lies I have heard!

Our courtiers say, all's savage, but at court:  
Experience, O, thou disprov'st report!  
'Th'imperious seas breed monsters; for the dish,  
Poor tributary rivers as sweet fish.  
I am sick still; heart-sick:—Pisanio,  
I'll now taste of thy drug.

*Gui.* I could not stir him:  
He said, he was gentle, but unfortunate;  
Dishonestly afflicted, but yet honest.

*Arv.* Thus did he answer me: yet said, hereafter  
I might know more.

*Bel.* To the field, to the field:—  
We'll leave you for this time: go in, and rest.

*Arv.* We'll not be long away.

*Bel.* Pray, be not sick,  
For you must be our housewife.

*Imo.* Well, or ill,  
I am bound to you.

*Bel.* And so shalt be ever. [*Exit IMOGEN*



This youth, howe'er distress'd, appears, he hath had  
Good ancestors.

*Arv.* How angel-like he sings!

*Gui.* But his neat cookery! He cut our roots in  
characters;

And sauc'd our broths, as Juno had been sick,  
And he her dieter.

*Arv.* Nobly he yokes  
A smiling with a sigh: as if the sigh  
Was that it was, for not being such a smile;  
The smile mocking the sigh, that it would fly  
From so divine a temple, to commix  
With winds that sailors rail at.

*Gui.* I do note,  
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,  
Mingle their spurs together.

*Arv.* Grow, patience!  
And let the stinking elder, grief, untwine  
His perishing root, with the increasing vine!

*Bel.* It is great morning. Come; away.—Who's there?

*Enter CLOTEN.*

*Clo.* I cannot find those runagates; that villain  
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

*Bel.* Those runagates!  
Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis  
Cloten, the son o' th' queen. I fear some ambush.  
I saw him not these many years, and yet  
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

*Gui.* He is but one: You and my brother search  
What companies are near: pray you, away;  
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*]



*Clo.* Soft! What are you  
That fly me thus? some villain mountaineers?  
I have heard of such.—What slave art thou?

*Gui.* A thing  
More slavish did I ne'er, than answering  
A slave without a knock.

*Clo.* Thou art a robber,  
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

*Gui.* To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I  
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?  
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not  
My dagger in my mouth. Say, what thou art;  
Why I should yield to thee?

*Clo.* Thou villain base,  
Know'st me not by my clothes?

*Gui.* No, nor thy tailor, rascal,  
Who is thy grandfather; he made those clothes,  
Which, as it seems, make thee.

*Clo.* Thou precious varlet,  
My tailor made them not.

*Gui.* Hence then, and thank  
The man that gave them thee. Thou art some fool;  
I am loath to beat thee.

*Clo.* Thou injurious thief,  
Hear but my name, and tremble.

*Gui.* What's thy name?

*Clo.* Cloten, thou villain.

*Gui.* Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,  
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, spider  
'Twould move me sooner.

*Clo.* To thy further fear,  
Nay, to thy mere confusion, thou shalt know  
I'm son to th' queen.



*Gui.* I'm sorry for't; not seeming  
So worthy as thy birth.

*Clo.* Art not afraid?

*Gui.* Those that I reverence, those I fear; the wise:  
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

*Clo.* Die the death:  
When I have slain thee with my proper hand,  
I'll follow those that even now fled hence,  
And on the gates of Lud's town set your heads:  
Yield, rustick mountaineer. *[Exeunt, fighting.]*

*Enter BELARIUS and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* No company's abroad.

*Arv.* None in the world: You did mistake him, sure.

*Bel.* I cannot tell: Long is it since I saw him,  
But time hath nothing blurr'd those lines of favour  
Which then he wore; the snatches in his voice,  
And burst of speaking, were as his: I am absolute,  
'Twas very Cloten.

*Arv.* In this place we left them:  
I wish my brother make good time with him,  
You say he is so fell.

*Bel.* Being scarce made up,  
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension  
Of roaring terrors; for th'effect of judgement  
Is oft the cause of fear: But see, thy brother.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS, with CLOTEN's head.*

*Gui.* This Cloten was a fool; an empty purse,  
There was no money in't: not Hercules  
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:  
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne  
My head, as I do his.



*Bel.* What hast thou done?

*Gui.* I am perfect, what: cut off one Cloten's head,  
Son to the queen, after his own report;  
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and swore,  
With his own single hand he'd take us in,  
Displace our heads, where (thank the gods!) they  
grow,

And set them on Lud's town.

*Bel.* We are all undone.

*Gui.* Why, worthy father, what have we to lose,  
But, that he swore, to take our lives? The law  
Protects not us: Then why should we be tender  
To let an arrogant piece of flesh threat us;  
Play judge, and executioner, all himself;  
For we do fear the law? What company  
Discover you abroad?

*Bel.* No single soul  
Can we set eye on, but, in all safe reason,  
He must have some attendants. Though his humour  
Was nothing but mutation; ay, and that  
From one bad thing to worse; not frenzy, not  
Absolute madness could so far have rav'd,  
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,  
It may be heard at court, that such as we  
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time  
May make some stronger head: the which he hearing  
(As it is like him,) might break out, and swear  
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable  
To come alone, either he so undertaking,  
Or they so suffering: then on good ground we fear,  
If we do fear this body hath a tail  
More perilous than the head.

*Arr.* Let ordinance



Come as the gods foresay it: howsoe'er,  
My brother hath done well.

*Bel.* I had no mind  
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's sickness  
Did make my way long forth.

*Gui.* With his own sword,  
Which he did wave against my throat, I have ta'en  
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek  
Behind our rock; and let it to the sea,  
And tell the fishes, he's the queen's son, Cloten:  
That's all I reckon. [Exit.

*Bel.* I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:  
'Would, Polydore, thou had'st not done't! though  
valour  
Becomes thee well enough.

*Arr.* 'Would I had done't,  
So the revenge alone pursued me!—Polydore,  
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,  
Thou hast robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,  
That possible strength might meet, would seek us  
through,  
And put us to our answer.

*Bel.* Well, 'tis done:—  
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor seek for danger  
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;  
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll stay  
Till hasty Polydore return, and bring him  
To dinner presently.

*Arr.* Poor sick Fidele!  
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,  
I'd let a parish of such Clotens blood,  
And praise myself for charity. [Exit.

*Bel.* O thou goddess,



Thou divine Nature, how thyself thou blazon'st  
In these two princely boys! They are as gentle  
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,  
Not wagging his sweet head: and yet as rough,  
Their royal blood enchain'd, as the rudest wind,  
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,  
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful,  
That an invisible instinct should frame them  
To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;  
Civility not seen from other; valour,  
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop  
As if it had been sow'd! Yet still it's strange,  
What Cloten's being here to us portends;  
Or what his death will bring us.

*Re-enter GUIDERIUS.*

*Gui.* Where's my brother?  
I have sent Cloten's clotpoll down the stream,  
In embassy to his mother; his body's hostage  
For his return. [*Solemn musick.*]

*Bel.* My ingenious instrument!  
Hark, Polydore, it sounds! But what occasion  
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

*Gui.* Is he at home?

*Bel.* He went hence even now.

*Gui.* What does he mean? since death of my dear'st  
mother

It did not speak before. All solemn things  
Should answer solemn accidents. The matter?  
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,  
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,  
Is Cadwal mad?



*Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN as dead, in his arms.*

*Bel.* Look, here he comes,  
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,  
Of what we blame him for!

*Arv.* The bird is dead,  
That we have made so much on. I had rather  
Have skipp'd from sixteen years of age to sixty,  
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,  
Than have seen this.

*Gui.* O sweetest, fairest lily!  
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,  
As when thou grew'st thyself.

*Bel.* O, melancholy!  
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find  
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare  
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!  
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made; but I,  
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—  
How found you him?

*Arv.* Stark, as you see:  
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,  
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek  
Reposing on a cushion.

*Gui.* Where?

*Arv.* O'th' floor;  
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he slept; and put  
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness  
Answer'd my steps too loud.

*Gui.* Why, he but sleeps:  
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;  
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,  
And worms will not come to thee.



*Arv.* With fairest flowers,  
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,  
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack  
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor  
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor  
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,  
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,  
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming  
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie  
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;  
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,  
To winter-ground thy corse.

*Gui.* Pr'ythee, have done;  
And do not play in wench-like words with that  
Which is so serious. Let us bury him,  
And not protract with admiration what  
Is now due debt.—To th' grave.

*Arv.* Say, where shall's lay him?

*Gui.* By good Euriphile, our mother.

*Arv.* Be't so:

And let us, Polydore, though now our voices  
Have got the mannish crack, sing him to th' ground,  
As once our mother; use like note, and words,  
Save that Euriphile must be Fidele.

*Gui.* Cadwal,  
I cannot sing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:  
For notes of sorrow, out of tune, are worse  
Than priests and fanes that lie.

*Arv.* We'll speak it then.

*Bel.* Great griefs, I see, medicine the less: for Cloten  
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys:  
And, though he came our enemy, remember,  
He was paid for that: Though mean and mighty, rotting



Together, have one dust; yet reverence,  
(That angel of the world,) doth make distinction  
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;  
And though you took his life, as being our foe,  
Yet bury him as a prince.

*Gui.* Pray you, fetch him hither.  
Thersites' body is as good as Ajax,  
When neither are alive.

*Arv.* If you'll go fetch him.  
We'll say our song the whilst.—Brother, begin.

[Exit BELARIUS

*Gui.* Nay, Cadwal, we must lay his head to th'east,  
My father hath a reason for't.

*Arv.* 'Tis true.

*Gui.* Come on then, and remove him.

*Arv.* So,—Begin

SONG.

*Gui.* *Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,  
Nor the furious winter's rages;  
Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:  
Golden lads and girls all must,  
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.*

*Arv.* *Fear no more the frown o' th' great,  
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
Care no more to clothe, and eat;  
To thee the reed is as the oak:  
The sceptre, learning, physick, must  
All follow this, and come to dust.*

*Gui.* *Fear no more the lightning-flash,*

*Arv.* *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;*

*Gui.* *Fear not slander, censure rash;*

*Arv.* *Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:*

*Both.* *All lovers young, all lovers must  
Consign to thee, and come to dust.*



Gui. *No exorciser harm thee!*

Arv. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*

Gui. *Ghost unlaid forbear thee!*

Arv. *Nothing ill come near thee!*

Both. *Quiet consummation have;  
And renowned be thy grave!*

*Re-enter BELARIUS, with the body of CLOTEN.*

Gui. We have done our obsequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:  
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o' th' night,  
Are strewings fit'st for graves.—Upon their faces:—  
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even so  
These herblets shall, which we upon you strow.—  
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.

The ground, that gave them first, has them again:  
Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain.

*[Exeunt BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS]*

Imo. *[Awaking.]* Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven; Which  
is the way?—

I thank you.—By yon bush?—Pray, how far thither?

'Ods pittikins!—can it be six miles yet?—

I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and sleep  
But, soft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddesses!

*[Seeing the body]*

These flowers are like the pleasures of the world;  
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;  
For, so, I thought I was a cave-keeper,  
And cook to honest creatures: But 'tis not so;  
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,  
Which the brain makes of fumes: Our very eyes  
Are sometimes like our judgements, blind. Good faith,  
I tremble still with fear: But if there be



Yet left in heaven as small a drop of pity  
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!  
The dream's here still: even when I wake, it is  
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.  
A headless man!—The garments of Posthúmus!  
I know the shape of his leg: this is his hand;  
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;  
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face—  
Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Pisanio,  
All curses madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,  
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,  
Conspir'd with that irregulous devil, Cloten,  
Hast here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,  
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Pisanio  
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Pisanio—  
From this most bravest vessel of the world  
Struck the main-top!—O, Posthumus! alas,  
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?  
Pisanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,  
And left this head on.—How should this be? Pisanio?  
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them  
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant!  
The drug he gave me, which, he said, was precious  
And cordial to me, have I not found it  
Murd'rous to the senses? That confirms it home:  
This is Pisanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—  
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,  
That we the horrid may seem to those  
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

*Enter LUCIUS, a Captain, and other Officers, and a Soothsayer.*

*Cap.* To them the legions garrison'd in Gallia,



After your will, have cross'd the sea; attending  
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ships:  
They are here in readiness.

*Luc.* But what from Rome?

*Cap.* The senate hath stirr'd up the confiners,  
And gentlemen of Italy; most willing spirits,  
That promise noble service: and they come  
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,  
Sienna's brother.

*Luc.* When expect you them?

*Cap.* With the next benefit o' th' wind.

*Luc.* This forwardness  
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our present numbers  
Be muster'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, sir,  
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpose?

*Sooth.* Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:  
(I fast, and pray'd, for their intelligence,) Thus:—  
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd  
From the spongy south to this part of the west,  
There vanish'd in the sunbeams: which portends,  
(Unless my sins abuse my divination,)  
Success to th' Roman host.

*Luc.* Dream often so,  
And never false.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,  
Without his top? The ruin speaks, that sometime  
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—  
Or dead, or sleeping on him? But dead, rather:  
For nature doth abhor to make his bed  
With the defunct, or sleep upon the dead.—  
Let's see the boy's face.

*Cap.* He is alive, my lord.

*Luc.* He'll then instruct us of this body.—Young one,  
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it seems,



They crave to be demanded: Who is this,  
 Thou mak'st thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,  
 That, otherwise than noble nature did,  
 Hath alter'd that good picture? What's thy interest  
 In this sad wreck? How came it? Who is it?  
 What art thou?

*Imo.* I am nothing: or if not,  
 Nothing to be were better. This was my master,  
 A very valiant Briton, and a good,  
 That here by mountaineers lies slain:—Alas!  
 There are no more such masters: I may wander  
 From east to occident, cry out for service,  
 Try many, all good, serve truly, never  
 Find such another master.

*Luc.* 'Lack, good youth!  
 Thou mov'st no less with thy complaining, than  
 Thy master in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

*Imo.* Richard du Champ. If I do lie, and do  
 No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope [*Aside*  
 They'll pardon it. Say you, sir?

*Luc.* Thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele

*Luc.* Thou dost approve thyself the very same:  
 Thy name well fits thy faith; thy faith, thy name.  
 Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not say,  
 Thou shalt be so well master'd; but, be sure,  
 No less belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,  
 Sent by a consul to me, should not sooner  
 Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

*Imo.* I'll follow, sir. But first, an't please the gods,  
 I'll hide my master from the flies, as deep  
 As these poor pickaxes can dig: and when  
 With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have strew'd his grave,



And on it said a century of prayers,  
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and sigh;  
And, leaving so his service, follow you,  
So please you entertain me.

*Luc.* Ay, good youth;  
And rather father thee, than master thee.—  
My friends,  
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us  
Find out the prettiest daizied plot we can,  
And make him with our pikes and partisans  
A grave: Come, arm him.—Boy, he is preferr'd  
By thee to us; and he shall be interr'd,  
As soldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:  
Some falls are means the happier to arise. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A room in Cymbeline's palace.*

*Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, and PISANIO.*

*Cym.* Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.  
A fever with the absence of her son;  
A madness, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,  
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,  
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen  
Upon a desperate bed; and in a time  
When fearful wars point at me; her son gone,  
So needful for this present: It strikes me, past  
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,  
Who needs must know of her departure, and  
Dost seem so ignorant; we'll enforce it from thee  
By a sharp torture.

*Pis.* Sir, my life is yours,  
I humbly set it at your will: But, for my mistress,  
I nothing know where she remains, why gone,



Nor when she purposes return. 'Beseech your highness,  
Hold me your loyal servant.

1 *Lord.* Good, my liege,  
The day that she was missing, he was here:  
I dare be bound he's true, and shall perform  
All parts of his subjection loyally.  
For Cloten,—

There wants no diligence in seeking him,  
And will, no doubt, be found.

*Cym.* The time's troublesome:  
We'll slip you for a season; but our jealousy  
[*To PISANIO*

Does yet depend.

1 *Lord.* So please your majesty,  
The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,  
Are landed on your coast; with a supply  
Of Roman gentlemen, by the senate sent.

*Cym.* Now for the counsel of my son, and queen!—  
I am amaz'd with matter.

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,  
Your preparation can affront no less  
Than what you hear of: come more, for more you're  
ready:

The want is, but to put those powers in motion,  
That long to move.

*Cym.* I thank you: Let's withdraw.  
And meet the time, as it seeks us. We fear not  
What can from Italy annoy us; but  
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

*Pis.* I heard no letter from my master, since  
I wrote him, Imogen was slain: 'Tis strange:  
Nor hear I from my mistress, who did promise  
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I



What is betid to Cloten; but remain  
Perplex'd in all. The heavens still must work:  
Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true, to be true.  
These present wars shall find I love my country,  
Even to the note o' th' king, or I'll fall in them.  
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:  
Fortune brings in some boats, that are not steer'd.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the cave.*

*Enter* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.

*Gui.* The noise is round about us.

*Bel.* Let us from it.

*Arv.* What pleasure, sir, find we in life, to lock it  
From action and adventure?

*Gui.* Nay, what hope  
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans  
Must or for Britons slay us; or receive us  
For barbarous and unnatural revolts  
During their use, and slay us after.

*Bel.* Sons,  
We'll higher to the mountains; there secure us.  
To the king's party there's no going: newness  
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muster'd  
Among the bands) may drive us to a render  
Where we have liv'd; and so extort from us  
That which we've done, whose answer would be death  
Drawn on with torture.

*Gui.* This is, sir, a doubt,  
In such a time, nothing becoming you,  
Nor satisfying us.

*Arv.* It is not likely,



That when they hear the Roman horses neigh,  
Behold their quarter'd fires, have both their eyes  
And ears so cloy'd importantly as now,  
That they will waste their time upon our note,  
To know from whence we are.

*Bel.* O, I am known  
Of many in the army: many years,  
Though Cloten then but young, you see, not wore him  
From my remembrance. And, besides, the king  
Hath not deserv'd my service, nor your loves;  
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,  
The certainty of this hard life; aye hopeless  
To have the courtesy your cradle promis'd,  
But to be still hot summer's tanlings, and  
The shrinking slaves of winter.

*Gui.* Than be so,  
Better to cease to be. Pray, sir, to th' army:  
I and my brother are not known; yourself,  
So out of thought, and thereto so o'ergrown,  
Cannot be question'd.

*Arv.* By this sun that shines,  
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never  
Did see man die? scarce ever look'd on blood,  
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and venison?  
Never bestrid a horse, save one, that had  
A rider like myself, who ne'er wore rowel  
Nor iron on his heel? I am asham'd  
To look upon the holy sun, to have  
The benefit of his bless'd beams, remaining  
So long a poor unknown.

*Gui.* By heavens, I'll go:  
If you will bless me, sir, and give me leave,  
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,



The hazard therefore due fall on me, by  
The hands of Romans!

*Arr.* So say I; Amen.

*Bel.* No reason I, since on your lives you set  
So slight a valuation, should reserve  
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:  
If in your country wars you chance to die,  
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:  
Lead, lead.—The time seems long; their blood thinks  
scorn, [*Aside.*  
Till it fly out, and show them princes born. [*Exeunt.*

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## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A field between the British and Roman camps*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, with a bloody handkerchief.*

*Post.* Yea, bloody cloth, I'll keep thee; for I wish'd  
Thou should'st be colour'd thus. You married ones,  
If each of you would take this course, how many  
Must murder wives much better than themselves,  
For wrying but a little?—O, Pisanio!  
Every good servant does not all commands:  
No bond, but to do just ones.—Gods! if you  
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never  
Had liv'd to put on this: so had you saved  
The noble Imogen to repent; and struck  
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,  
You snatch some hence for little faults; that's love,



To have them fall no more: you some permit  
To second ills with ills, each elder worse;  
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.  
But Imogen is your own: Do your best wills,  
And make me bless'd to obey!—I am brought hither  
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight  
Against my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough  
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy mistress; peace!  
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,  
Hear patiently my purpose: I'll disrobe me  
Of these Italian weeds, and suit myself  
As does a Briton peasant: so I'll fight  
Against the part I come with; so I'll die  
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life  
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,  
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril  
Myself I'll dedicate. Let me make men know  
More valour in me, than my habits show.  
Gods, put the strength o'th' Leonati in me!  
To shame the guise o'th' world, I will begin  
The fashion, less without, and more within. [Exit

SCENE II.—*The same*

*Enter at one side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and the Roman army; at the other side, the British army; LEONATUS POSTHUMUS following it, like a poor soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in skirmish, IACHIMO and POSTHUMUS: he vanquisheth and disarmeth IACHIMO, and then leaves him.*

*Iach.* The heaviness and guilt within my bosom  
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,  
The princess of this country, and the air on't



Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,  
A very drudge of nature's, have subdu'd me,  
In my profession? Knighthoods and honours, borne  
As I wear mine, are titles but of scorn.  
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before  
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds  
Is, that we scarce are men, and you are gods. [Exit.

*The battle continues; the Britons fly; CYMBELINE is taken; then enter, to his rescue, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS.*

*Bel.* Stand, stand! We have th' advantage of the  
ground;  
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but  
The villainy of our fears.

*Gui. Arv.* Stand, stand, and fight!

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and seconds the Britons: They rescue CYMBELINE, and exeunt. Then, enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, and IMOGEN.*

*Luc.* Away, boy, from the troops, and save thyself:  
For friends kill friends, and the disorder's such  
As war were hood-wink'd.

*Iach.* 'Tis their fresh supplies.

*Luc.* It is a day turn'd strangely: Or betimes  
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [Exeunt

### SCENE III.—*Another part of the field.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS and a British Lord.*

*Lord.* Cam'st thou from where they made the stand?

*Post.* I did:

Though you, it seems, come from the fliers.



*Lord.*

*I did.*

*Post.* No blame be to you, sir; for all was lost,  
But that the heavens fought: The king himself  
Of his wings destitute, the army broken,  
And but the backs of Britons seen, all flying  
Through a strait lane; the enemy full-hearted,  
Lolling the tongue with slaughtering, having work  
More plentiful than tools to do't, struck down  
Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling  
Merely through fear; that the strait pass was damm'd  
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living  
To die with lengthen'd shame.

*Lord.*

Where was this lane?

*Post.* Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turfs,  
Which gave advantage to an ancient soldier,—  
An honest one, I warrant; who deserv'd  
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,  
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,  
He, with two striplings, (lads more like to run  
The country base, than to commit such slaughter;  
With faces fit for masks, or rather fairer  
Than those for preservation cas'd, or shame,)  
Made good the passage; cry'd to those that fled,  
*Our Britain's harts die flying, not our men:*  
*To darkness fleet, souls that fly backwards! Stand;*  
*Or we are Romans, and will give you that*  
*Like beasts, which you shun beastly; and may save,*  
*But to look back in frown: stand, stand.*—These three  
Three thousand confident, in act as many,  
(For three performers are the file, when all  
The rest do nothing,) with this word, *stand, stand,*  
Accommodated by the place, more charming,  
With their own nobleness, (which could have turn'd



A distaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,  
Part, shame, part, spirit renew'd; that some, turn'd  
coward

But by example (O, a sin in war,  
Damn'd in the first beginners!) 'gan to look  
The way that they did, and to grin like lions  
Upon the pikes o' th' hunters. Then began  
A stop i' th' chaser, a retire; anon,  
A rout, confusion thick: Forthwith, they fly  
Chickens, the way which they stoop'd eagles; slaves,  
The strides they victors made: And now our cowards  
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became  
The life o' th' need; having found the back-door open  
Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!  
Some, slain before; some, dying; some, their friends  
O'er-borne i' th' former wave: ten, chas'd by one,  
Are now each one the slaughter-man of twenty:  
Those, that would die or ere resist, are grown  
The mortal bugs o' th' field.

*Lord.* This was strange chance:  
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

*Post.* Nay, do not wonder at it: You are made  
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,  
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,  
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:  
*Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,  
Preserv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.*

*Lord.* Nay, be not angry, sir.

*Post.* 'Lack, to what end?  
Who dares not stand his foe, I'll be his friend:  
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,  
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendship too.  
You have put me into rhyme.



*Lord.*

Farewell; you are angry.  
[*Exit.*]

*Post.* Still going?—This is a lord! O noble misery!  
To be i' th' field, and ask, what news, of me!  
To-day, how many would have given their honours  
To have sav'd their carcasses? took heel to do't,  
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,  
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;  
Nor feel him, where he struck: Being an ugly monster,  
'Tis strange, he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,  
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we  
That draw his knives i' th' war.—Well, I will find him:  
For being now a favourer to the Roman,  
No more a Briton, I have re-sum'd again  
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,  
But yield me to the veriest hind, that shall  
Once touch my shoulder. Great the slaughter is  
Here made by th' Roman; great the answer be  
Britons must take; For me, my ransome's death;  
On either side I come to spend my breath;  
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,  
But end it by some means for Imogen.

*Enter two British Captains, and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:  
'Tis thought, the old man and his sons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,  
That gave th' affront with them.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:  
But none of them can be found.—Stand! who is there?

*Post.* A Roman;  
Who had not now been drooping here, if seconds  
Had answer'd him.



2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!  
A leg of Rome shall not return to tell  
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his service  
As if he were of note: bring him to th' king.

*Enter CYMBELINE, attended; BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, and Roman captives. The Captains present POSTHUMUS to CYMBELINE, who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

SCENE IV.—*A prison.*

*Enter POSTHUMUS, and two Gaolers.*

1 *Goal.* You shall not now be stolen, you have locks  
upon you;

So, graze, as you find pasture.

2 *Goal.*

Ay, or a stomach.

[*Exeunt Gaolers.*]

*Post.* Most welcome, bondage! for thou art a way  
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better  
Than one that's sick o' th' gout: since he had rather  
Groan so in perpetuity, than be cur'd  
By th' sure physician, death; who is the key  
To unbar these locks. My conscience! thou art fetter'd  
More than my shanks, and wrists: You good gods  
give me

The penitent instrument, to pick that bolt,  
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am sorry?  
So children temporal fathers do appease;  
Gods are more full of mercy. Must I repent?  
I cannot do it better than in gyves,  
Desir'd, more than constrain'd: to satisfy,



If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me, than my all.  
I know, you are more clement than vile men,  
Who of their broken debtors take a third,  
A sixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again  
On their abatement; that's not my desire:  
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though  
'Tis not so dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:  
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every stamp;  
Though light, take pieces for the figure's sake:  
You rather mine, being yours: And so, great powers,  
If you will take this audit, take this life,  
And cancel these cold bonds. O Imogen!  
I'll speak to thee in silence. [He sleeps

*Solemn musick. Enter, as an apparition, SICILIUS LEONATUS, father to POSTHUMUS, an old man, attired like a warrior; leading in his hand an ancient matron, his wife, and mother to POSTHUMUS, with musick before them. Then, after other musick, follow the two young Leonati, brothers to POSTHUMUS, with wounds, as they died in the wars. They circle POSTHUMUS round, as he lies sleeping.*

*Sici.* No more, thou thunder-master, show

Thy spite on mortal flies:

With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,

That thy adulteries

Rates and revenges.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,

Whose face I never saw?

I died, whilst in the womb he stay'd

Attending Nature's law.



Whose father then (as men report,  
Thou orphans' father art,)  
Thou should'st have been, and shielded him  
From this earth-vexing smart.

*Moth.* Lucina lent not me her aid,  
But took me in my throes;  
That from me was Posthúmus ript,  
Came crying 'mongst his foes,  
A thing of pity!

*Sici.* Great nature, like his ancestry,  
Moulded the stuff so fair,  
That he deserv'd the praise o' th' world,  
As great Sicilius' heir.

*1 Bro.* When once he was mature for man,  
In Britain where was he  
That could stand up his parallel;  
Or fruitful object be  
In eye of Imogen, that best  
Could deem his dignity?

*Moth.* With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,  
To be exil'd, and thrown  
From Leonati' seat, and cast  
From her his dearest one,  
Sweet Imogen?

*Sici.* Why did you suffer Iachimo,  
Slight thing of Italy,  
To taint his nobler heart and brain  
With needless jealousy;  
And to become the geck and scorn  
O' th' other's villainy



2 *Bro.* For this, from stiller seats we came,  
Our parents, and us twain,  
That, striking in our country's cause,  
Fell bravely, and were slain;  
Our fealty, and Tenantius' right,  
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Posthumus hath  
To Cymbeline perform'd:  
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,  
Why hast thou thus adjourn'd  
The graces for his merits due;  
Being all to dolours turn'd?

*Sici.* Thy crystal window ope; look out;  
No longer exercise,  
Upon a valiant race, thy harsh  
And potent injuries:

*Moth.* Since, Jupiter, our son is good,  
Take off his miseries.

*Sici.* Peep through thy marble mansion; help!  
Or we poor ghosts will cry  
To the shining synod of th' rest,  
Against thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal.  
And from thy justice fly.

*JUPITER* descends in thunder and lightning, sitting upon an eagle: he throws a thunder-bolt. *The Ghosts fall on their knees.*

*Jup.* No more, you petty spirits of region low,  
Offend our hearing; hush!—How dare you ghosts,  
Accuse the thunderer, whose bolt you know,  
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coasts?



Poor shadows of Elysium, hence; and rest

Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:

Be not with mortal accidents opprest;

No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.

Whom best I love, I cross; to make my gift,

The more delay'd, delighted. Be content;

Your low-laid son our godhead will uplift:

His comforts thrive, his trials well are spent.

Our Jovial star reign'd at his birth, and in

Our temple was he married.—Rise, and fade!—

He shall be lord of lady Imogen,

And happier much by his affliction made.

This tablet lay upon his breast; wherein

Our pleasure his full fortune doth confine;

And so, away: no further with your din

Express impatience, lest you stir up mine.—

Mount, eagle, to my palace crystalline. [*Ascends*

*Sici.* He came in thunder; his celestial breath

Was sulphurous to smell: the holy eagle

Stoop'd, as to foot us: his ascension is

More sweet than our bless'd fields: his royal bird

Prunes the immortal wing, and cloyes his beak,

As when his god is pleas'd.

*All.* Thanks, Jupiter!

*Sici.* The marble pavement closes, he is enter'd

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be blest,

Let us with care perform his great behest.

[*Ghosts vanish.*

*Post.* [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou hast been a grandsire,

and begot

A father to me: and thou hast created



A mother, and two brothers: But (O scorn!)  
Gone! they went hence so soon as they were born.  
And so I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend  
On greatness' favour, dream as I have done;  
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I swerve:  
Many dream not to find, neither deserve,  
And yet are steep'd in favours; so am I,  
That have this golden chance, and know not why.  
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!  
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment  
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects  
So follow, to be most unlike our courtiers,  
As good as promise.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself known, without  
seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and  
when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which,  
being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old  
stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries,  
Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

'Tis still a dream; or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie. Be what it is,  
The action of my life is like it, which  
I'll keep, if but for sympathy.

*Re-enter Gaolers.*

*Gaol.* Come, sir, are you ready for death?

*Post.* Over-roasted rather: ready long ago.

*Gaol.* Hanging is the word, sir; if you be ready for  
that, you are well cooked.

*Post.* So, if I prove a good repast to the spectators,  
the dish pays the shot.

*Gaol.* A heavy reckoning for you, sir: But the com-



fort is, you shall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the sadness of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much; purse and brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purse too light, being drawn of heaviness: O! of this contradiction you shall now be quit.—O the charity of a penny cord! it sums up thousands in a trice: you have no true debtor and creditor but it; of what's past, is, and to come, the discharge:—Your neck, sir, is pen, book, and counters; so the acquittance follows.

*Post.* I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

*Gaol.* Indeed, sir, he that sleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to sleep your sleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, sir, you know not which way you shall go.

*Post.* Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

*Gaol.* Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not seen him so pictured: you must **either** be directed by some that take upon them to know; or take upon yourself that, which I am sure **you do** not know; or jump the after-inquiry on your own peril: and how you shall speed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

*Post.* I tell thee, fellow, there **are none** want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but such as wink, and will not use them.

*Gaol.* What an infinite mock is this, that a man should have the best use of eyes, to see the way of blindness! I am sure, hanging's the way of winking.



*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* Knock off his manacles; bring your prisoner to the king.

*Post.* Thou bringest good news;—I am called to be made free.

*Gaol.* I'll be hanged then.

*Post.* Thou shalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead. [*Exeunt POSTHUMUS and Messenger.*

*Gaol.* Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never saw one so prone. Yet, on my conscience, there are verier knaves desire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be some of them too, that die against their wills; so should I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were desolation of gaolers, and gallowses! I speak against my present profit; but my wish hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—Cymbeline's tent.

*Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, Officers, and Attendants.*

*Cym.* Stand by my side, you whom the gods have made

Preservers of my throne. Woe is my heart,  
That the poor soldier, that so richly fought,  
Whose rags sham'd gilded arms, whose naked breast  
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:  
He shall be happy that can find him, if  
Our grace can make him so.

*Bel.* I never saw  
Such noble fury in so poor a thing;



Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought  
But beggary and poor looks.

*Cym.* No tidings of him?

*Pis.* He hath been search'd among the dead and living,  
But no trace of him.

*Cym.* To my grief, I am  
The heir of his reward; which I will add  
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,  
[*To BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, and ARVIRAGUS*  
By whom, I grant, she lives: 'Tis now the time  
To ask of whence you are:—report it.

*Bel.* Sir,  
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen.  
Further to boast, were neither true nor modest,  
Unless I add, we are honest.

*Cym.* Bow your knees:  
Arise, my knights o'th' battle; I create you  
Companions to our person, and will fit you  
With dignities becoming your estates.

*Enter CORNELIUS and Ladies.*

There's business in these faces:—Why so sadly  
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,  
And not o'th' court of Britain.

*Cor.* Hail, great king!  
To sour your happiness, I must report  
The queen is dead.

*Cym.* Whom worse than a physician  
Would this report become? But I consider,  
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death  
Will seize the doctor too.—How ended she?

*Cor.* With horror, madly dying, like her life;  
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded



Most cruel to herself. What she confess'd,  
I will report, so please you: These her women  
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,  
Were present when she finish'd.

*Cym.* Pr'ythee, say.

*Cor.* First, she confess'd she never lov'd you; only  
Affected greatness got by you, not you:  
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;  
Abhorr'd your person.

*Cym.* She alone knew this:  
And, but she spoke it dying, I would not  
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

*Cor.* Your daughter, whom she bore in hand to love  
With such integrity, she did confess  
Was as a scorpion to her sight; whose life,  
But that her flight prevented it, she had  
Ta'en off by poison.

*Cym.* O most delicate fiend!  
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

*Cor.* More, sir, and worse. She did confess, she had  
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,  
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,  
By inches waste you: In which time she purpos'd,  
By watching, weeping, tendance, kissing, to  
O'ercome you with her show: yes, and in time,  
(When she had fitted you with her craft,) to work  
Her son into th' adoption of the crown.  
But failing of her end by his strange absence,  
Grew shameless-desperate; open'd, in despite  
Of heaven and men, her purposes; repented  
The evils she hatch'd were not effected; so,  
Despairing, died.

*Cym.* Heard you all this, her women?



*Lady.* We did so, please your highness.

*Cym.*

Mine eyes

Were not in fault, for she was beautiful;  
Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,  
That thought her like her seeming; it had been vicious,  
To have mistrusted her: yet, O my daughter!  
That it was folly in me, thou may'st say,  
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

*Enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothsayer, *and other*  
*Roman prisoners, guarded; POSTHUMUS behind, and*  
IMOGEN.

Thou com'st not, Caius, now for tribute; that  
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loss  
Of many a bold one; whose kinsmen have made suit,  
That their good souls may be appeas'd with slaughter  
Of you their captives, which ourself have granted:  
So, think of your estate.

*Luc.* Consider, sir, the chance of war: the day  
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,  
We should not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd  
Our prisoners with the sword. But since the gods  
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives  
May be call'd ransom, let it come: sufficeth,  
A Roman with a Roman's heart can suffer:  
Augustus lives to think on't: And so much  
For my peculiar care. This one thing only  
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,  
Let him be ransom'd: never master had  
A page so kind, so duteous, diligent,  
So tender over his occasions, true,  
So feat, so nurse-like: let his virtue join  
With my request, which, I'll make bold, your highness



Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,  
Though he have serv'd a Roman: save him, sir,  
And spare no blood beside.

*Cym.* I have surely seen him:  
His favour is familiar to me.—  
Boy, thou hast look'd thyself into my grace,  
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore  
To say, live, boy: ne'er thank thy master; live:  
And ask of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,  
Fitting my bounty, and thy state, I'll give it;  
Yea, though thou do demand a prisoner,  
The noblest ta'en.

*Imo.* I humbly thank your highness.

*Luc.* I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;  
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

*Imo.* No, no: alack,  
There's other work in hand; I see a thing  
Bitter to me as death: your life, good master,  
Must shuffle for itself.

*Luc.* The boy disdains me,  
He leaves me, scorns me: Briefly die their joys,  
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—  
Why stands he so perplex'd?

*Cym.* What would'st thou, boy?  
I love thee more and more; think more and more  
What's best to ask. Know'st him thou look'st on? speak,  
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

*Imo.* He is a Roman; no more kin to me,  
Than I to your highness; who, being born your vassal,  
Am something nearer.

*Cym.* Wherefore ey'st him so?

*Imo.* I'll tell you, sir, in private, if you please  
To give me hearing.



*Cym.* Ay, with all my heart,  
And lend my best attention. What's thy name?

*Imo.* Fidele, sir.

*Cym.* Thou art my good youth, my page;  
I'll be thy master: Walk with me; speak freely.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN converse apart.]

*Bel.* Is not this boy reviv'd from death?

*Arr.* One and another  
Not more resembles: That sweet rosy lad,  
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

*Gui.* The same dead thing alive.

*Bel.* Peace, peace! see further; he eyes us not;  
forbear;  
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am sure  
He would have spoke to us.

*Gui.* But we saw him dead.

*Bel.* Be silent; let's see further.

*Pis.* It is my mistress:  
[*Aside.*

Since she is living, let the time run on,  
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE and IMOGEN come forward.]

*Cym.* Come, stand thou by our side;  
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To IACH.*] step you  
forth;

Give answer to this boy, and do it freely;  
Or, by our greatness, and the grace of it,  
Which is our honour, bitter torture shall  
Winnow the truth from falsehood.—On, speak to  
him.

*Imo.* My boon is, that this gentleman may render  
Of whom he had this ring.

*Post.* What's that to him? [*Aside.*



*Cym.* That diamond upon your finger, say,  
How came it yours?

*Iach.* Thou'lt torture me to leave unspoken that  
Which, to be spoke, would torture thee.

*Cym.* How! me?

*Iach.* I am glad to be constrain'd to utter that which  
Torments me to conceal. By villainy  
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:  
Whom thou didst banish; and (which more may grieve  
thee,

As it doth me, a nobler sir ne'er liv'd  
'Twixt sky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord

*Cym.* All that belongs to this.

*Iach.* That paragon, thy daughter,—  
For whom my heart drops blood, and my false spirits  
Quail to remember,—Give me leave; I faint.

*Cym.* My daughter! what of her? Renew thy strength:  
I had rather thou should'st live while nature will,  
Than die ere I hear more; strive man, and speak.

*Iach.* Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock  
That struck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd  
The mansion where!) 'twas at a feast, (O 'would  
Our viands had been poison'd! or, at least,  
Those which I heav'd to head!) the good Posthúmus,  
(What should I say? he was too good, to be  
Where ill men were; and was the best of all  
Amongst the rar'st of good ones,) sitting sadly,  
Hearing us praise our loves of Italy  
For beauty that made barren the swell'd boast  
Of him that best could speak: for feature, laming  
The shrine of Venus, or straight-pight Minerva,  
Postures beyond brief nature; for condition,  
A shop of all the qualities that man



Loves woman for; besides, that hook of wiving,  
Fairness which strikes the eye:——

*Cym.* I stand on fire.  
Come to the matter.

*Iach.* All too soon I shall,  
Unless thou would'st grieve quickly.—This *Posthúmus*  
(Most like a noble lord in love, and one  
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;  
And, not dispraising whom we prais'd, (therein  
He was as calm as virtue) he began  
His mistress picture; which by his tongue being made,  
And then a mind put in't, either our brags  
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his description  
Prov'd us unspeaking sots.

*Cym.* Nay, nay, to th' purpose.

*Iach.* Your daughter's chastity—there it begins.  
He spake of her as *Dian* had hot dreams,  
And she alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!  
Made scruple of his praise; and wager'd with him  
Pieces of gold, 'gainst this which then he wore  
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain  
In suit the place of his bed, and win this ring  
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,  
No lesser of her honour confident  
Than I did truly find her, stakes this ring;  
And would so, had it been a carbuncle  
Of *Phœbus'* wheel; and might so safely, had it  
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain  
Post I in this design: Well may you, sir,  
Remember me at court, where I was taught  
Of your chaste daughter the wide difference  
Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd  
Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain



'Gan in your duller Britain operate  
 Most vilely; for my vantage, excellent;  
 And, to be brief, my practice so prevail'd,  
 That I return'd with simular proof enough  
 To make the noble Leonatus mad,  
 By wounding his belief in her renown  
 With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes  
 Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,  
 (O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, some marks  
 Of secret on her person, that he could not  
 But think her bond of chastity quite crack'd,  
 I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—  
 Methinks, I see him now,—

*Post.*

Ay, so thou dost,

[*Coming forward.*

Italian fiend!—Ah me, most credulous fool,  
 Egregious murderer, thief, any thing  
 That's due to all the villains past, in being,  
 To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poison,  
 Some upright justicer! Thou, king, send out  
 For torturers ingenious: it is I  
 That all th'abhorred things o'th'earth amend,  
 By being worse than they. I am Posthúmus,  
 That kill'd thy daughter:—villain-like, I lie;  
 That caus'd a lesser villain than myself,  
 A sacrilegious thief, to do't:—the temple  
 Of virtue was she; yea, and she herself.  
 Spit, and throw stones, cast mire upon me, set  
 The dogs o'th'street to bay me: every villain  
 Be call'd, Posthúmus Leonatus; and  
 Be villainy less than 'twas!—O Imogen!  
 My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,  
 Imogen, Imogen!



*Imo.* Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

*Post.* Shall's have a play of this? Thou scornful page,  
There lie thy part. *[Striking her: she falls]*

*Pis.* O, gentlemen, help, help  
Mine, and your mistress:—O, my lord Posthúmus!  
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—  
Mine honour'd lady!

*Cym.* Does the world go round?

*Post.* How come these staggers on me?

*Pis.* Wake, my mistress

*Cym.* If this be so, the gods do mean to strike me  
To death with mortal joy.

*Pis.* How fares my mistress?

*Imo.* O, get thee from my sight;  
Thou gav'st me poison: dangerous fellow, hence!  
Breathe not where princes are.

*Cym.* The tune of Imogen!

*Pis.* Lady,  
The gods throw stones of sulphur on me, if  
That box I gave you was not thought by me  
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

*Cym.* New matter still?

*Imo.* It poison'd me.

*Cor.* O gods! —  
I left out one thing which the queen confess'd,  
Which must approve thee honest: If Pisanio  
Have, said she, given his mistress that confection  
Which I gave him for a cordial, she is serv'd  
As I would serve a rat.

*Cym.* What's this, Cornelius?

*Cor.* The queen, sir, very oft importun'd me  
To temper poisons for her; still pretending  
The satisfaction of her knowledge, only



In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs  
Of no esteem: I, dreading that her purpose  
Was of more danger, did compound for her  
A certain stuff, which, being ta'en, would cease  
The present power of life; but, in short time,  
All offices of nature should again  
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

*Imo.* Most like I did, for I was dead.

*Bel.*

My boys,

There was our error.

*Gui.*

This is sure, *Fidele*.

*Imo.* Why did you throw your wedded lady from you.  
Think, that you are upon a rock; and now  
Throw me again. [Embracing him

*Post.*

Hang there like fruit, my soul,

Till the tree die!

*Cym.*

How now, my flesh, my child?

What, mak'st thou me a dullard in this act?

Wilt thou not speak to me?

*Imo.*

Your blessing, sir. [Kneeling

*Bel.* Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;  
You had a motive for't. [To GUIDERIUS and ARVIRAGUS

*Cym.*

My tears, that fall,

Prove holy water on thee! *Imogen*,

Thy mother's dead.

*Imo.*

I am sorry for't, my lord.

*Cym.* O, she was naught; and 'long of her it was,  
That we meet here so strangely: But her son  
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

*Pis.*

My lord,

Now fear is from me, I'll speak troth. Lord Cloten,  
Upon my lady's missing, came to me  
With his sword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and swore



If I discover'd not which way she was gone,  
It was my instant death: By accident,  
I had a feigned letter of my master's  
Then in my pocket; which directed him  
To seek her on the mountains near to Milford;  
Where, in a frenzy, in my master's garments,  
Which he inforc'd from me, away he posts  
With unchaste purpose, and with oath to violate  
My lady's honour: what became of him,  
I further know not.

*Gui.* Let me end the story:  
I slew him there.

*Cym.* Marry, the gods forbend!  
I would not thy good deeds should from my lips  
Pluck a hard sentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,  
Deny't again.

*Gui.* I have spoke it, and I did it.

*Cym.* He was a prince.

*Gui.* A most uncivil one: The wrongs he did me  
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me  
With language that would make me spurn the sea,  
If it could so roar to me: I cut off's head;  
And am right glad, he is not standing here  
To tell this tale of mine.

*Cym.* I am sorry for thee:  
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and must  
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

*Imo.* That headless man  
I thought had been my lord.

*Cym.* Bind the offender,  
And take him from our presence.

*Bel.* Stay, sir king:  
This man is better than the man he slew,



As well descended as thyself; and hath  
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens  
Had ever scar for.—Let his arms alone;

[To the guard.

They were not born for bondage.

*Cym.* Why, old soldier,  
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,  
By tasting of our wrath? How of descent  
As good as we?

*Arv.* In that he spake too far.

*Cym.* And thou shalt die for't.

*Bel.* We will die all three:  
But I will prove, that two of us are as good  
As I have given out him.—My sons, I must,  
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous speech,  
Though, haply, well for you.

*Arv.* Your danger is  
Ours.

*Gui.* And our good his.

*Bel.* Have at it then.—  
By leave;—Thou hadst, great king, a subject, who  
Was call'd Belarius.

*Cym.* What of him? he is  
A banish'd traitor.

*Bel.* He it is, that hath  
Assum'd this age: indeed, a banish'd man;  
I know not how, a traitor.

*Cym.* Take him hence;  
The whole world shall not save him.

*Bel.* Not too hot:  
First pay me for the nursing of thy sons;  
And let it be confiscate all, so soon  
As I have receiv'd it.



*Cym.* Nursing of my sons?

*Bel.* I am too blunt, and saucy: Here's my knee;  
Ere I arise, I will prefer my sons;  
Then, spare not the old father. Mighty sir,  
These two young gentlemen, that call me father,  
And think they are my sons, are none of mine;  
They are the issue of your loins, my liege,  
And blood of your begetting.

*Cym.* How! my issue!

*Bel.* So sure as you your fathers. I, old Morgan,  
Am that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd:  
Your pleasure was my mere offence, my punishment  
Itself, and all my treason; that I suffer'd,  
Was all the harm I did. These gentle princes  
(For such, and so they are,) these twenty years  
Have I train'd up: those arts they have, as I  
Could put into them; my breeding was, sir, as  
Your highness knows. Their nurse, Euriphile,  
Whom for the theft I wedded, stole these children  
Upon my banishment: I mov'd her to't;  
Having receiv'd the punishment before,  
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty  
Excited me to treason: Their dear loss,  
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it shap'd  
Unto my end of stealing them. But, gracious sir,  
Here are your sons again; and I must lose  
Two of the sweet'st companions in the world:—  
The benediction of these covering heavens  
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy  
To inlay heaven with stars.

*Cym.* Thou weep'st, and speak'st.  
The service, that you three have done, is more  
Unlike than this thou tell'st: I lost my children;



If these be they, I know not how to wish  
A pair of worthier sons.

*Bel.* Be pleas'd a while.—  
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,  
Most worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius:  
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,  
Your younger princely son; he, sir, was lapp'd  
In a most curious mantle, wrought by th' hand  
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,  
I can with ease produce.

*Cym.* Guiderius had  
Upon his neck a mole, a sanguine star;  
It was a mark of wonder.

*Bel.* This is he;  
Who hath upon him still that natural stamp:  
It was wise nature's end in the donation,  
To be his evidence now.

*Cym.* O, what am I  
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother  
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bless'd may you be,  
That, after this strange starting from your orbs,  
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,  
Thou hast lost by this a kingdom.

*Imo.* No, my lord;  
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,  
Have we thus met? O never say hereafter,  
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother,  
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,  
When you were so indeed.

*Cym.* Did you e'er meet?

*Arv.* Ay, my good lord.

*Gui.* And at first meeting lov'd;  
Continued so, until we thought he died.



*Cor.* By the queen's dram she swallow'd.

*Cym.* O rare instinct.  
When shall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement  
Hath to it circumstantial branches, which  
Distinction should be rich in.—Where? how liv'd you?  
And when came you to serve our Roman captive?  
How parted with your brothers? how first met them?  
Why fled you from the court? and whither? These,  
And your three motives to the battle, with  
I know not how much more, should be demanded;  
And all the other by-dependancies.  
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,  
Will serve our long intergatories. See,  
Posthúmus anchors upon Imogen;  
And she, like harmless lightning, throws her eye  
On him, her brothers, me, her master; hitting  
Each object with a joy; the counterchange  
Is severally in all. Let's quit this ground,  
And smoke the temple with our sacrifices.—  
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.

[*To BELARIUS*

*Imo.* You are my father too; and did relieve me,  
To see this gracious season.

*Cym.* All o'erjoy'd,  
Save these in bonds; let them be joyful too,  
For they shall taste our comfort.

*Imo.* My good master,  
I will yet do you service.

*Luc.* Happy be you!

*Cym.* The forlorn soldier, that so nobly fought,  
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd  
The thankings of a king.

*Post.* I am, sir,



The soldier that did company these three  
In poor beseeming; 'twas a fitment for  
The purpose I then follow'd;—That I was he,  
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might  
Have made you finish.

*Iach.* I am down again: [*Kneeling.*  
But now my heavy conscience sinks my knee,  
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beseech you,  
Which I so often owe: but, your ring first;  
And here the bracelet of the truest princess,  
That ever swore her faith.

*Post.* Kneel not to me;  
The power that I have on you, is to spare you;  
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,  
And deal with others better.

*Cym.* Nobly doom'd:  
We'll learn our freeness of a son-in-law;  
Pardon's the word to all.

*Arr.* You help us, sir,  
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;  
Joy'd are we, that you are.

*Post.* Your servant, princes.—Good my lord of  
Rome,  
Call forth your soothsayer: As I slept, methought,  
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,  
Appear'd to me, with other spritely shows  
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found  
This label on my bosom; whose containing  
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can  
Make no collection of it; let him show  
His skill in the construction.

*Luc.* Philarmonus,—

*Sooth.* Here, my good lord.



*Luc.*

Read, and declare the meaning.

*Sooth.* [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp shall, to himself unknown, without seeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a stately cedar shall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, shall after revive, be jointed to the old stock, and freshly grow; then shall Posthumus end his miseries, Britain be fortunate, and flourish in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;  
The fit and apt construction of thy name,  
Being Leo-natus, doth import so much:  
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,

[To CYMBELINE.]

Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*  
We term it *mulier*: which *mulier* I divine,  
Is this most constant wife; who, even now,  
Answering the letter of the oracle,  
Unknown to you, unsought, were clipp'd about  
With this most tender air,

*Cym.*

This hath some seeming.

*Sooth.* The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,  
Personates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point  
Thy two sons forth: who, by Belarius stolen,  
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,  
To the majestick cedar join'd; whose issue  
Promises Britain peace and plenty.

*Cym.*

Well,

My peace we will begin:—And, Caius Lucius,  
Although the victor, we submit to Cæsar,  
And to the Roman empire; promising  
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which  
We were dissuaded by our wicked queen;  
Whom heavens, in justice, (both on her, and hers,)  
Have laid most heavy hand.



*Sooth.* The fingers of the powers above do tune  
 The harmony of this peace. The vision  
 Which I made known to Lucius, ere the stroke  
 Of this yet scarce-cold battle, at this instant  
 Is full accomplish'd: For the Roman eagle,  
 From south to west on wing soaring aloft,  
 Lessen'd herself, and in the beams o' th' sun  
 So vanish'd: which foreshow'd our princely eagle,  
 Th' imperial Cæsar, should again unite  
 His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,  
 Which shines here in the west.

*Cym.* Laud we the gods;  
 And let our crooked smokes climb to their nostrils  
 From our bless'd altars! Publish we this peace  
 To all our subjects. Set we forward: Let  
 A Roman and a British ensign wave  
 Friendly together: so through Lud's town march:  
 And in the temple of great Jupiter  
 Our peace we'll ratify; seal it with feasts.—  
 Set on there:—Never was a war did cease,  
 Ere bloody hands were wash'd, with such a peace.

[*Exeunt*]



# TIMON OF ATHENS.



**TIMON OF ATHENS.]** The story of the Misanthrope is told in almost every collection of the time, and particularly in two books, with which Shakespeare was intimately acquainted; the *Palace of Pleasure*, and the *English Plutarch*. Indeed from a passage in an old play, called *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, I conjecture that he had before made his appearance on the stage. FARMER.

The passage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment*, or *Pasquil and Katherine*, 1601, is this.

"Come, I'll be as sociable as *Timon of Athens*."

But the allusion is so slight, that it might as well have been borrowed from Plutarch or the novel.

Mr. Strutt the engraver, to whom our antiquaries are under no inconsiderable obligations, has in his possession a MS. play on this subject. It appears to have been written, or transcribed, about the year 1600. There is a scene in it resembling Shakespeare's banquet given by Timon to his flatterers. Instead of *warm water* he sets before them *stones painted like artichokes*, and afterwards beats them out of the room. He then retires to the woods, attended by his faithful steward, who, (like Kent in *King Lear*) has disguised himself to continue his services to his master. Timon, in the last act, is followed by his fickle mistress, &c. after he was reported to have discovered a hidden treasure by digging. The piece itself (though it appears to be the work of an academick) is a wretched one. The *personæ dramatis* are as follows:

"The actors names

- "Timon.
- "Laches, his faithful servant.
- "Eutrapelus, a dissolute young man
- Gelasimus, a cittie heyre.
- Pseudocheus, a lying travailer
- Demeas, an orator.
- Philargurus, a covetous churlish ould man
- "Hermogenes, a fidler
- "Abyssus, a usurer.
- "Lollio, a cuntry clowne, Philargurus sonne
- "Stilpo, } two lying philosophers
- "Speusippus, }
- "Grunnio, a lean servant of Philargurus
- "Obba, Tymon's butler.
- "Poedio, Gelasimus page
- Two serjeants
- "A sailor.
- "Callimela, Philargurus daughter
- "Blatte, her prattling nurse.

"Scene, Athens."

STEEVENS



Shakespeare undoubtedly formed this play on the passage in Plutarch's *Life of Antony* relative to Timon, and not on the twenty-eighth novel of the first volume of painter's *Palace of Pleasure*; because he is there merely described as "a man-hater, of a strange and beastly nature," without any cause assigned; whereas Plutarch furnished our author with the following hint to work upon: "Antonius forsook the citie, and companie of his friendes,—saying, that he would lead Timon's life, because he had the like wrong offered him, that was offered unto Timon; and for the unthankfulness of those he had done good unto, and whom he tooke to be his friendes, he was angry with all men, and would trust no man."

To the manuscript play mentioned by Mr. Steevens, our author, I have no doubt, was also indebted for some other circumstances. Here he found the faithful steward, the banquet-scene, and the story of Timon's being possessed of great sums of gold which he had dug up in the woods: a circumstance which he could not have had from Lucian, there being then no translation of the dialogue that relates to this subject.

Spon says, there is a building near Athens, yet remaining, called *Timon's Tower*.

*Timon of Athens* was written, I imagine, in the year 1610. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.



**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

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**TIMON, a noble Athenian.**

**LUCIUS,**  
**LUCULLUS,** } *lords, and flatterers of Timon.*  
**SEMPRONIUS,**

**VENTIDIUS, one of Timon's false friends.**

**APEMANTUS, a churlish philosopher.**

**ALCIBIADES, an Athenian general.**

**FLAVIUS, steward to Timon.**

**FLAMINIUS,**  
**LUCILIUS,** } *Timon's servants.*  
**SERVILIUS,**

**CAPHIS,**  
**PHILOTUS,** } *servants to Timon's creditors.*  
**TITUS,**  
**LUCIUS,**  
**HORTENSIUS,**

*Two Servants of Varro, and the Servant of Isidore  
two of Timon's Creditors.*

*Cupid and Maskers. Three Strangers.*

*Poet, Painter, Jeweller, and Merchant.*

*An old Athenian. A Page. A Fool.*

**PHRYNIA,** } *mistresses to Alcibiades.*  
**TIMANDRA,**

*Other Lords, Senators, Officers, Soldiers, Thieves,  
and Attendants.*

**SCENE, Athens; and the woods adjoining**



# TIMON OF ATHENS.

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## ACT 1.

SCENE I.—Athens. *A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter Poet, Painter, Jeweller, Merchant, and others, at several doors.*

*Poet.* Good day, sir.

*Pain.* I am glad you are well.

*Poet.* I have not seen you long; How goes the world?

*Pain.* It wears, sir, as it grows.

*Poet.* Ay, that's well known:

But what particular rarity? what strange,  
Which manifold record not matches? See,  
Magick of bounty! all these spirits thy power  
Hath conjur'd to attend. I know the merchant.

*Pain.* I know them both; t'other's a jeweller.

*Mer.* O, 'tis a worthy lord!

*Jew.* Nay, that's most fix'd.

*Mer.* A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,  
To an untirable and continue goodness:  
He passes.

*Jew.* I have a jewel here.

*Mer.* O, pray, let's see't: For the lord Timon, sir?

*Jew.* If he will touch the estimate: But, for that——

*Poet.* *When we for recompense have prais'd the vile,*



*It stains the glory in that happy verse  
Which aptly sings the good.*

*Mer.*

'Tis a good form.

*[Looking at the jewel.]*

*Jew.* And rich: here is a water, look you.

*Pain.* You are rapt, sir, in some work, some dedication  
To the great lord.

*Poet.*

A thing slipp'd idly from me.

Our poesy is as a gum, which oozes

From whence 'tis nourished: The fire i' th' flint

Shows not, till it be struck; our gentle flame

Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies

Each bound it chafes. What have you there?

*Pain.* A picture, sir.—And when comes your book  
forth?

*Poet.* Upon the heels of my presentment, sir.  
Let's see your piece.

*Pain.*

'Tis a good piece.

*Poet.* So 'tis: this comes off well and excellent.

*Pain.* Indifferent.

*Poet.*

Admirable: How this grace

Speaks his own standing! what a mental power

This eye shoots forth! how big imagination

Moves in this lip! to th' dumbness of the gesture

One might interpret.

*Pain.* It is a pretty mocking of the life.  
Here is a touch; Is't good?

*Poet.*

I'll say of it,

It tutors nature: artificial strife

Lives in these touches, livelier than life.

*Enter certain Senators, and pass over.*

*Pain.* How this lord's follow'd!



*Poet.* The senators of Athens:—Happy men!

*Pain.* Look, more!

*Poet.* You see this confluence, this great flood of visitors.

I have, in this rough work, shap'd out a man,  
Whom this beneath world doth embrace and hug  
With amplest entertainment: My free drift  
Halts not particularly, but moves itself  
In a wide sea of wax: no levell'd malice  
Infects one comma in the course I hold;  
But flies an eagle flight, bold, and forth on,  
Leaving no tract behind.

*Pain.* How shall I understand you?

*Poet.* I'll unbolt to you.

You see how all conditions, how all minds,  
(As well of glib and slippery creatures, as  
Of grave and austere quality,) tender down  
Their services to lord Timon: his large fortune,  
Upon his good and gracious nature hanging,  
Subdues and properties to his love and tendance  
All sorts of hearts; yea, from the glass-fac'd flatterer  
To Apemantus, that few things loves better  
Than to abhor himself: even he drops down  
The knee before him, and returns in peace  
Most rich in Timon's nod.

*Pain.* I saw them speak together

*Poet.* Sir, I have upon a high and pleasant hill,  
Feign'd Fortune to be thron'd: The base o'th'mount  
Is rank'd with all deserts, all kind of natures,  
That labour on the bosom of this sphere  
To propagate their states: amongst them all,  
Whose eyes are on this sovereign lady fix'd,  
One do I personate of lord Timon's frame,



Whom Fortune with her ivory hand wafts to her;  
Whose present grace to present slaves and servants  
Translates his rivals.

*Pain.*

'Tis conceiv'd to scope.

This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,  
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,  
Bowing his head against the steepy mount  
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd  
In our condition.

*Poet.*

Nay, sir, but hear me on:

All those which were his fellows but of late,  
(Some better than his value,) on the moment  
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance,  
Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,  
Make sacred even his stirrop, and through him  
Drink the free air.

*Pain.*

Ay, marry, what of these?

*Poet.* When Fortune, in her shift and change of  
mood,

Spurns down her late belov'd, all his dependants,  
Which labour'd after him to the mountain's top,  
Even on their knees and hands, let him slip down,  
Not one accompanying his declining foot.

*Pain.* 'Tis common:

A thousand moral paintings I can show,  
That shall demonstrate these quick blows of fortune  
More pregnantly than words. Yet you do well,  
To show lord Timon, that mean eyes have seen  
The foot above the head.

*Trumpets sound.* Enter TIMON, attended; the Servant of  
VENTIDIUS talking with him.

*Tim.*

Imprison'd is he, say you



*Ven. Serv.* Ay, my good lord: five talents is his debt; His means most short, his creditors most strait: Your honourable letter he desires To those have shut him up; which failing to him, Periods his comfort.

*Tim.* Noble Ventidius! Well; I am not of that feather, to shake off My friend when he must need me. I do know him A gentleman, that well deserves a help, Which he shall have: I'll pay the debt, and free him.

*Ven. Serv.* Your lordship ever binds him.

*Tim.* Commend me to him: I will send his ransome; And, being enfranchis'd, bid him come to me:— 'Tis not enough to help the feeble up, But to support him after.—Fare you well.

*Ven. Serv.* All happiness to your honour! [Exit.

*Enter an old Athenian.*

*Old Ath.* Lord Timon, hear me speak.

*Tim.* Freely, good father.

*Old Ath.* Thou hast a servant nam'd Lucilius.

*Tim.* I have so: What of him?

*Old Ath.* Most noble Timon, call the man before thee.

*Tim.* Attends he here, or no?—Lucilius!

*Enter LUCILIUS.*

*Luc.* Here, at your lordship's service.

*Old Ath.* This fellow here, lord Timon, this thy creature,  
By night frequents my house. I am a man  
That from my first have been inclin'd to thrift;  
And my estate deserves an heir more rais'd,  
Than one which holds a trencher.



*Tim.* Well; what further?

*Old Ath.* One only daughter have I, no kin else,  
On whom I may confer what I have got:  
The maid is fair, o' th' youngest for a bride,  
And I have bred her at my dearest cost,  
In qualities of the best. This man of thine  
Attempts her love: I pr'ythee, noble lord,  
Join with me to forbid him her resort;  
Myself have spoke in vain.

*Tim.* The man is honest.

*Old Ath.* Therefore he will be, Timon:  
His honesty rewards him in itself,  
It must not bear my daughter.

*Tim.* Does she love him?

*Old Ath.* She is young, and apt:  
Our own precedent passions do instruct us  
What levity's in youth.

*Tim.* [To LUCILIUS.] Love you the maid?

*Luc.* Ay, my good lord, and she accepts of it;

*Old Ath.* If in her marriage my consent be missing  
I call the gods to witness, I will choose  
Mine heir from forth the beggars of the world,  
And dispossess her all.

*Tim.* How shall she be endow'd,  
If she be mated with an equal husband?

*Old Ath.* Three talents, on the present; in future, all.

*Tim.* This gentleman of mine hath serv'd me long;  
To build his fortune, I will strain a little,  
For 'tis a bond in men. Give him thy daughter:  
What you bestow, in him I'll counterpoise,  
And make him weigh with her.

*Old Ath.* Most noble lord  
Pawn me to this your honour, she is his.



*Tim.* My hand to thee; mine honour on my promise.

*Luc.* Humbly I thank your lordship: Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you!

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and old Athenian*

*Poet.* Vouchsafe my labour, and long live your lord-  
ship!

*Tim.* I thank you; you shall hear from me anon:  
Go not away.—What have you there, my friend?

*Pain.* A piece of painting, which I do beseech  
Your lordship to accept.

*Tim.* Painting is welcome.  
The painting is almost the natural man;  
For since dishonour trafficks with man's nature,  
He is but outside: These pencil'd figures are  
Even such as they give out. I like your work;  
And you shall find, I like it: wait attendance  
Till you hear further from me.

*Pain.* The gods preserve you!

*Tim.* Well fare you, gentlemen: Give me your  
hand;  
We must needs dine together.—Sir, your jewel  
Hath suffer'd under praise.

*Jew.* What, my lord? dispraise?

*Tim.* A meer satiety of commendations.  
If I should pay you for't as 'tis extoll'd,  
It would unclaw me quite.

*Jew.* My lord, 'tis rated  
As those, which sell, would give: But you well know,  
Things of like value, differing in the owners,  
Are prized by their masters: believe't, dear lord,  
You mend the jewel by wearing it.

*Tim.* Well mock'd.



*Mer.* No, my good lord; he speaks the common tongue,  
Which all men speak with him.

*Tim.* Look, who comes here. Will you be chid?

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

*Jew.* We will bear with your lordship.

*Mer.* He'll spare none.

*Tim.* Good morrow to thee, gentle Apemantus!

*Apem.* Till I be gentle, stay for thy good morrow;  
When thou art Timon's dog, and these knaves honest.

*Tim.* Why dost thou call them knaves? thou know'st them not.

*Apem.* Are they not Athenians?

*Tim.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then I repent not.

*Jew.* You know me, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou knowest, I do; I call'd thee by thy name.

*Tim.* Thou art proud, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Of nothing so much, as that I am not like Timon.

*Tim.* Whither art going?

*Apem.* To knock out an honest Athenian's brains.

*Tim.* That's a deed thou'lt die for.

*Apem.* Right, if doing nothing be death by the law.

*Tim.* How likest thou this picture, Apemantus?

*Apem.* The best, for the innocence.

*Tim.* Wrought he not well, that painted it?

*Apem.* He wrought better, that made the painter;  
and yet he's but a filthy piece of work.

*Pain.* You are a dog.

*Apem.* Thy mother's of my generation; What's she,  
if I be a dog?



*Tim.* Wilt dine with me, Apemantus?

*Apem.* No; I eat not lords.

*Tim.* An thou should'st, thou'dst anger ladies.

*Apem.* O, they eat lords; so they come by great bellies.

*Tim.* That's a lascivious apprehension.

*Apem.* So thou apprehend'st it: Take it for thy labour.

*Tim.* How dost thou like this jewel, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Not so well as plain-dealing, which will not cost a man a doit.

*Tim.* What dost thou think 'tis worth?

*Apem.* Not worth my thinking.—How now, poet?

*Poet.* How now, philosopher?

*Apem.* Thou liest.

*Poet.* Art not one?

*Apem.* Yes.

*Poet.* Then I lie not.

*Apem.* Art not a poet?

*Poet.* Yes.

*Apem.* Then thou liest: look in thy last work, where thou hast feign'd him a worthy fellow.

*Poet.* That's not feign'd, he is so.

*Apem.* Yes, he is worthy of thee, and to pay thee for thy labour: He, that loves to be flattered, is worthy o' th' flatterer. Heavens, that I were a lord!

*Tim.* What would'st do then, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Even as Apemantus does now, hate a lord with my heart.

*Tim.* What, thyself?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Wherefore?

*Apem.* That I had no angry wit to be a lord.—  
Art not thou a merchant?



*Mer.* Ay, Apemantus.

*Apem.* Traffick confound thee, if the gods will not

*Mer.* If traffick do it, the gods do it.

*Apem.* Traffick's thy god, and thy god confound thee!

*Trumpets sound. Enter a Servant.*

*Tim.* What trumpet's that?

*Serv.* 'Tis Alcibiades, and  
Some twenty horse, all of companionship.

*Tim.* Pray, entertain them; give them guide to us.—

*[Exeunt some Attendants.]*

You must needs dine with me:—Go not you hence,  
Till I have thank'd you; and, when dinner's done,  
Show me this piece.—I am joyful of your sights.—

*Enter ALCIBIADES, with his company.*

Most welcome, sir!

*[They salute.]*

*Apem.*

So, so; there!—

Aches contract and starve your supple joints!—

That there should be small love 'mongst these sweet  
knaves,

And all this court'sy! The strain of man's bred out  
Into baboon and monkey.

*Alcib.* Sir, you have sav'd my longing, and I feed  
Most hungrily on your sight.

*Tim.*

Right welcome, sir:

Ere we depart, we'll share a bounteous time

In different pleasures. Pray you, let us in.

*[Exeunt all but APEMANTUS]*

*Enter two Lords.*

1 *Lord.* What time a day is't, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Time to be honest,



1 *Lord*. That time serves still.

*Apem*. The most accursed thou, that still omit'st it.

2 *Lord*. Thou art going to lord Timon's feast?

*Apem*. Ay; to see meat fill knaves, and wine heat fools.

2 *Lord*. Fare thee well, fare thee well.

*Apem*. Thou art a fool, to bid me farewell twice.

2 *Lord*. Why, Apemantus?

*Apem*. Shouldst have kept one to thyself, for I mean to give thee none.

1 *Lord*. Hang thyself.

*Apem*. No, I will do nothing at thy bidding; make thy requests to thy friend.

2 *Lord*. Away, unpeaceable dog, or I'll spurn thee hence.

*Apem*. I will fly, like a dog, the heels of the ass.

[*Exit*.

1 *Lord*. He's opposite to humanity. Come, shall we in,

And taste lord Timon's bounty? he outgoes  
The very heart of kindness.

2 *Lord*. He pours it out; Plutus, the god of gold,  
Is but his steward: no meed, but he repays  
Sevenfold above itself; no gift to him,  
But breeds the giver a return exceeding  
All use of quittance.

1 *Lord*. The noblest mind he carries,  
That ever govern'd man.

2 *Lord*. Long may he live in fortunes! Shall we in.

1 *Lord*. I'll keep you company. [Exeunt



SCENE II.—*The same. A room of state in Timon's house.*

*Hautboys playing loud musick. A great banquet served in; FLAVIUS and others attending; then enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, LUCIUS, LUCULLUS, SEMPRONIUS, and other Athenian Senators, with VENTIDIUS, and Attendants. Then comes, dropping after all, APEMANTUS, discontentedly.*

*Ven.* Most honour'd Timon, 't hath pleas'd the gods  
remember  
My father's age, and call him to long peace.  
He is gone happy, and has left me rich:  
Then, as in grateful virtue I am bound  
To your free heart, I do return those talents,  
Doubled, with thanks, and service, from whose help  
I deriv'd liberty.

*Tim.* O, by no means,  
Honest Ventidius: you mistake my love;  
I gave it freely veer; and there's none  
Can truly say, he gives, if he receives:  
If our betters play at that game, we must not dare  
To imitate them; Faults that are rich, are fair.

*Ven.* A noble spirit.

*[They all stand ceremoniously looking on TIMON]*

*Tim.* Nay, my lords, ceremony  
Was but devis'd at first, to set a gloss  
On faint deeds, hollow welcomes,  
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;  
But where there is true friendship, there needs none  
Pray, sit; more welcome are ye to my fortunes,  
Than my fortunes to me.

*[They sit]*



1 Lord. My lord, we always have confess'd it.

Apem. Ho, ho, confess'd it? hang'd it, have you not?

Tim. O, Apemantus!—you are welcome.

Apem. No,

You shall not make me welcome:

I come to have thee thrust me out of doors.

Tim. Fye, thou art a churl; you have got a humour there

Does not become a man, 'tis much to blame:—

They say, my lords, that *ira furor brevis est*,

But yond' man's ever angry.

Go, let him have a table by himself;

For he does neither affect company,

Nor is he fit for it, indeed.

Apem. Let me stay at thine own peril, Timon;

I come to observe; I give thee warning on't.

Tim. I take no heed of thee; thou art an Athenian; therefore welcome: I myself would have no power: pr'ythee, let my meat make thee silent.

Apem. I scorn thy meat; 'twould choke me, for I should

Ne'er flatter thee.—O you gods! what a number

Of men eat Timon, and he sees them not!

It grieves me, to see so many dip their meat

In one man's blood; and all the madness is,

He cheers them up too.

I wonder, men dare trust themselves with men:

Methinks, they should invite them without knives:

Good for their meat, and safer for their lives.

There's much example for't; the fellow, that

Sits next him now, parts bread with him, and pledges

The breath of him in a divided draught,

Is the readiest man to kill him. it has been prov'd.



If I

Were a huge man, I should fear to drink at meals;  
Lest they should spy my windpipe's dangerous notes:  
Great men should drink with harness on their throats.

*Tim.* My lord, in heart; and let the health go round.

*2 Lord.* Let it flow this way, my good lord.

*Apem.* Flow this way!

A brave fellow!—he keeps his tides well. Timon,  
Those healths will make thee, and thy state, look ill.  
Here's that, which is too weak to be a sinner,  
Honest water, which ne'er left man i'th'mire:  
This, and my food, are equals; there's no odds.  
Feasts are too proud to give thanks to the gods.

APEMANTUS'S GRACE.

*Immortal gods, I crave no pelf;*

*I pray for no man, but myself:*

*Grant I may never prove so fond,*

*To trust man on his oath or bond;*

*Or a harlot, for her weeping;*

*Or a dog, that seems a sleeping;*

*Or a keeper with my freedom;*

*Or my friends, if I should need 'em.*

*Amen. So fall to't:*

*Rich men sin, and I eat root.*

[Eats and drinks.

Much good dich thy good heart, Apemantus!

*Tim.* Captain Alcibiades, your heart's in the field now.

*Alcib.* My heart is ever at your service, my lord.

*Tim.* You had rather be at a breakfast of enemies,  
than a dinner of friends.

*Alcib.* So they were bleeding-new, my lord, there's  
no meat like them; I could wish my best friend at such  
a feast.

*Apem.* 'Would all those flatterers were thine enemies  
then; that then thou might'st kill 'em, and bid me to 'em.



1 *Lord.* Might we but have that happiness, my lord, that you would once use our hearts, whereby we might express some part of our zeals, we should think ourselves for ever perfect.

*Tim.* O, no doubt, my good friends, but the gods themselves have provided that I shall have much help from you: How had you been my friends else? why have you that charitable title from thousands, did you not chiefly belong to my heart? I have told more of you to myself, than you can with modesty speak in your own behalf; and thus far I confirm you. O, you gods, think I, what need we have any friends, if we should never have need of them? they were the most needless creatures living, should we ne'er have use for them: and would most resemble sweet instruments hung up in cases, that keep their sounds to themselves. Why, I have often wished myself poorer, that I might come nearer to you. We are born to do benefits: and what better or properer can we call our own, than the riches of our friends? O, what a precious comfort 'tis, to have so many, like brothers, commanding one another's fortunes! O joy, e'en made away ere it can be born! Mine eyes cannot hold out water, methinks: to forget their faults, I drink to you.

*Apem.* Thou weapest to make them drink, Timon

2 *Lord.* Joy had the like conception in our eyes, And, at that instant, like a babe sprung up.

*Apem.* Ho, ho! I laugh to think that babe a bastard.

3 *Lord.* I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.

*Apem.* Much! [Tucket sounded.]

*Tim.* What means that trump?—How now?



*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Please you, my lord, there are certain ladies most desirous of admittance.

*Tim.* Ladies? What are their wills?

*Serv.* There comes with them a forerunner, my lord, which bears that office, to signify their pleasures.

*Tim.* I pray, let them be admitted.

*Enter CUPID.*

*Cup.* Hail to thee, worthy Timon;—and to all That of his bounties taste!—The five best senses Acknowledge thee their patron; and come freely To gratulate thy plenteous bosom: The ear, Taste, touch, smell, all pleas'd from thy table rise; They only now come but to feast thine eyes.

*Tim.* They are welcome all; let them have kind admittance:

Musick, make their welcome. *[Exit CUPID]*

*1 Lord.* You see, my lord, how ample you are belov'd.

*Musick.* *Re-enter CUPID, with a masque of Ladies as Amazons, with lutes in their hands, dancing, and playing.*

*Apem.* Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way They dance! they are mad women. Like madness is the glory of this life, As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root. We make ourselves fools, to disport ourselves; And spend our flatteries, to drink those men, Upon whose age we void it up again, With poisonous spite, and envy. Who lives, that's not Deprav'd, or depraves? who dies, that bears Not one spurn to their graves of their friends' gift.



I should fear, those, that dance before me now,  
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done;  
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.

*The Lords rise from table, with much adoring of TIMON;  
and, to show their loves, each singles out an Amazon, and  
all dance, men with women, a lofty strain or two to the  
hautboys, and cease.*

*Tim.* You have done our pleasures much grace, fair  
Ladies,  
Set a fair fashion on our entertainment,  
Which was not half so beautiful and kind;  
You have added worth unto't, and lively lustre,  
And entertain'd me with mine own device;  
I am to thank you for it.

*1 Lady.* My lord, you take us even at the best.

*Apem.* 'Faith, for the worst is filthy; and would not  
hold taking, I doubt me.

*Tim.* Ladies, there is an idle banquet  
Attends you: Please you to dispose yourselves.

*All Lad.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*[Exeunt CUPID, and Ladies]*

*Tim.* Flavius,—

*Flav.* My lord.

*Tim.* The little casket bring me hither.

*Flav.* Yes, my lord.—More jewels yet!

There is no crossing him in his humour; *[Aside.*  
Else I should tell him,—Well,—i' faith, I should,  
When all's spent, he'd be cross'd then, an he could.  
'Tis pity, bounty had not eyes behind;  
That man might ne'er be wretched for his mind.

*[Exit, and returns with the casket]*

*1 Lord.* Where be our men?



*Serv.* Here, my lord, in readiness.

*2 Lord.* Our horses.

*Tim.* O my friends, I have one word  
To say to you:—Look you, my good lord, I must  
Entreat you, honour me so much, as to  
Advance this jewel;  
Accept, and wear it, kind my lord.

*1 Lord.* I am so far already in your gifts,—

*All.* So are we all.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* My lord, there are certain nobles of the senate  
Newly alighted, and come to visit you.

*Tim.* They are fairly welcome.

*Flav.* I beseech your honour,  
Vouchsafe me a word; it does concern you near.

*Tim.* Near? why then another time I'll hear thee:  
I pr'ythee, let us be provided  
To show them entertainment.

*Flav.* I scarce know how. [*Aside.*]

*Enter another Servant.*

*2 Serv.* May it please your honour, the lord Lucius,  
Out of his free love, hath presented to you  
Four milk-white horses, trapp'd in silver.

*Tim.* I shall accept them fairly: let the presents

*Enter a third Servant.*

Be worthily entertain'd.—How now, what news?

*3 Serv.* Please you, my lord, that honourable gentleman, lord Lucullus, entreats your company to-morrow to hunt with him; and has sent your honour two brace of greyhounds.



*Tim.* I'll hunt with him; And let them be receiv'd,  
Not without fair reward.

*Flav.* [*Aside.*] What will this come to?  
He commands us to provide, and give great gifts,  
And all out of an empty coffer.—  
Nor will he know his purse; or yield me this,  
To show him what a beggar his heart is,  
Being of no power to make his wishes good;  
His promises fly so beyond his state,  
That what he speaks is all in debt, he owes  
For every word; he is so kind, that he now  
Pays interest for't; his land's put to their books.  
Well, 'would I were gently put out of office,  
Before I were forc'd out!

Happier is he that has no friend to feed,  
Than such as do even enemies exceed.

I bleed inwardly for my lord.

[*Exit.*]

*Tim.* You do yourselves  
Much wrong, you bate too much of your own merits:—  
Here, my lord, a trifle of our love.

*2 Lord.* With more than common thanks I will receive it.

*3 Lord.* O, he is the very soul of bounty!

*Tim.* And now I remember me, my lord, you gave  
Good words the other day of a bay courser  
I rode on: it is yours, because you lik'd it.

*2 Lord.* I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, in that

*Tim.* You may take my word, my lord; I know, no man  
Can justly praise, but what he does affect;  
I weigh my friend's affection with mine own;  
I'll tell you true. I'll call on you.

*All Lords.*

None so welcome

*Tim.* I take all and your several visitations



So kind to heart, 'tis not enough to give;  
Methinks, I could deal kingdoms to my friends,  
And ne'er be weary.—Alcibiades,  
Thou art a soldier, therefore seldom rich,  
It comes in charity to thee: for all thy living  
Is 'mongst the dead; and all the lands thou hast  
Lie in a pitch'd field.

*Alcib.* Ay, defiled land, my lord.

*1 Lord.* We are so virtuously bound,—

*Tim.* And so

Am I to you.

*2 Lord.* So infinitely endear'd,—

*Tim.* All to you.—Lights, more lights.

*1 Lord.* The best of happiness,

Honour, and fortunes, keep with you, lord Timon!

*Tim.* Ready for his friends.

[*Exeunt* ALCIBIADES, Lords, &c.]

*Apem.* What a coil's here!

Serving of becks, and jutting out of bums!  
I doubt whether their legs be worth the sums  
That are given for 'em. Friendship's full of dregs:  
Methinks, false hearts should never have sound legs  
Thus honest fools lay out their wealth on court'sies.

*Tim.* Now, Apemantus, if thou wert not sullen,  
I'd be good to thee.

*Apem.* No, I'll nothing: for,  
If I should be brib'd too, there would be none left  
To rail upon thee; and then thou would'st sin the faster  
Thou giv'st so long, Timon, I fear me, thou  
Wilt give away thyself in paper shortly:  
What need these feasts, pomps, and vain glories?

*Tim.* Nay,  
An you begin to rail on society once,



I am sworn, not to give regard to you.  
Farewell; and come with better musick. [Exit.

*Apem.* — So;—  
Thou'lt not hear me now,—thou shalt not then, I'll lock  
Thy heaven from thee. O, that men's ears should be  
To counsel deaf, but not to flattery! [Exit.

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## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in a Senator's house.*

*Enter a Senator, with papers in his hand*

*Sen.* And late, five thousand to Varro; and to Isidor  
He owes nine thousand; besides my former sum,  
Which makes it five and twenty.—Still in motion  
Of raging waste? It cannot hold; it will not.  
If I want gold, steal but a beggar's dog,  
And give it Timon, why, the dog coins gold:  
If I would sell my horse, and buy twenty more  
Better than he, why, give my horse to Timon,  
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, straight,  
And able horses: No porter at his gate;  
But rather one that smiles, and still invites  
All that pass by. It cannot hold; no reason  
Can found his state in safety. Caphis, ho!  
Caphis, I say!

*Enter CAPHIS.*

*Caph.* Here, sir; What is your pleasure?



*Sen.* Get on your cloak, and haste you to lord Timon ;  
 Impórtune him for my monies ; be not ceas'd  
 With slight denial ; nor then silenc'd, when—  
*Commend me to your master*—and the cap  
 Plays in the right hand, thus :—but tell him, sirrah,  
 My uses cry to me, I must serve my turn  
 Out of my own ; his days and times are past,  
 And my reliances on his fracted dates  
 Have smit my credit : I love, and honour him ;  
 But must not break my back, to heal his finger :  
 Immediate are my needs ; and my relief  
 Must not be toss'd and turn'd to me in words,  
 But find supply immediate. Get you gone :  
 Put on a most importunate aspéct,  
 A visage of demand ; for, I do fear,  
 When every feather sticks in his own wing,  
 Lord Timon will be left a naked gull,  
 Which flashes now a phoenix. Get you gone.

*Caph.* I go, sir.

*Sen.* I go, sir?—take the bonds along with you,  
 And have the dates in compt.

*Caph.*

I will, sir,

*Sen.*

Go.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE II.—*The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with many bills in his hand.*

*Flav.* No care, no stop ! so senseless of expence,  
 That he will neither know how to maintain it,  
 Nor cease his flow of riot : Takes no account  
 How things go from him ; nor resumes no care  
 Of what is to continue ; Never mind



Was to be so unwise, to be so kind.  
What shall be done? He will not hear, till feel:  
I must be round with him, now he comes from hunting.  
Fye, fye, fye, fye!

*Enter CAPHIS, and the Servants of ISIDORE and VARRO.*

*Caph.* Good even, Varro: What,  
You come for money?

*Var. Serv.* Is't not your business too?

*Caph.* It is ;—And yours too, Isidore?

*Isid. Serv.* It is so.

*Caph.* 'Would we were all discharg'd!

*Var. Serv.* I fear it.

*Caph.* Here comes the lord.

*Enter TIMON, ALCIBIADES, and Lords, &c.*

*Tim.* So soon as dinner's done, we'll forth again,  
My Alcibiades.—With me? What's your will?

*Caph.* My lord, here is a note of certain dues.

*Tim.* Dues? Whence are you?

*Caph.* Of Athens here, my lord.

*Tim.* Go to my steward.

*Caph.* Please it your lordship, he hath put me off  
To the succession of new days this month:  
My master is awak'd by great occasion,  
To call upon his own; and humbly prays you,  
That with your other noble parts you'll suit,  
In giving him his right.

*Tim.* Mine honest friend,  
I pr'ythee, but repair to me next morning.

*Caph.* Nay, good my lord,—

*Tim.* Contain thyself, good friend.

*Var. Serv.* One Varro's servant, my good lord,—



*Isid. Serv.* From Isidore ;  
He humbly prays your speedy payment,——

*Caph.* If you did know, my lord, my master's wants,——

*Var. Serv.* 'Twas due on forfeiture, my lord, six weeks,  
And past,——

*Isid. Serv.* Your steward puts me off, my lord ;  
And I am sent expressly to your lordship.

*Tim.* Give me breath:——

I do beseech you, good my lords, keep on ;

[*Exeunt ALCIBIADES and Lords*  
I'll wait upon you instantly.—Come hither, pray you,  
[*To FLAVIUS.*

How goes the world, that I am thus encounter'd  
With clamorous demands of date-broke bonds,  
And the detention of long-since-due debts,  
Against my honour?

*Flav.* Please you, gentlemen,  
The time is unagreeable to this business :  
Your importunacy cease, till after dinner ;  
That I may make his lordship understand  
Wherefore you are not paid.

*Tim.* Do so, my friends :  
See them well entertain'd. [*Exit TIMON*

*Flav.* I pray, draw near.  
[*Exit FLAVIUS.*

*Enter APEMANTUS and a Fool.*

*Caph.* Stay, stay, here comes the fool with Ape-  
mantus ; let's have some sport with 'em.

*Var. Serv.* Hang him, he'll abuse us.

*Isid. Serv.* A plague upon him, dog !

*Var. Serv.* How dost, fool?

*Apem.* Dost dialogue with thy shadow?



*Var. Serv.* I speak not to thee.

*Apem.* No; 'tis to thyself,—Come away. [*To the Fool*]

*Isid. Serv.* [*To Var. Serv.*] There's the fool hangs on your back already.

*Apem.* No, thou stand'st single, thou art not on him yet.

*Caph.* Where's the fool now.

*Apem.* He last asked the question.—Poor rogues, and usurers' men! bawds between gold and want!

*All Serv.* What are we, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Asses.

*All Serv.* Why?

*Apem.* That you ask me what you are, and do not know yourselves.—Speak to 'em, fool.

*Fool.* How do you, gentlemen?

*All Serv.* Gramercies, good fool: How does your mistress?

*Fool.* She's e'en setting on water to scald such chickens as you are. 'Would, we could see you at Corinth.

*Apem.* Good! gramercy.

*Enter Page.*

*Fool.* Look you, here comes my mistress' page.

*Page.* [*To the Fool.*] Why, how now, captain? what do you in this wise company?—How dost thou, Apemantus?

*Apem.* 'Would I had a rod in my mouth, that I might answer thee profitably.

*Page.* Pr'ythee, Apemantus, read me the superscription of these letters; I know not which is which.

*Apem.* Canst not read?

*Page.* No.



*Apem.* There will little learning die there, that day thou art hanged. This is to lord Timon; this to Alcibiades. Go; thou wast born a bastard, and thou'lt die a bawd.

*Page.* Thou wast whelped a dog; and thou shalt famish, a dog's death. Answer not, I am gone.

[Exit Page.]

*Apem.* Even so thou out-run'st grace. Fool, I will go with you to lord Timon's.

*Fool.* Will you leave me there?

*Apem.* If Timon stay at home.—You three serve three usurers?

*All Serv.* Ay; 'would they served us!

*Apem.* So would I,—as good a trick as ever hangman served thief.

*Fool.* Are you three usurers' men?

*All Serv.* Ay, fool.

*Fool.* I think, no usurer but has a fool to his servant: My mistress is one, and I am her fool. When men come to borrow of your masters, they approach sadly, and go away merry; but they enter my mistress' house merrily, and go away sadly: The reason of this?

*Var. Serv.* I could render one.

*Apem.* Do it then, that we may account thee a whoremaster, and a knave; which notwithstanding, thou shalt be no less esteemed.

*Var. Serv.* What is a whoremaster, fool?

*Fool.* A fool in good clothes, and something like thee. 'Tis a spirit: sometime, it appears like a lord; sometime, like a lawyer; sometime, like a philosopher, with two stones more than his artificial one: He is very often like a knight; and, generally in all shapes, that man goes up and down in, from fourscore to thirteen, this spirit walks in.



*Var. Serv.* Thou art not altogether a fool.

*Fool.* Nor thou altogether a wise man: as much foolery as I have, so much wit thou lackest.

*Apem.* That answer might have become Apemantus.

*All Serv.* Aside, aside; here comes lord Timon,

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Apem.* Come, with me, fool, come.

*Fool.* I do not always follow lover, elder brother, and woman; sometime, the philosopher.

[*Exeunt APEMANTUS and Fool.*

*Flav.* 'Pray you, walk near; I'll speak with you anon. [*Exeunt Serv*

*Tim.* You make me marvel: Wherefore, ere this time, Had you not fully laid my state before me; That I might so have rated my expence, As I had leave of means?

*Flav.* You would not hear me,  
At many leisures I propos'd.

*Tim.* Go to:  
Perchance, some single vantages you took,  
When my indisposition put you back;  
And that unaptness made your minister,  
Thus to excuse yourself.

*Flav.* O my good lord!  
At many times I brought in my accounts,  
Laid them before you; you would throw them off,  
And say, you found them in mine honesty.  
When, for some trifling present, you have bid me  
Return so much, I have shook my head, and wept;  
Yea, 'gainst th' authority of manners, pray'd you  
To hold your hand more close: I did endure  
Not seldom, nor no slight checks; when I have



Prompted you, in the ebb of your estate,  
And your great flow of debts. My dear-lov'd lord,  
Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,  
The greatest of your having lacks a half  
To pay your present debts.

*Tim.* Let all my land be sold.

*Flav.* 'Tis all engag'd, some forfeited and gone;  
And what remains will hardly stop the mouth  
Of present dues: the future comes apace:  
What shall defend the interim? and at length  
How goes our reckoning?

*Tim.* To Lacedæmon did my land extend.

*Flav.* O my good lord, the world is but a word;  
Were it all yours to give it in a breath,  
How quickly were it gone?

*Tim.* You tell me true.

*Flav.* If you suspect my husbandry, or falsehood,  
Call me before th' exactest auditors,  
And set me on the proof. So the gods bless me,  
When all our offices have been oppress'd  
With riotous feeders; when our vaults have wept  
With drunken spilth of wine; when every room  
Hath blaz'd with lights, and bray'd with minstrelsy;  
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock,  
And set mine eyes at flow.

*Tim.* Pr'ythee, no more.

*Flav.* Heavens, have I said, the bounty of this lord!  
How many prodigal bits have slaves, and peasants,  
This night englutted! Who is not Timon's?  
What heart, head, sword, force, means, but is lord  
Timon's?

Great Timon, noble, worthy, royal Timon!

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,



The breath is gone whereof this praise is made:  
Feast-won, fast-lost; one cloud of winter showers,  
These flies are couch'd.

*Tim.* Come, sermon me no further:  
No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.  
Why dost thou weep? Canst thou the conscience lack,  
To think I shall lack friends? Secure thy heart;  
If I would broach the vessels of my love,  
And try the argument of hearts by borrowing,  
Men, and men's fortunes, could I frankly use,  
As I can bid thee speak.

*Flav.* Assurance bless your thoughts!

*Tim.* And, in some sort, these wants of mine are  
crown'd,  
That I account them blessings; for by these  
Shall I try friends: You shall perceive, how you  
Mistake my fortunes; I am wealthy in my friends.  
Within there, ho!—Flaminius! Servilius!

*Enter FLAMINIUS, SERVILIUS, and other Servants.*

*Serv.* My lord, my lord,—

*Tim.* I will despatch you severally.—You, to lord  
Lucius,—

To lord Lucullus you; I hunted with his  
Honour to-day;—You, to Sempronius;  
Commend me to their loves; and, I am proud, say,  
That my occasions have found time to use them  
Toward a supply of money: let the request  
Be fifty talents.

*Flam.* As you have said, my lord.

*Flav.* Lord Lucius, and lord Lucullus? humph! [*Aside*

*Tim.* Go you, sir, [*To another Serv.*] to the senators,



(Of whom, even to the state's best health, I have Deserv'd this hearing,) bid 'em send o'th' instant A thousand talents to me.

*Flav.* I have been bold,  
(For that I knew it the most general way,)  
To them to use your signet, and your name;  
But they do shake their heads, and I am here  
No richer in return.

*Tim.* Is't true? can't be?

*Flav.* They answer, in a joint and corporate voice,  
That now they are at fall, want treasure, cannot  
Do what they would; are sorry—you are honourable,—  
But yet they could have wish'd—they know not—but  
Something hath been amiss—a noble nature  
May catch a wrench—would all were well—'tis pity—  
And so, intending other serious matters,  
After distasteful looks, and these hard fractions,  
With certain half-caps, and cold-moving nods,  
They froze me into silence.

*Tim.* You gods, reward them!—  
I pr'ythee, man, look cheerly; These old fellows  
Have their ingratitude in them hereditary:  
Their blood is cak'd, 'tis cold, it seldom flows;  
'Tis lack of kindly warmth, they are not kind;  
And nature, as it grows again toward earth,  
Is fashion'd for the journey, dull, and heavy.—  
Go to Ventidius,—[*To a Serv.*] 'Pr'ythee, [*To FLAVIUS.*]

be not sad,  
Thou art true, and honest; ingeniously I speak,  
No blame belongs to thee :—[*To Serv.*] Ventidius lately  
Buried his father; by whose death, he's stepp'd  
Into a great estate: when he was poor,  
Imprison'd, and in scarcity of friends,



I clear'd him with five talents: Greet him from me;  
Bid him suppose, some good necessity  
Touches his friend, which craves to be remember'd  
With those five talents:—that had,—[To FLAV.] give  
it these fellows

To whom 'tis instant due. Ne'er speak, or think,  
That Timon's fortunes 'mong his friends can sink.

*Flav.* I would, I could not think it; That thought  
is bounty's foe;  
Being free itself, it thinks all others so [Exeunt.

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### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. A room in Lucullus's house.*

FLAMINIUS waiting. Enter a Servant to him.

*Serv.* I have told my lord of you, he is coming down  
to you.

*Flam.* I thank you, sir.

Enter LUCULLUS.

*Serv.* Here's my lord.

*Lucul.* [Aside.] One of lord Timon's men? a gift, I  
warrant. Why, this hits right; I dreamt of a silver  
bason and ewer to-night. Flaminius, honest Flaminius;  
you are very respectfully welcome, sir.—Fill me some  
wine.—[Exit Servant.] And how does that honourable  
complete, free-hearted gentleman of Athens, thy very  
bountiful good lord and master?



*Flam.* His health is well, sir.

*Lucul.* I am right glad that his health is well, sir: And what hast thou there under thy cloak, pretty Flaminius?

*Flam.* 'Faith, nothing but an empty box, sir; which, in my lord's behalf, I come to entreat your honour to supply; who, having great and instant occasion to use fifty talents, hath sent to your lordship to furnish him; nothing doubting your present assistance therein.

*Lucul.* La, la, la, la,—nothing doubting, says he? alas, good lord! a noble gentleman 'tis, if he would not keep so good a house. Many a time and often I have dined with him, and told him on't; and come again to supper to him, of purpose to have him spend less: and yet he would embrace no counsel, take no warning by my coming. Every man has his fault, and honesty is his; I have told him on't, but I could never get him from it.

*Re-enter Servant, with wine.*

*Serv.* Please your lordship, here is the wine.

*Lucul.* Flaminius, I have noted thee always wise. Here's to thee.

*Flam.* Your lordship speaks your pleasure.

*Lucul.* I have observed thee always for a towardly prompt spirit,—give thee thy due,—and one that knows what belongs to reason: and canst use the time well, if the time use thee well: good parts in thee.—Get you gone, sirrah.—[*To the Servant, who goes out.*—] Draw nearer, honest Flaminius. Thy lord's a bountiful gentleman: but thou art wise; and thou knowest well enough, although thou comest to me, that this is no time to lend money; especially upon bare friendship, without security. Here's three soli-



dares for thee; good boy, wink at me, and say, thou saw'st me not. Fare thee well.

*Flam.* Is't possible, the world should so much differ; And we alive, that liv'd? Fly, damned baseness, To him that worships thee. [*Throwing the money away*

*Lucul.* Ha! Now I see, thou art a fool, and fit for thy master. [*Exit LUCULLUS.*

*Flam.* May these add to the number that may scald thee! Let molten coin be thy damnation, Thou disease of a friend, and not himself! Has friendship such a faint and milky heart, It turns in less than two nights? O you gods, I feel my master's passion! This slave Unto his honour, has my lord's meat in him: Why should it thrive, and turn to nutriment, When he is turn'd to poison?

O, may diseases only work upon't! And, when he is sick to death, let not that part of nature Which my lord paid for, be of any power To expel sickness, but prolong his hour! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The same. A publick place.*

*Enter LUCIUS, with three Strangers.*

*Luc.* Who, the lord Timon? he is my very good friend, and an honourable gentleman.

*1 Stran.* We know him for no less, though we are but strangers to him. But I can tell you one thing, my lord, and which I hear from common rumours; now lord Timon's happy hours are done and past, and his estate shrinks from him.

*Luc* Fye no, do not believe it; he cannot want for money.



2 *Stran.* But believe you this, my lord, that, not long ago, one of his men was with the lord Lucullus, to borrow so many talents; nay, urged extremely for't, and showed what necessity belonged to't, and yet was denied.

*Luc.* How?

2 *Stran.* I tell you, denied, my lord.

*Luc.* What a strange case was that? now, before the gods, I am ashamed on't. Denied that honourable man? there was very little honour showed in't. For my own part, I must needs confess, I have received some small kindnesses from him, as money, plate, jewels, and such like trifles, nothing comparing to his; yet, had he mistook him, and sent to me, I should ne'er have denied his occasion so many talents.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Ser.* See, by good hap, yonder's my lord; I have sweat to see his honour.—My honoured lord,—

[*To LUCIUS.*]

*Luc.* Servilius! you are kindly met, sir. Fare thee well:—Commend me to thy honourable virtuous lord, my very exquisite friend.

*Ser.* May it please your honour, my lord hath sent——

*Luc.* Ha! what has he sent? I am so much endeared to that lord; he's ever sending: How shall I thank him, thinkest thou? And what has he sent now?

*Ser.* He has only sent his present occasion now, my ord; requesting your lordship to supply his instant use with so many talents.

*Luc.* I know, his lordship is but merry with me; He cannot want fifty-five hundred talents.

*Ser.* But in the mean time he wants less, my lord.



If his occasion were not virtuous,  
I should not urge it half so faithfully.

*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable? how unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour?—Servilius, now before the gods, I am not able to do't; the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not, for the wealth of Athens, I had done it now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope, his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I will look you out a good turn, Servilius.—

[Exit SERVILIUS.]

True, as you said, Timon is shrunk, indeed;  
And he, that's once denied, will hardly speed.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

1 *Stran.* Do you observe this, Hostilius?

2 *Stran.* Ay, too well.

1 *Stran.* Why this

Is the world's soul; and just of the same piece  
Is every flatterer's spirit. Who can call him  
His friend, that dips in the same dish? for, in  
My knowing, Timon has been this lord's father,  
And kept his credit with his purse;



Supported his estate; nay, Timon's money  
 Has paid his men their wages: He ne'er drinks,  
 But Timon's silver treads upon his lip;  
 And yet, (O, see the monstrousness of man  
 When he looks out in an ungrateful shape!)  
 He does deny him, in respect of his,  
 What charitable men afford to beggars.

3 *Stran.* Religion groans at it.

1 *Stran.* For mine own part  
 I never tasted Timon in my life,  
 Nor came any of his bounties over me,  
 To mark me for his friend; yet, I protest,  
 For his right noble mind, illustrious virtue,  
 And honourable carriage,  
 Had his necessity made use of me,  
 I would have put my wealth into donation,  
 And the best half should have return'd to him,  
 So much I love his heart: But, I perceive,  
 Men must learn now with pity to dispense:  
 For policy sits above conscience. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*The same. A room in Sempronius's house.*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, and a Servant of Timon's.*

*Sem.* Must he needs trouble me in't? Humph! 'Bove  
 all others?

He might have tried lord Lucius, or Lucullus;  
 And now Ventidius is wealthy too,  
 Whom he redeem'd from prison: All these three  
 Owe their estates unto him.

*Serv.* O my lord,  
 They have all been touch'd, and found base metal; for  
 They have all denied him?



*Sem.* How! they have denied him?  
Has Ventidius and Lucullus denied him?  
And does he send to me? Three? humph!—  
It shows but little love or judgement in him.  
Must I be his last refuge? His friends, like physicians,  
Thrive, give him over; Must I take the cure upon me?  
He has much disgrac'd me in't; I am angry at him,  
That might have known my place: I see no sense for't,  
But his occasions might have woo'd me first;  
For, in my conscience, I was the first man  
That e'er receiv'd gift from him:  
And does he think so backwardly of me now,  
That I'll requite it last? No: So it may prove  
An argument of laughter to the rest,  
And I amongst the lords be thought a fool.  
I had rather than the worth of thrice the sum,  
He had sent to me first, but for my mind's sake;  
I had such a courage to do him good. But now return  
And with their faint reply this answer join;  
Who bates mine honour, shall not know my coin. [*Exit.*]

*Serv.* Excellent! Your lordship's a goodly villain.  
The devil knew not what he did, when he made man  
politick; he crossed himself by't: and I cannot think  
but, in the end, the villainies of man will set him clear.  
How fairly this lord strives to appear foul? takes vir-  
tuous copies to be wicked; like those that, under hot  
ardent zeal, would set whole realms on fire.  
Of such a nature is his politick love.  
This was my lord's best hope; now all are fled,  
Save the gods only: Now his friends are dead,  
Doors, that were ne'er acquainted with their wards  
Many a bounteous year, must be employ'd  
Now to guard sure their master



And this is all a liberal course allows;  
Who cannot keep his wealth, must keep his house. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.—*The same. A hall in Timon's house.*

*Enter two Servants of VARRO, and the Servant of LUCIUS, meeting TITUS, HORTENSIVS, and other Servants to TIMON's creditors, waiting his coming out.*

*Var. Serv.* Well met; good-morrow Titus, and Hortensius.

*Tit.* The like to you, kind Varro.

*Hor.* Lucius?

What, do we meet together?

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, and, I think,  
One business does command us all; for mine  
Is money.

*Tit.* So is theirs and ours.

*Enter PHILOTUS.*

*Luc. Serv.* And sir  
Philotus too!

*Phi.* Good day at once.

*Luc. Serv.* Welcome, good brother  
What do you think the hour?

*Phi.* Labouring for nine.

*Luc. Serv.* So much?

*Phi.* Is not my lord seen yet?

*Luc. Serv.* Not yet.

*Phi.* I wonder on't; he was wont to shine at seven

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but the days are waxed shorter with him.  
You must consider, that a prodigal course  
Is like the sun's; but not, like his, recoverable.  
I fear,



'Tis deepest winter in lord Timon's purse;  
That is, one may reach deep enough, and yet  
Find little.

*Phi.* I am of your fear for that.

*Tit.* I'll show you how to observe a strange event.  
Your lord sends now for money.

*Hor.* Most true, he does.

*Tit.* And he wears jewels now of Timon's gift,  
For which I wait for money.

*Hor.* It is against my heart.

*Luc. Serv.* Mark, how strange it shows,  
Timon in this should pay more than he owes:  
And e'en as if your lord should wear rich jewels,  
And send for money for 'em.

*Hor.* I am weary of this charge, the gods can witness:  
I know, my lord hath spent of Timon's wealth,  
And now ingratitude makes it worse than stealth.

*1 Var. Serv.* Yes, mine's three thousand crowns:  
What's yours?

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand mine.

*1 Var. Serv.* 'Tis much deep: and it should seem by  
the sum,  
Your master's confidence was above mine;  
Else, surely, his had equall'd.

*Enter FLAMINIUS.*

*Tit.* One of lord Timon's men.

*Luc. Serv.* Flaminius! sir, a word: 'Pray, is my lord  
ready to come forth?

*Flam.* No, indeed, he is not.

*Tit.* We attend his lordship; 'pray, signify so much.

*Flam.* I need not tell him that; he knows, you are  
too diligent. [Exit FLAMINIUS]



*Enter FLAVIUS in a cloak, muffled.*

*Luc. Serv.* Ha! is not that his steward muffled so? He goes away in a cloud: call him, call him.

*Tit.* Do you hear, sir?

*1 Var. Serv.* By your leave, sir,——

*Flav.* What do you ask of me, my friend?

*Tit.* We wait for certain money here, sir.

*Flav.*

Ay,

If money were as certain as your waiting,  
'Twere sure enough. Why then preferr'd you not  
Your sums and bills, when your false masters eat  
Of my lord's meat? Then they could smile, and fawn  
Upon his debts, and take down th'interest  
Into their gluttonous maws. You do yourselves but  
**wrong,**

To stir me up; let me pass quietly:  
Believe't, my lord and I have made an end;  
I have no more to reckon, he to spend.

*Luc. Serv.* Ay, but this answer will not serve.

*Flav.*

If 'twill not

'Tis not so base as you; for you serve knaves. [*Exit.*

*1 Var. Serv.* How! what does his cashier'd worship mutter?

*2 Var. Serv.* No matter what; he's poor, and that revenge enough. Who can speak broader than he that has no house to put his head in? such may rail against great buildings.

*Enter SERVILIUS.*

*Tit.* O, here's Servilius; now we shall know  
Some answer.

*Ser.* If I might beseech you, gentlemen,



To repair some other hour, I should much  
Derive from it: for, take it on my soul,  
My lord leans wond'rously to discontent.  
His comfortable temper has forsook him;  
He is much out of health, and keeps his chamber.

*Luc. Serv.* Many do keep their chambers, are not sick:  
And, if it be so far beyond his health,  
Methinks, he should the sooner pay his debts,  
And make a clear way to the gods.

*Serv.* Good gods!

*Tit.* We cannot take this for an answer, sir.

*Flam.* [*Within.*] Servilius, help!—my lord! my lord!—

*Enter TIMON, in a rage; FLAMINIUS following.*

*Tim.* What, are my doors oppos'd against my  
passage?

Have I been ever free, and must my house  
Be my retentive enemy, my gaol?

The place, which I have feasted, does it now,  
Like all mankind, show me an iron heart?

*Luc. Serv.* Put in now, Titus.

*Tit.* My lord, here is my bill.

*Luc. Serv.* Here's mine.

*Hor. Serv.* And mine, my lord.

*Both Var. Serv.* And ours, my lord.

*Phi.* All our bills.

*Tim.* Knock me down with 'em: cleave me to the  
girdle.

*Luc. Serv.* Alas! my lord,——

*Tim.* Cut my heart in sums.

*Tit.* Mine, fifty talents.

*Tim.* Tel' out my blood.

*Luc. Serv.* Five thousand crowns, my lord.



*Tim.* Five thousand drops pays that.—  
What yours?—and yours?

1 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

2 *Var. Serv.* My lord,——

*Tim.* Tear me, take me, and the gods fall upon you!  
[*Exit.*

*Hor.* 'Faith, I perceive our masters may throw their caps at their money; these debts may well be called desperate ones, for a madman owes 'em. [*Exeunt.*

*Re-enter TIMON and FLAVIUS.*

*Tim.* They have e'en put my breath from me, the slaves:

Creditors!—devils.

*Flav.* My dear lord,——

*Tim.* What if it should be so?

*Flav.* My lord,——

*Tim.* I'll have it so:—My steward!

*Flav.* Here, my lord.

*Tim.* So fitly? Go, bid all my friends again,  
Lucius, Lucullus, and Sempronius; all:  
I'll once more feast the rascals.

*Flav.* O my lord,  
You only speak from your distracted soul;  
There is not so much left, to furnish out  
A moderate table.

*Tim.* Be't not in thy care; go,  
I charge thee; invite them all: let in the tide  
Of knaves once more; my cook and I'll provide.

[*Exeunt.*



SCENE V.—*The same. The senate-house.*

*The senate sitting. Enter ALCIBIADES, attended.*

1 *Sen.* My lord, you have my voice to it; the fault's  
Bloody; 'tis necessary he should die:  
Nothing emboldens sin so much as mercy.

2 *Sen.* Most true; the law shall bruise him.

*Alcib.* Honour, health, and compassion to the senate!

1 *Sen.* Now, captain?

*Alcib.* I am an humble suitor to your virtues;  
For pity is the virtue of the law,  
And none but tyrants use it cruelly.  
It pleases time, and fortune, to lie heavy  
Upon a friend of mine, who, in hot blood,  
Hath stepp'd into the law, which is past depth  
To those that, without heed, do plunge into it.  
He is a man, setting his fate aside,  
Of comely virtues:  
Nor did he soil the fact with cowardice;  
(An honour in him, which buys out his fault,)  
But, with a noble fury, and fair spirit,  
Seeing his reputation touch'd to death,  
He did oppose his foe:  
And with such sober and unnoted passion  
He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent,  
As if he had but prov'd an argument.

1 *Sen.* You undergo too strict a paradox,  
Striving to make an ugly deed look fair:  
Your words have took such pains, as if they labour'd  
To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling  
Upon the head of valour; which, indeed,  
Is valour misbegot, and came into the world







At Lacedæmon, and Byzantium,  
Were a sufficient briber for his life.

1 *Sen.* What's that?

*Alcib.* Why, I say, my lords, h'as done fair service,  
And slain in fight many of your enemies:  
How full of valour did he bear himself  
In the last conflict, and made plenteous wounds?

2 *Sen.* He has made too much plenty with 'em, he  
Is a sworn rioter: h'as a sin that often  
Drowns him, and takes his valour prisoner:  
If there were no foes, that were enough alone  
To overcome him: in that beastly fury  
He has been known to commit outrages,  
And cherish factions: 'Tis inferr'd to us,  
His days are foul, and his drink dangerous.

1 *Sen.* He dies.

*Alcib.* Hard fate! he might have died in war  
My lords, if not for any parts in him,  
(Though his right arm might purchase his own time,  
And be in debt to none,) yet, more to move you,  
Take my deserts to his, and join them both:  
And, for I know, your reverend ages love  
Security, I'll pawn my victories, all  
My honour to you, upon his good returns.  
If by this crime he owes the law his life,  
Why, let the war receiv't in valiant gore;  
For law is strict, and war is nothing more.

1 *Sen.* We are for law, he dies; urge it no more,  
On height of our displeasure: Friend, or brother,  
He forfeits his own blood, that spills another.

*Alcib.* Must it be so? it must not be. My lords,  
I do beseech you, know me.

2 *Sen.* How?



*Alcib.* Call me to your remembrances.

*3 Sen.* What?

*Alcib.* I cannot think, but your age has forgot me ;  
It could not else be, I should prove so base,  
To sue, and be denied such common grace:  
My wounds ache at you.

*1 Sen.* Do you dare our anger?  
'Tis in few words, but spacious in effect;  
We banish thee for ever.

*Alcib.* Banish me?  
Banish your dotage; banish usury,  
That makes the senate ugly.

*1 Sen.* If, after two days' shine, Athens contain thee,  
Attend our weightier judgement. And, not to swell our  
spirit,  
He shall be executed presently. [*Exeunt Senators.*]

*Alcib.* Now the gods keep you old enough; that you  
may live  
Only in bone, that none may look on you!  
I am worse than mad: I have kept back their foes,  
While they have told their money, and let out  
Their coin upon large interest; I myself,  
Rich only in large hurts;—All those, for this?  
Is this the balsam, that the usuring senate  
Pours into captains' wounds? ha! banishment?  
It comes not ill; I hate not to be banish'd;  
It is a cause worthy my spleen and fury,  
That I may strike at Athens. I'll cheer up  
My discontented troops, and lay for hearts.  
'Tis honour, with most lands to be at odds;  
Soldiers should brook as little wrongs, as gods. [*Exit.*]



SCENE VI.—*A magnificent room in Timon's house.*

*Musick. Tables set out: Servants attending. Enter divers Lords, at several doors.*

1 *Lord.* The good time of day to you, sir.

2 *Lord.* I also wish it to you. I think, this honourable lord did but try us this other day.

1 *Lord.* Upon that were my thoughts tiring, when we encountered: I hope, it is not so low with him, as he made it seem in the trial of his several friends.

2 *Lord.* It should not be, by the persuasion of his new feasting.

1 *Lord.* I should think so: He hath sent me an earnest inviting, which many my near occasions did urge me to put off; but he hath conjured me beyond them, and I must needs appear.

2 *Lord.* In like manner was I in debt to my importunate business, but he would not hear my excuse. I am sorry, when he sent to borrow of me, that my provision was out.

1 *Lord.* I am sick of that grief too, as I understand how all things go.

2 *Lord.* Every man here's so. What would he have borrowed of you?

1 *Lord.* A thousand pieces.

2 *Lord.* A thousand pieces!

1 *Lord.* What of you?

3 *Lord.* He sent to me, sir,—Here he comes.

*Enter TIMON, and Attendants.*

*Tim.* With all my heart, gentlemen both:—And how fare you?



1 *Lord*. Ever at the best, hearing well of your lordship.

2 *Lord*. The swallow follows not summer more willingly, than we your lordship.

*Tim*. [*Aside*.] Nor more willingly leaves winter; such summer-birds are men.—Gentlemen, our dinner will not recompense this long stay: feast your ears with the musick awhile; if they will fare so harshly on the trumpet's sound: we shall to't presently.

1 *Lord*. I hope, it remains not unkindly with your lordship, that I returned you an empty messenger.

*Tim*. O, sir, let it not trouble you.

2 *Lord*. My noble lord,——

*Tim*. Ah, my good friend! what cheer?

[*The banquet brought in.*]

2 *Lord*. My most honourable lord, I am e'en sick of shame, that, when your lordship this other day sent to me, I was so unfortunate a beggar.

*Tim*. Think not on't, sir.

2 *Lord*. If you had sent but two hours before,——

*Tim*. Let it not cumber your better remembrance.—Come, bring in all together.

2 *Lord*. All covered dishes!

1 *Lord*. Royal cheer, I warrant you.

3 *Lord*. Doubt not that, if money, and the season can yield it.

1 *Lord*. How do you? What's the news?

3 *Lord*. Alcibiades is banished: Hear you of it?

1 & 2 *Lord*. Alcibiades banished!

3 *Lord*. 'Tis so, be sure of it.

1 *Lord*. How? how?

2 *Lord*. I pray you, upon what?

*Tim*. My worthy friends, will you draw near?



3 Lord. I'll tell you more anon. Here's a noble feast toward.

2 Lord. This is the old man still.

3 Lord. Will't hold? will't hold?

2 Lord. It does: but time will—and so——

3 Lord. I do conceive.

Tim. Each man to his stool, with that spur as he would to the lip of his mistress: your diet shall be in all places alike. Make not a city feast of it, to let the meat cool ere we can agree upon the first place: Sit, sit. The gods require our thanks.

*You great benefactors, sprinkle our society with thankfulness. For your own gifts, make yourselves praised: but reserve still to give, lest your deities be despised. Lend to each man enough, that one need not lend to another: for, were your godheads to borrow of men, men would forsake the gods. Make the meat be beloved, more than the man that gives it. Let no assembly of twenty be without a score of villains: If there sit twelve women at the table, let a dozen of them be—as they are.—The rest of your fees, O gods,—the senators of Athens, together with the common lag of people,—what is amiss in them, you gods make suitable for destruction. For these my present friends,—as they are to me nothing, so in nothing bless them, and to nothing they are welcome.*

Uncover, dogs, and lap.

*[The dishes uncovered are full of warm water.]*

Some speak. What does his lordship mean?

Some other. I know not.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,  
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke, and luke-warm  
water

Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;  
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,  
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces

*[Throwing water in their faces.]*



Your reeking villainy. Live loath'd, and long,  
 Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,  
 Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,  
 You fools of fortune, trencher-friends, time's flies,  
 Cap and knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!  
 Of man, and beast, the infinite malady  
 Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?  
 Soft, take thy physick first—thou too,—and thou;—

*[Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out]*  
 Stay, I will lend thee money, borrow none.—  
 What, all in motion? Henceforth be no feast,  
 Whereat a villain's not a welcome guest.  
 Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be  
 Of Timon, man, and all humanity! *[Exit]*

*Re-enter the Lords, with other Lords and Senators.*

1 Lord. How now, my lords?

2 Lord. Know you the quality of lord Timon's fury?

3 Lord. Pish! did you see my cap?

4 Lord. I have lost my gown.

3 Lord. He's but a mad lord, and nought but humour  
 sways him. He gave me a jewel the other day, and  
 now he has beat it out of my hat:—Did you see my  
 jewel?

4 Lord. Did you see my cap?

2 Lord. Here 'tis.

4 Lord. Here lies my gown.

1 Lord. Let's make no stay.

2 Lord. Lord Timon's mad.

3 Lord. I feel't upon my bones

4 Lord. One day he gives us diamonds, next day  
 stones. *[Exeunt]*



## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Without the walls of Athens.**Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Let me look back upon thee, O thou wall,  
That girdlest in these wolves! Dive in the earth,  
And fence not Athens! Matrons, turn incontinent;  
Obedience fail in children! slaves, and fools,  
Pluck the grave wrinkled senate from the bench,  
And minister in their steads! to general filths  
Convert o' th' instant, green virginity!  
Do't in your parents' eyes! bankrupts, hold fast;  
Rather than render back, out with your knives,  
And cut your trusters' throats! bound servants, steal  
Large-handed robbers your grave masters are,  
And pill by law! maid, to thy master's bed;  
Thy mistress is o' th' brothel! son of sixteen,  
Pluck the lin'd crutch from the old limping sire,  
With it beat out his brains! piety, and fear,  
Religion to the gods, peace, justice, truth,  
Domestick awe, night-rest, and neighbourhood,  
Instruction, manners, mysteries, and trades,  
Degrees, observances, customs, and laws,  
Decline to your confounding contraries,  
And yet confusion live!—Plagues, incident to men,  
Your potent and infectious fevers heap  
On Athens, ripe for stroke! thou cold sciatica,  
Cripple our senators, that their limbs may halt  
As lamely as their manners! lust and liberty  
Creep in the minds and marrows of our youth;



That 'gainst the stream of virtue they may strive,  
 And drown themselves in riot! itches, blains,  
 Sow all th' Athenian bosoms; and their crop  
 Be general leprosy! breath infect breath;  
 That their society, as their friendship, may  
 Be merely poison! Nothing I'll bear from thee,  
 But nakedness, thou détestable town!  
 Take thou that too, with multiplying banns!  
 Timon will to the woods; where he shall find  
 Th' unkindest beast more kinder than mankind.  
 The gods confound (hear me, you good gods all,)  
 Th' Athenians both within and out that wall!  
 And grant, as Timon grows, his hate may grow  
 To the whole race of mankind, high, and low!  
 Amen. [Exit

SCENE II.—Athens. *A room in Timon's house.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, with two or three Servants.*

1 *Serv.* Hear you, master steward, where's our master?  
 Are we undone? cast off? nothing remaining?

*Flav.* Alack, my fellows, what should I say to you:  
 Let me be recorded by the righteous gods,  
 I am as poor as you.

1 *Serv.* Such a house broke!  
 So noble a master fallen! All gone! and not  
 One friend, to take his fortune by the arm,  
 And go along with him!

2 *Serv.* As we do turn our backs  
 From our companion, thrown into his grave;  
 So his familiars to his buried fortunes  
 Slink all away; leave their false vows with him,  
 Like empty purses pick'd: and his poor self,



A dedicated beggar to the air,  
With his disease of all-shunn'd poverty,  
Walks, like contempt, alone.—More of our fellows.

*Enter other Servants.*

*Flav.* All broken implements of a ruin'd house.

*3 Serv.* Yet do our hearts wear Timon's livery,  
That see I by our faces; we are fellows still,  
Serving alike in sorrow: Leak'd is our bark;  
And we, poor mates, stand on the dying deck,  
Hearing the surges threat: we must all part  
Into this sea of air.

*Flav.* Good fellows all,  
The latest of my wealth I'll share amongst you.  
Wherever we shall meet, for Timon's sake,  
Let's yet be fellows; let's shake our heads, and say,  
As 'twere a knell unto our master's fortunes,  
*We have seen better days.* Let each take some;  
[*Giving them money*]  
Nay, put out all your hands. Not one word more:  
Thus part we rich in sorrow, parting poor.

[*Exeunt Servants.*]

O, the fierce wretchedness that glory brings us!  
Who would not wish to be from wealth exempt,  
Since riches point to misery and contempt?  
Who'd be so mock'd with glory? or to live  
But in a dream of friendship?  
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds,  
But only painted, like his varnish'd friends?  
Poor honest lord, brought low by his own heart;  
Undone by goodness! Strange, unusual blood,  
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!  
Who then dares to be half so kind again?



For bounty, that makes gods, does still mar men.  
My dearest lord,—bless'd, to be most accurs'd,  
Rich, only to be wretched;—thy great fortunes  
Are made thy chief afflictions. Alas, kind lord!  
He's flung in rage from this ungrateful seat  
Of monstrous friends: nor has he with him to  
Supply his life, or that which can command it.  
I'll follow, and inquire him out:  
I'll serve his mind with my best will;  
Whilst I have gold, I'll be his steward still. [Exit

SCENE III.—*The woods.*

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* O blessed breeding sun, draw from the earth  
Rotten humidity; below thy sister's orb  
Infect the air! Twinn'd brothers of one womb,—  
Whose procreation, residence, and birth,  
Scarce is dividant,—touch them with several fortunes;  
The greater scorns the lesser: Not nature,  
To whom all sores lay siege, can bear great fortune,  
But by contempt of nature.  
Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord;  
The senator shall bear contempt hereditary,  
The beggar native honour.  
It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,  
The want that makes him lean. Who dares, who dare  
In purity of manhood stand upright,  
And say, *This man's a flatterer?* if one be,  
So are they all; for every grize of fortune  
Is smooth'd by that below: the learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool: All is oblique;  
There's nothing level in our cursed natures,



But direct villainy. Therefore, be abhorr'd  
All feasts, societies, and throngs of men!  
His semblable, yea, himself, Timon disdains:  
Destruction fang mankind!—Earth, yield me roots!

[Digging]

Who seeks for better of thee, sauce his palate  
With thy most operant poison! What is here?  
Gold? yellow, glittering, precious gold? No, gods,  
I am no idle votarist. Roots, you clear heavens!  
Thus much of this, will make black, white; foul, fair;  
Wrong, right; base, noble; old, young; coward, valiant.  
Ha, you gods! why this? What this, you gods? Why  
this

Will lug your priests and servants from your sides;  
Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads:  
This yellow slave  
Will knit and break religions; bless th' accurs'd;  
Make the hoar leprosy ador'd; place thieves,  
And give them title, knee, and approbation,  
With senators on the bench: this is it,  
That makes the wappen'd widow wed again;  
She, whom the spital-house, and ulcerous sores  
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices  
To th' April day again. Come, damned earth,  
Thou common whore of mankind, that put'st odds  
Among the rout of nations, I will make thee  
Do thy right nature.—[March afar off.]—Ha! a drum?

—Thou'rt quick,

But yet I'll bury thee: Thou'lt go, strong thief,  
When gouty keepers of thee cannot stand:—

Nay, stay thou out for earnest. [Keeping some gold,



*Enter* ALCIBIADES, *with drum and fife, in warlike manner*; PHRYNIA and TIMANDRA.

*Alcib.* What art thou there?  
Speak.

*Tim.* A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,  
For showing me again the eyes of man!

*Alcib.* What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,  
That art thyself a man?

*Tim.* I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.  
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,  
That I might love thee something.

*Alcib.* I know thee well;  
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.

*Tim.* I know thee too; and more, than that I know  
thee,  
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;  
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:  
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel;  
Then what should war be? This fell whore of thine  
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,  
For all her cherubin look.

*Phry.* Thy lips rot off!

*Tim.* I will not kiss thee; then the rot returns  
To thine own lips again.

*Alcib.* How came the noble Timon to this change?

*Tim.* As the moon does, by wanting light to give:  
But then renew I could not, like the moon;  
There were no suns to borrow of.

*Alcib.* Noble Timon,  
What friendship may I do thee?

*Tim.* None, but to  
Maintain my opinion.



*Alcib.* What is it, Timon?

*Tim.* Promise me friendship, but perform none: If Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee, for Thou art a man! if thou dost perform, confound thee, For thou'rt a man!

*Alcib.* I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.

*Tim.* Thou saw'st them, when I had prosperity.

*Alcib.* I see them now; then was a blessed time.

*Tim.* As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.

*Timan.* Is this th' Athenian minion, whom the world Voic'd so regardfully?

*Tim.* Art thou Timandra?

*Timan.* Yes.

*Tim.* Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;

Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.

Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves

For tubs, and baths; bring down rose-cheeked youth

To the tub-fast, and the diet.

*Timan.* Hang thee, monster!

*Alcib.* Pardon him, sweet Timandra; for his wits Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—

I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,

The want whereof doth daily make revolt

In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,

How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,

Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,

But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—

*Tim.* I pr'ythee, beat thy drum, and get thee gone.

*Alcib.* I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.

*Tim.* How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?

I had rather be alone.



*Alcib.* Why, fare thee well:  
Here's some gold for thee.

*Tim.* Keep't, I cannot eat it.

*Alcib.* When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—

*Tim.* Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?

*Alcib.* Ay, Timon, and have cause.

*Tim.* The gods confound them all i' thy conquest; and  
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!

*Alcib.* Why me, Timon?

*Tim.* That,  
By killing villains, thou wast born to conquer  
My country.  
Put up thy gold; Go on,—here's gold,—go on;  
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove  
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison  
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:  
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard,  
He's an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;  
It is her habit only that is honest,  
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek  
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,  
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,  
Are not within the leaf of pity writ,  
Set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the  
babe,  
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;  
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle  
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,  
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects;  
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;  
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,  
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,  
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:



Make large confusion; and, thy fury spent,  
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, be gone.

*Alcib.* Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou  
giv'st me,  
Not all thy counsel.

*Tim.* Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse  
upon thee!

*Phr. & Timan.* Give us some gold, good Timon:  
Hast thou more?

*Tim.* Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,  
And to make whores, a bawd. Hold up, you sluts,  
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable,—  
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,  
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,  
Th' immortal gods that hear you,—spare your oaths,  
I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;  
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,  
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;  
Let your close fire predominate his smoke,  
And be no turncoats: Yet may your pains, six months,  
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs  
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,  
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;  
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:  
A pox of wrinkles!

*Phr. & Timan.* Well, more gold;—What then?—  
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.

*Tim.* Consumptions sow  
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,  
And mar men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,  
That he may never more false title plead,  
Nor sound his quilllets shrilly: hoar the flamen,  
That scolds against the quality of flesh,



And not believes himself: down with the nose,  
Down with it flat; take the bridge quite away  
Of him, that his particular to foresee,  
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians  
bald;

And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war  
Derive some pain from you: Plague all;  
That your activity may defeat and quell  
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—  
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,  
And ditches grave you all!

*Phr. & Timan.* More counsel with more money,  
bounteous Timon.

*Tim.* More whore, more mischief first; I have given  
you earnest.

*Alcib.* Strike up the drum towards Athens. Fare  
well, Timon;

If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

*Tim.* If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

*Alcib.* I never did thee harm.

*Tim.* Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

*Alcib.* Call'st thou that harm

*Tim.* Men daily find it such. Get thee away,  
And take thy beagles with thee.

*Alcib.* We but offend him.—

Strike

[*Drum beats.* Exeunt *ALCIB.* *PHR.* and *TIMAN*

*Tim.* That nature, being sick of man's unkindness,  
Should yet be hungry!—Common mother, thou,

[*Digging*  
Whose womb unmeasurable, and infinite breast,  
Teems, and feeds all; whose self-same mettle,  
Whereof thy proud child, arrogant man, is puff'd,



Engenders the black toad, and adder blue,  
The gilded newt, and eyeless venom'd worm,  
With all th' abhorred births below crisp heaven  
Whereon Hyperion's quickening fire doth shine;  
Yield him, who all thy human sons doth hate,  
From forth thy plenteous bosom, one poor root!  
Ensear thy fertile and conception's womb,  
Let it no more bring out ingrateful man!  
Go great with tigers, dragons, wolves, and bears;  
Teem with new monsters, whom thy upward face  
Hath to the marbled mansion all above  
Never presented!—O, a root,—Dear thanks!  
Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-torn leas;  
Whereof ingrateful man, with liquorish draughts,  
And morsels unctuous, greases his pure mind,  
That from it all consideration slips!

*Enter APEMANTUS.*

More man? Plague! plague!

*Apem.* I was directed hither: Men report,  
Thou dost affect my manners, and dost use them.

*Tim.* 'Tis then, because thou dost not keep a dog  
Whom I would imitate: Consumption catch thee!

*Apem.* This is in thee a nature but affected;  
A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung  
From change of fortune. Why this spade? this place?  
This slave-like habit? and these looks of care?  
Thy flatterers yet wear silk, drink wine, lie soft;  
Hug their diseases'd perfumes, and have forgot  
That ever Timon was. Shame not these woods,  
By putting on the cunning of a carper.  
Be thou a flatterer now, and seek to thrive  
By that which has undone thee: hinge thy knee,



And let his very breath, whom thou'lt observe,  
Blow off thy cap; praise his most vicious strain,  
And call it excellent: Thou wast told thus;  
Thou gav'st thine ears, like tapsters, that bid welcome,  
To knaves, and all approachers: 'Tis most just,  
That thou turn rascal; hadst thou wealth again,  
Rascals should have't. Do not assume my likeness.

*Tim.* Were I like thee, I'd throw away myself.

*Apem.* Thou hast cast away thyself, being like thyself;  
A madman so long, now a fool: What, think'st  
That the bleak air, thy boisterous chamberlain,  
Will put thy shirt on warm? Will these moss'd trees,  
That have outliv'd the eagle, page thy heels,  
And skip when thou point'st out? Will the cold brook  
Candied with ice, caudle thy morning taste,  
To cure thy o'er-nights surfeit? call the creatures,—  
Whose naked natures live in all the spite  
Of wreakful heaven; whose bare unhoused trunks,  
To the conflicting elements expos'd,  
Answer mere nature,—bid them flatter thee;  
O! thou shalt find——

*Tim.* A fool of thee: Depart.

*Apem.* I love thee better now than e'er I did.

*Tim.* I hate thee worse.

*Apem.* Why?

*Tim.* Thou flatter'st misery

*Apem.* I flatter not; but say, thou art a caitiff.

*Tim.* Why dost thou seek me out?

*Apem.* To vex thee.

*Tim.* Always a villain's office, or a fool's.  
Dost please thyself in't?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* What! a knave too?



*Aem.* If thou didst put this sour-cold habit on  
To castigate thy pride, 'twere well: but thou  
Dost it enforcedly; thou'dst courtier be again,  
Wert thou not beggar. Willing misery  
Outlives incertain pomp, is crown'd before:  
The one is filling still, never complete;  
The other, at high wish: Best state, contentless,  
Hath a distracted and most wretched being,  
Worse than the worst, content.  
Thou should'st desire to die, being miserable.

*Tim.* Not by his breath, that is more miserable.  
Thou art a slave, whom Fortune's tender arm  
With favour never clasp'd; but bred a dog,  
Hadst thou, like us, from our first swath, proceeded,  
The sweet degrees that this brief world affords  
To such as may the passive drugs of it  
Freely command, thou would'st have plung'd thyself  
In general riot; melted down thy youth  
In different beds of lust; and never learn'd  
The icy precepts of respect, but follow'd  
The sugar'd game before thee. But myself,  
Who had the world as my confectionary;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men  
At duty, more than I could frame employment;  
That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves  
Do on the oak, have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare  
For every storm that blows;—I, to bear this,  
That never knew but better, is some burden:  
Thy nature did commence in sufferance, time  
Hath made thee hard in't. Why should'st thou hate men?  
They never flatter'd thee: What hast thou given?  
If thou wilt curse,—thy father, that poor rag,



Must be thy subject; who, in spite, put stuff  
To some she beggar, and compounded thee  
Poor rogue hereditary. Hence! be gone!—  
If thou hadst not been born the worst of men,  
Thou hadst been a knave, and flatterer.

*Apem.* Art thou proud yet?

*Tim.* Ay, that I am not thee.

*Apem.* I, that I was  
No prodigal.

*Tim.* I, that I am one now;  
Were all the wealth I have, shut up in thee,  
I'd give thee leave to hang it. Get thee gone.—  
That the whole life of Athens were in this!  
Thus would I eat it. [*Eating a root.*]

*Apem.* Here; I will mend thy feast.  
[*Offering him something.*]

*Tim.* First mend my company, take away thyself.

*Apem.* So I shall mend mine own, by the lack of thine.

*Tim.* 'Tis not well mended so, it is but botch'd;  
If not, I would it were.

*Apem.* What would'st thou have to Athens?

*Tim.* Thee thither in a whirlwind. If thou wilt.  
Tell them there I have gold; look, so I have.

*Apem.* Here is no use for gold.

*Tim.* The best, and truest  
For here it sleeps, and does no hired harm.

*Apem.* Where ly'st o' nights, Timon?

*Tim.* Under that's above me.  
Where feed'st thou o' days, Apemantus?

*Apem.* Where my stomach finds meat; or, rather,  
where I eat it.

*Tim.* 'Would poison were obedient, and knew my  
mind!



*Apem.* Where would'st thou send it?

*Tim.* To sauce thy dishes.

*Apem.* The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends: When thou wast in thy gilt, and thy perfume, they mocked thee for too much curiosity; in thy rags thou knowest none, but art despised for the contrary. There's a medlar for thee, eat it.

*Tim.* On what I hate, I feed not.

*Apem.* Dost hate a medlar?

*Tim.* Ay, though it look like thee.

*Apem.* An thou hadst hated medlers sooner, thou should'st have loved thyself better now. What man didst thou ever know unthrift, that was beloved after his means?

*Tim.* Who, without those means thou talkest of, didst thou ever know beloved?

*Apem.* Myself.

*Tim.* I understand thee; thou hadst some means to keep a dog.

*Apem.* What things in the world canst thou nearest compare to thy flatterers?

*Tim.* Women nearest; but men, men are the things themselves. What would'st thou do with the world, Apemantus, if it lay in thy power?

*Apem.* Give it the beasts, to be rid of the men.

*Tim.* Would'st thou have thyself fall in the confusion of men, and remain a beast with the beasts?

*Apem.* Ay, Timon.

*Tim.* A beastly ambition, which the gods grant thee to attain to! If thou wert the lion, the fox would beguile thee: if thou wert the lamb, the fox would eat thee: if thou wert the fox, the lion would suspect thee,



when, peradventure, thou wert accused by the ass: if thou wert the ass, thy dulness would torment thee; and still thou livedst but as a breakfast to the wolf: if thou wert the wolf, thy greediness would afflict thee, and oft thou should'st hazard thy life for thy dinner: wert thou the unicorn, pride and wrath would confound thee, and make thine own self the conquest of thy fury: wert thou a bear, thou would'st be killed by the horse; wert thou a horse, thou would'st be seized by the leopard; wert thou a leopard, thou wert german to the lion, and the spots of thy kindred were jurors on thy life: all thy safety were remotion; and thy defence, absence. What beast could'st thou be, that were not subject to a beast? and what a beast art thou already, that seest not thy loss in transformation?

*Apem.* If thou could'st please me with speaking to me, thou might'st have hit upon it here: The commonwealth of Athens is become a forest of beasts.

*Tim.* How has the ass broke the wall, that thou art out of the city?

*Apem.* Yonder comes a poet, and a painter: The plague of company light upon thee! I will fear to catch it, and give way: When I know not what else to do, I'll see thee again.

*Tim.* When there is nothing living but thee, thou shalt be welcome. I had rather be a beggar's dog, than Apemantus.

*Apem.* Thou art the cap of all the fools alive.

*Tim.* 'Would thou wert clean enough to spit upon.

*Apem.* A plague on thee, thou art too bad to curse.

*Tim.* All villains, that do stand by thee, are pure.

*Apem.* There is no leprosy but what thou speak'st.



*Tim.* If I name thee.—  
I'll beat thee,—but I should infect my hands.

*Apem.* I would, my tongue could rot them off!

*Tim.* Away, thou issue of a mangy dog!  
Choler does kill me, thou art alive;  
I swoon to see thee.

*Apem.* 'Would thou would'st burst!

*Tim.* Away,  
Thou tedious rogue! I am sorry, I shall lose  
A stone by thee. [*Throws a stone at him.*]

*Apem.* Beast!

*Tim.* Slave!

*Apem.* Toad!

*Tim.* Rogue, rogue, rogue!

[*APEMANTUS retreats backward, as going*  
I am sick of this false world; and will love nought  
But even the mere necessities upon it.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave;  
Lie where the light foam of the sea may beat  
Thy grave-stone daily: make thine epitaph,  
That death in me at others' lives may laugh.  
O thou sweet king-killer, and dear divorce

[*Looking on the gold.*]

'Twixt natural son and sire! thou bright defiler  
Of Hymen's purest bed! thou valiant Mars!  
Thou ever young, fresh, lov'd, and delicate wooer,  
Whose blush doth thaw the consecrated snow  
That lies on Dian's lap! thou visible god,  
That solder'st close impossibilities,  
And mak'st them kiss! that speak'st with every  
tongue,  
To every purpose! O thou touch of hearts!  
Think, thy slave man rebels; and by thy virtue



Set them into confounding odds, that beasts  
May have the world in empire!

*Apem.* 'Would 'twere so,—  
But not till I am dead!—I'll say, thou hast gold:  
Thou wilt be throng'd to shortly.

*Tim.* Throng'd to?

*Apem.* Ay.

*Tim.* Thy back, I pr'ythee.

*Apem.* Live, and love thy misery!

*Tim.* Long live so, and so die!—I am quit.—

[Exit APEMANTUS]

More things like men?—Eat, Timon, and abhor them

*Enter Thieves.*

*1 Thief.* Where should he have this gold? It is some poor fragment, some slender ort of his remainder: The mere want of gold, and the falling-from of his friends, drove him into this melancholy.

*2 Thief.* It is noised, he hath a mass of treasure.

*3 Thief.* Let us make the assay upon him; if he care not for't, he will supply us easily; If he covetously reserve it, how shall's get it?

*2 Thief.* True; for he bears it not about him, 'tis hid.

*1 Thief.* Is not this he?

*Thieves.* Where?

*2 Thief.* 'Tis his description.

*3 Thief.* He; I know him.

*Thieves.* Save thee, Timon.

*Tim.* Now, thieves?

*Thieves.* Soldiers, not thieves.

*Tim.* Both too; and women's sons.

*Thieves.* We are not thieves, but men that much do want.



*Tim.* Your greatest want is, you want much of meat. Why should you want? Behold, the earth hath roots, Within this mile break forth a hundred springs: The oaks bear mast, the briars scarlet hips; The bounteous housewife, nature, on each bush Lays her full mess before you. Want? why want?

1 *Thief.* We cannot live on grass, on berries, water, As beasts, and birds, and fishes.

*Tim.* Nor on the beasts themselves, the birds, and fishes; You must eat men. Yet thanks I must you con, That you are thieves profess'd; that you work not In holier shapes: for there is boundless theft In limited professions. Rascal thieves, Here's gold: Go, suck the subtle blood of the grape, Till the high fever seeth your blood to froth, And so 'scape hanging: trust not the physician; His antidotes are poison, and he slays More than you rob: take wealth and lives together; Do villainy, do, since you profess to do't, Like workmen. I'll example you with thievery: The sun's a thief, and with his great attraction Robs the vast sea: the moon's an arrant thief, And her pale fire she snatches from the sun: The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves The moon into salt tears: the earth's a thief, That feeds and breeds by a composture stolen From general excrement: each thing's a thief; The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power Have uncheck'd theft. Love not yourselves; away; Rob one another. There's more gold: Cut throats; All that you meet are thieves. To Athens, go, Break open shops; nothing can you steal,



But thieves do lose it: Steal not less, for this  
I give you; and gold confound you howsoever!  
Amen. [TIMON retires to his cave.

3 *Thief*. He has almost charmed me from my profession, by persuading me to it.

1 *Thief*. 'Tis in the malice of mankind, that he thus advises us; not to have us thrive in our mystery.

2 *Thief*. I'll believe him as an enemy, and give over my trade.

1 *Thief*. Let us first see peace in Athens: There is no time so miserable, but a man may be true.

[*Exeunt Thieves.*

*Enter FLAVIUS.*

*Flav.* O you gods!  
Is yon despis'd and ruinous man my lord?  
Full of decay and failing? O monument  
And wonder of good deeds evilly bestow'd!  
What an alteration of honour has  
Desperate want made!  
What viler thing upon the earth, than friends,  
Who can bring noblest minds to basest ends!  
How rarely does it meet with this time's guise,  
When man was wish'd to love his enemies:  
Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo  
Those that would mischief me, than those that do!  
He has caught me in his eye: I will present  
My honest grief unto him; and, as my lord,  
Still serve him with my life.—My dearest master!

TIMON comes forward from his cave.

*Tim.* Away! what art thou?

*Flav.* Have you forgot me, sir



*Tim.* Why dost ask that? I have forgot all men;  
Then, if thou grant'st thou'rt man, I have forgot thee.

*Flav.* An honest poor servant of yours.

*Tim.* Then  
I know thee not: I ne'er had honest man  
About me, I; all that I kept were knaves,  
To serve in meat to villains.

*Flav.* The gods are witness,  
Ne'er did poor steward wear a truer grief  
For his undone lord, than mine eyes for you.

*Tim.* What, dost thou weep?—Come nearer;—then  
I love thee,  
Because thou art a woman, and disclaim'st  
Flinty mankind; whose eyes do never give,  
But thorough lust, and laughter. Pity's sleeping:  
Strange times, that weep with laughing, not with  
weeping!

*Flav.* I beg of you to know me, good my lord,  
To accept my grief, and, whilst this poor wealth lasts  
To entertain me as your steward still.

*Tim.* Had I a steward so true, so just, and now  
So comfortable? It almost turns  
My dangerous nature wild. Let me behold  
Thy face.—Surely, this man was born of woman.—  
Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,  
Perpetual-sober gods! I do proclaim  
One honest man,—mistake me not,—but one;  
No more, I pray,—and he is a steward.—  
How fain would I have hated all mankind,  
And thou redeem'st thyself: But all, save thee,  
I fell with curses.

Methinks, thou art more honest now, than wise;  
For, by oppressing and betraying me,



Thou might'st have sooner got another service:  
For many so arrive at second masters,  
Upon their first lord's neck. But tell me true,  
(For I must ever doubt, though ne'er so sure,)  
Is not thy kindness subtle, covetous,  
If not a usuring kindness; and as rich men  
    gifts,

Expecting in return twenty for one?

*Flav.* No, my most worthy master, in whose breast  
Doubt and suspect, alas, are plac'd too late:  
You should have fear'd false times, when you did feast:  
Suspect still comes where an estate is least.  
That which I show, heaven knows, is merely love,  
Duty and zeal to your unmatched mind,  
Care of your food and living: and, believe it,  
My most honour'd lord,  
For any benefit that points to me,  
Either in hope, or present, I'd exchange  
For this one wish, That you had power and wealth  
To requite me, by making rich yourself.

*Tim.* Look thee, 'tis so!—Thou singly honest man,  
Here, take:—the gods out of my misery  
Have sent thee treasure. Go, live rich, and happy:  
But thus condition'd; Thou shalt build from men;  
Hate all, curse all: show charity to none;  
But let the famish'd flesh slide from the bone,  
Ere thou relieve the beggar: give to dogs  
What thou deny'st to men; let prisons swallow them,  
Debts wither them: Be men like blasted woods,  
And may diseases lick up their false bloods!  
And so, farewell, and thrive.

*Flav.* O, let me stay,  
And comfort you, my master.



*Tim.* If thou hat'st  
Curses, stay not; fly, whilst thou'rt bless'd and free:  
Ne'er see thou man, and let me ne'er see thee.

*[Exeunt severally]*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The same. Before Timon's cave.*

*Enter Poet and Painter; TIMON behind, unseen.*

*Pain.* As I took note of the place, it cannot be far  
where he abides.

*Poet.* What's to be thought of him? Does the ru-  
mour hold for true, that he is so full of gold?

*Pain.* Certain: Alcibiades reports it; Phrynia and  
Timandra had gold of him: he likewise enriched  
poor straggling soldiers with great quantity: 'Tis  
said, he gave unto his steward a mighty sum.

*Poet.* Then this breaking of his has been but a try  
for his friends.

*Pain.* Nothing else: you shall see him a palm in  
Athens again, and flourish with the highest. There-  
fore, 'tis not amiss, we tender our loves to him, in this  
supposed distress of his: it will show honestly in us;  
and is very likely to load our purposes with what they  
travel for, if it be a just and true report that goes of  
his having.

*Poet.* What have you now to present unto him?



*Pain.* Nothing at this time but my visitation: only I will promise him an excellent piece.

*Poet.* I must serve him so too; tell him of an intent that's coming toward him.

*Pain.* Good as the best. Promising is the very air o' th' time: it opens the eyes of expectation: performance is ever the duller for his act; and, but in the plainer and simpler kind of people, the deed of saying is quite out of use. To promise is most courtly and fashionable: performance is a kind of will, or testament, which argues a great sickness in his judgement that makes it.

*Tim.* Excellent workman! Thou canst not paint a man so bad as is thyself.

*Poet.* I am thinking, what I shall say I have provided for him: It must be a personating of himself: a satire against the softness of prosperity; with a discovery of the infinite flatteries, that follow youth and opulency.

*Tim.* Must thou needs stand for a villain in thine own work? Wilt thou whip thine own faults in other men? Do so, I have gold for thee.

*Poet.* Nay, let's seek him:  
Then do we sin against our own estate,  
When we may profit meet, and come too late.

*Pain.* True;  
When the day serves, before black-corner'd night,  
Find what thou want'st by free and offer'd light.  
Come.

*Tim.* I'll meet you at the turn. What a god's gold,  
That he is worshipp'd in a baser temple,  
Than where swine feed!  
'Tis thou that rigg'st the bark, and plough'st the foam;  
Settlest admired reverence in a slave:



To thee be worship! and thy saints for aye  
Be crown'd with plagues, that thee alone obey!

'Fit I do meet them. [Advancing]

*Poet.* Hail, worthy Timon!

*Pain.* Our late noble master

*Tim.* Have I once liv'd to see two honest men?

*Poet.* Sir,

Having often of your open bounty tasted,  
Hearing you were retir'd, your friends fall'n off,  
Whose thankless natures—O abhorred spirits!  
Not all the whips of heaven are large enough—  
What! to you!

Whose star-like nobleness gave life and influence  
To their whole being! I'm rapt, and cannot cover  
The monstrous bulk of this ingratitude  
With any size of words.

*Tim.* Let it go naked, men may see't the better:  
You, that are honest, by being what you are,  
Make them best seen, and known.

*Pain.* He, and myself,  
Have travell'd in the great shower of your gifts,  
And sweetly felt it.

*Tim.* Ay, you are honest men.

*Pain.* We are hither come to offer you our service.

*Tim.* Most honest men! Why, how shall I requite  
you?

Can you eat roots, and drink cold water? no.

*Both.* What we can do, we'll do, to do you service.

*Tim.* You are honest men: You have heard that I  
have gold;

I am sure, you have: speak truth: you are honest men

*Pain.* So it is said, my noble lord: but therefore  
Came not my friend, nor I.



*Tim.* Good honest men:—Thou draw'st a counterfeit  
Best in all Athens: thou art, indeed, the best;  
Thou counterfeit'st most lively.

*Pain.*

So, so, my lord.

*Tim.* Even so, sir, as I say:—And, for thy fiction,

[*To the Poet.*

Why, thy verse swells with stuff so fine and smooth,  
That thou art even natural in thine art.—

But, for all this, my honest-natur'd friends,

I must needs say, you have a little fault:

Marry, 'tis not monstrous in you; neither wish I,

You take much pains to mend.

*Both.*

Beseech your honour,

To make it known to us.

*Tim.*

You'll take it ill.

*Both.* Most thankfully, my lord.

*Tim.*

Will you, indeed?

*Both.* Doubt it not, worthy lord.

*Tim.* There's ne'er a one of you but trusts a knave,  
That mightily deceives you.

*Both.*

Do we, my lord?

*Tim.* Ay, and you hear him cog, see him dissemble,  
Know his gross patchery, love him, feed him,  
Keep in your bosom: yet remain assur'd,  
That he's a made-up villain.

*Pain.* I know none such, my lord.

*Poet.*

Nor I.

*Tim.* Look you, I love you well; I'll give you gold,  
Rid me these villains from your companies:  
Hang them, or stab them, drown them in a draught,  
Confound them by some course, and come to me,  
I'll give you gold enough.

*Both.* Name them, my lord, let's know them.



*Tim.* You that way, and you this, but two in company:—

Each man apart, all single and alone,

Yet an arch-villain keeps him company.

If, where thou art, two villains shall not be,

[*To the Painter*

Come not near him.—If thou would'st not reside

[*To the Poet.*

But where one villain is, then him abandon.—

Hence! pack! there's gold, ye came for gold, ye slaves:

You have done work for me, there's payment: Hence!

You are an alchymist, make gold of that:—

Out, rascal dogs! [*Exit, beating and driving them out.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, and two Senators.*

*Flav.* It is in vain that you would speak with Timon;  
For he is set so only to himself,  
That nothing but himself, which looks like man,  
Is friendly with him.

*1 Sen.*

Bring us to his cave:

It is our part, and promise to th' Athenians,  
To speak with Timon.

*2 Sen.*

At all times alike

Men are not still the same: 'Twas time, and griefs,

That fram'd him thus: time, with his fairer hand,

Offering the fortunes of his former days,

The former man may make him: Bring us to him,

And chance it as it may.

*Flav.*

Here is his cave.—

Peace and content be here! Lord Timon! Timon!

Look out, and speak to friends: The Athenians,



By two of their most reverend senate, greet thee.  
Speak to them, noble Timon.

*Enter TIMON.*

*Tim.* Thou sun, that comfort'st, burn!—Speak, and  
be hang'd:

For each true word, a blister! and each false  
Be as a caut'rizing to the root o' th' tongue,  
Consuming it with speaking!

*1 Sen.*

Worthy Timon,—

*Tim.* Of none but such as you, and you of  
Timon.

*2 Sen.* The senators of Athens greet thee, Timon.

*Tim.* I thank them; and would send them back the  
plague,

Could I but catch it for them.

*1 Sen.*

O, forget

What we are sorry for ourselves in thee,  
The senators, with one consent of love,  
Entreat thee back to Athens; who have thought  
On special dignities, which vacant lie  
For thy best use and wearing.

*2 Sen.*

They confess,

Toward thee, forgetfulness too general, gross:  
Which now the publick body,—which doth seldom  
Play the recanter,—feeling in itself  
A lack of Timon's aid, hath sense withal  
Of its own fall, restraining aid to Timon;  
And send forth us, to make their sorrowed render,  
Together with a recompense more fruitful  
Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;  
Ay, even such heaps and sums of love and wealth,  
As shall to thee blot out what wrongs were theirs,



And write in thee the figures of their love,  
Ever to read them thine.

*Tim.* You witch me in it;  
Surprize me to the very brink of tears:  
Lend me a fool's heart, and a woman's eyes,  
And I'll bewEEP these comforts, worthy senators.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, so please thee to return with us,  
And of our Athens (thine, and ours,) to take  
The captainship, thou shalt be met with thanks,  
Allow'd with absolute power, and thy good name  
Live with authority:—so soon we shall drive back  
Of Alcibiades th' approaches wild;  
Who, like a boar too savage, doth root up  
His country's peace.

*2 Sen.* And shakes his threat'ning sword  
Against the walls of Athens.

*1 Sen.* Therefore, Timon,—

*Tim.* Well, sir, I will; therefore, I will, sir; Thus,—  
If Alcibiades kill my countrymen,  
Let Alcibiades know this of Timon,  
That—Timon cares not. But if he sack fair Athens,  
And take our goodly aged men by th' beards,  
Giving our holy virgins to the stain  
Of contumelious, beastly, mad-brain'd war;  
Then, let him know,—and tell him, Timon speaks it,  
In pity of our aged, and our youth,  
I cannot choose but tell him, that—I care not,  
And let him tak't at worst; for their knives care  
not,

While you have throats to answer: for myself,  
There's not a whittle in th' unruly camp,  
But I do prize it at my love, before  
The reverend'st throat in Athens. So I leave you



To the protection of the prosperous gods,  
As thieves to keepers.

*Flav.* Stay not, all's in vain.

*Tim.* Why, I was writing of my epitaph,  
It will be seen to-morrow; My long sickness  
Of health, and living, now begins to mend,  
And nothing brings me all things. Go, live still;  
Be Alcibiades your plague, you his,  
And last so long enough!

*1 Sen.* We speak in vain.

*Tim.* But yet I love my country; and am not  
One that rejoices in the common wreck,  
As common bruit doth put it.

*1 Sen.* That's well spoke.

*Tim.* Commend me to my loving countrymen,—

*1 Sen.* These words become your lips as they pass  
— through them.

*2 Sen.* And enter in our ears, like great triumphers  
In their applauding gates.

*Tim.* Commend me to them;  
And tell them, that, to ease them of their griefs,  
Their fears of hostile strokes, their aches, losses,  
Their pangs of love, with other incident throes  
That nature's fragile vessel doth sustain  
In life's uncertain voyage, I will some kindness do them:  
I'll teach them to prevent wild Alcibiades' wrath.

*2 Sen.* I like this well, he will return again.

*Tim.* I have a tree, which grows here in my close  
That mine own use invites me to cut down,  
And shortly must I fell it; Tell my friends,  
Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,  
From high to low throughout, that whoso please  
To stop affliction, let him take his haste,



Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,  
And hang himself:—I pray you, do my greeting.

*Flav.* Trouble him no further, thus you still shall  
find him.

*Tim.* Come not to me again: But say to Athens,  
Timon hath made his everlasting mansion  
Upon the beached verge of the salt flood;  
Which once a day with his embossed froth  
The turbulent surge shall cover; thither come,  
And let my grave-stone be your oracle.—  
Lips, let sour words go by, and language end:  
What is amiss, plague and infection mend!  
Graves only be men's works; and death, their gain!  
Sun, hide thy beams! Timon hath done his reign:  
[Exit TIMON.]

*1 Sen.* His discontents are unremoveably  
Coupled to nature.

*2 Sen.* Our hope in him is dead: let us return,  
And strain what other means is left unto us  
In our dear peril.

*2 Sen.* It requires swift foot. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The walls of Athens.*

*Enter two Senators, and a Messenger.*

*1 Sen.* Thou hast painfully discover'd; are his files  
As full as thy report?

*Mess.* I have spoke the least.  
Besides, his expedition promises  
Present approach.

*2 Sen.* We stand much hazard, if they bring not  
Timon.

*Mess.* I met a courier, one mine ancient friend;—



Whom, though in general part we were oppos'd,  
 Yet our old love made a particular force,  
 And made us speak like friends:—this man was riding  
 From Alcibiades to Timon's cave,  
 With letters of entreaty, which imported  
 His fellowship i' th' cause against your city,  
 In part for his sake mov'd.

*Enter Senators from TIMON.*

1 *Sen.* Here come our brothers.

3 *Sen.* No talk of Timon, nothing of him expect.—  
 The enemies' drum is heard, and fearful scouring  
 Doth choke the air with dust: In, and prepare;  
 Ours is the fall, I fear, our foes the snare. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The woods. Timon's cave, and a tombstone seen.*

*Enter a Soldier, seeking TIMON.*

*Sold.* By all description this should be the place.  
 Who's here? speak, ho!—No answer?—What is this?  
 Timon is dead, who hath outstretch'd his span:  
 Some beast rear'd this; there does not live a man.  
 Dead, sure; and this his grave.—  
 What's on this tomb I cannot read; the character  
 I'll take with wax:  
 Our captain hath in every figure skill;  
 An ag'd interpreter, though young in days:  
 Before proud Athens he's set down by this,  
 Whose fall the mark of his ambition is. [*Exit.*]



SCENE V.—*Before the walls of Athens.*

*Trumpets sound. Enter ALCIBIADES, and Forces.*

*Alcib.* Sound to this coward and lascivious town  
Our terrible approach. [*A parley sounded.*]

*Enter Senators on the walls.*

Till now you have gone on, and fill'd the time  
With all licentious measure, making your wills  
The scope of justice; till now, myself, and such  
As slept within the shadow of your power,  
Have wander'd with our travers'd arms, and breath'd  
Our sufferance vainly: Now the time is flush,  
When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,  
Cries, of itself, *No more*: now breathless wrong  
Shall sit and pant in your great chairs of ease;  
And pury insolence shall break his wind,  
With fear, and horrid flight.

*1 Sen.* Noble, and young,  
When thy first griefs were but a mere conceit,  
Ere thou hadst power, or we had cause of fear,  
We sent to thee; to give thy rages balm,  
To wipe out our ingratitude with loves  
Above their quantity.

*2 Sen.* So did we woo  
Transformed Timon to our city's love,  
By humble message, and by promis'd means;  
We were not all unkind, nor all deserve  
The common stroke of war.

*1 Sen.* These walls of ours  
Were not erected by their hands, from whom  
You have receiv'd your griefs: nor are they such,



That these great towers, trophies, and schools should fall  
For private faults in them.

2 *Sen.* Nor are they living,  
Who were the motives that you first went out;  
Shame, that they wanted cunning, in excess  
Hath broke their hearts. March, noble lord,  
Into our city with thy banners spread:  
By decimation, and a tithed death,  
(If thy revenges hunger for that food,  
Which nature loaths,) take thou the destin'd tenth;  
And by the hazard of the spotted die,  
Let die the spotted.

1 *Sen.* All have not offended;  
For those that were, it is not square to take,  
On those that are, revenges: crimes, like lands,  
Are not inherited. Then, dear countryman,  
Bring in thy ranks, but leave without thy rage:  
Spare thy Athenian cradle, and those kin,  
Which, in the bluster of thy wrath, must fall  
With those that have offended: like a shepherd,  
Approach the fold, and cull th'infected forth,  
But kill not all together.

2 *Sen.* What thou wilt,  
Thou rather shalt enforce it with thy smile,  
Than hew to't with thy sword.

1 *Sen.* Set but thy foot  
Against our rampir'd gates, and they shall ope;  
So thou wilt send thy gentle heart before,  
To say, thou'lt enter friendly.

2 *Sen.* Throw thy glove,  
Or any token of thine honour else,  
That thou wilt use the wars as thy redress,  
And not as our confusion, all thy powers



Shall make their harbour in our town, till we  
Have seal'd thy full desire.

*Alcib.* Then there's my glove;  
Descend, and open your uncharged ports;  
Those enemies of Timon's, and mine own,  
Whom you yourselves shall set out for reproof,  
Fall, and no more: and,—to atone your fears  
With my more noble meaning,—not a man  
Shall pass his quarter, or offend the stream  
Of regular justice in your city's bounds,  
But shall be remedied, to your publick laws  
At heaviest answer.

*Both.* 'Tis most nobly spoken.

*Alcib.* Descend, and keep your words.

*The Senators descend, and open the gates.*

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* My noble general, Timon is dead;  
Entomb'd upon the very hem o'th'sea:  
And, on his grave-stone, this insculpture; which  
With wax I brought away, whose soft impression  
Interprets for my poor ignorance.

*Alcib.* [Reads.] *Here lies a wretched corse, of wretched  
soul bereft:*

*Seek not my name: A plague consume you wicked caitiffs  
left!*

*Here lie I Timon; who, alive, all living men did hate:  
Pass by, and curse thy fill; but pass, and stay not here thy  
gait.*

These well express in thee thy latter spirits:  
Though thou abhorr'dst in us our human griefs,  
Scorn'dst our brain's flow, and those our droplets which



From niggard nature fall, yet rich conceit  
 Taught thee to make vast Neptune weep for aye  
 On thy low grave, on faults forgiven. Dead  
 Is noble Timon; of whose memory  
 Hereafter more.—Bring me into your city,  
 And I will use the olive with my sword:  
 Make war breed peace; make peace stint war, make  
     each  
 Prescribe to other, as each other's leech.—  
 Let our drums strike. [Exeunt.]



I have seen a French translation of Othello, by Gabriel Chappuy, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English. I have seen a French translation of Othello, by Gabriel Chappuy, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English. I have seen a French translation of Othello, by Gabriel Chappuy, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English.

# OTHELLO.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 8, 1611, by Thomas Walsely.

I have seen a French translation of Othello, by Gabriel Chappuy, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English.

This tragedy I have sacrificed (but on no very sure ground) to the year 1611. See the attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays, Vol. II.

The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances: Selimus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1559, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time must fall in with some part



OTHELLO.] The story is taken from *Cynthio's Novels*.

POPE.

I have not hitherto met with any translation of this novel (the seventh in the third decad) of so early a date as the age of Shakespeare; but undoubtedly many of those little pamphlets have perished between his time and ours.

It is highly probable that our author met with the name of *Othello* in some tale that has escaped our researches; as I likewise find it in Reynold's *God's Revenge against Adultery*, standing in one of his Arguments as follows: "She marries *Othello*, an old German soldier." This History (the eighth) is professed to be an *Italian* one. Here also occurs the name of *Iago*.

It is likewise found, as Dr. Farmer observes, in "The History of the famous Euordanus Prince of Denmark, with the strange Adventures of IAGO Prince of Saxonie; bl. l. 4to. London, 1605."

It may indeed be urged that these names were adopted from the tragedy before us: but I trust that every reader who is conversant with the peculiar style and method in which the work of honest John Reynolds is composed, will acquit him of the slightest familiarity with the scenes of Shakespeare.

This play was first entered at Stationers' Hall, Oct. 6, 1621, by Thomas Walkely. STEEVENS.

I have seen a French translation of *Cynthio*, by Gabriel Chappuys, Par. 1584. This is not a faithful one; and I suspect, through this medium the work came into English.

FARMER.

This tragedy I have ascribed (but on no very sure ground) to the year 1611. See *An Attempt to ascertain the Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

The time of this play may be ascertained from the following circumstances: Selymus the Second formed his design against Cyprus in 1569, and took it in 1571. This was the only attempt the Turks ever made upon that island after it came into the hands of the Venetians, (which was in the year 1473,) wherefore the time must fall in with some part



of that interval. We learn from the play that there was a junction of the Turkish fleet at Rhodes, in order for the invasion of Cyprus, that it first came sailing towards Cyprus, then went to Rhodes, there met another squadron, and then resumed its way to Cyprus. These are real historical facts which happened when Mustapha, Selymus's general, attacked Cyprus in May, 1570, which therefore is the true period of this performance. See Knolles's *History of the Turks*, p. 838. 846. 867. REED.



**PERSONS REPRESENTED.**

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*Duke of Venice.*

*BRABANTIO, a senator.*

*Two other Senators.*

*GRATIANO, brother to Brabantio.*

*LODOVICO, kinsman to Brabantio.*

*OTHELLO, the moor:*

*CASSIO, his lieutenant:*

*IAGO, his ancient.*

*RODERIGO, a Venetian gentleman.*

*MONTANO, Othello's predecessor in the government of  
Cyprus.*

*Clown, servant to Othello.*

*Herald.*

*DESDEMONA, daughter to Brabantio, and wife to  
Othello.*

*EMILIA, wife to IAGO.*

*BIANCA, a courtesan, mistress to Cassio.*

*Officers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Sailors,  
Attendants, &c.*

**SCENE**, for the first act, in Venice; during the rest of the  
play, at a sea-port in Cyprus.



# OTHELLO,

## THE MOOR OF VENICE

---

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—Venice. *A street.*

*Enter RODERIGO and IAGO.*

*Rod.* Tush, never tell me, I take it much unkindly,  
That thou, Iago,—who hast had my purse,  
As if the strings were thine,—should'st know of this.

*Iago.* 'Sblood, but you will not hear me:—  
If ever I did dream of such a matter,  
Abhor me.

*Rod.* Thou told'st me, thou didst hold him in thy  
hate.

*Iago.* Despise me, if I do not. Three great ones of  
the city,

In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,  
Oft capp'd to him;—and, by the faith of man,  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place:  
But he, as loving his own pride and purposes,  
Evades them, with a bombast circumstance,  
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war;  
And, in conclusion, nonsuits  
My mediators; for, certes, says he,  
*I have already chose my officer.*



And what was he?

Forsooth, a great arithmetician,  
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine,  
A fellow almost damn'd in a fair wife;  
That never set a squadron in the field,  
Nor the division of a battle knows  
More than a spinster; unless the bookish theorick,  
Wherein the toged consuls can propose  
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,  
Is all his soldiership. But, he, sir, had the election:  
And I —of whom his eyes had seen the proof,  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus; and on other grounds  
Christian and heathen,—must be be-lee'd and calm'd  
By debtor and creditor, this counter-caster;  
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,  
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's ancient.

*Rod.* By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

*Iago.* But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service,  
Preferment goes by letter, and affection,  
Not by the old gradation, where each second  
Stood heir to th' first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,  
Whether I in any just term am affin'd  
To love the Moor.

*Rod.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O, sir, content you;  
I follow him to serve my turn upon him:  
We cannot all be masters, nor all masters  
Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall mark  
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,  
That, doting on his own obsequious bondage,  
Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,  
For nought but provender; and, when he's old,  
cashier'd;



Whip me such honest knaves: Others there are,  
Who, trimm'd in forms and visages of duty,  
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves;  
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,  
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lin'd  
their coats,

Do themselves homage: these fellows have some soul;  
And such a one do I profess myself.

For, sir,

It is as sure as you are Roderigo,  
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:  
In following him, I follow but myself;  
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward action doth demonstrate  
The native act and figure of my heart  
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after  
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at: I am not what I am.

*Rod.* What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe  
If he can carry't thus!

*Iago.* Call up her father,  
Rouse him: make after him, poison his delight,  
Proclaim him in the streets; incense her kinsmen,  
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,  
Plague him with flies: though that his joy be joy,  
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't,  
As it may lose some colour.

*Rod.* Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

*Iago.* Do; with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when, by night and negligence, the fire  
Is spied in populous cities.

*Rod.* What ho! Brabantio! signior Brabantio, ho!



*Iago.* Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves!  
thieves! thieves!  
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!  
'Thieves! thieves!

*BRABANTIO, above, at a window.*

*Bra.* What is the reason of this terrible summons?  
What is the matter there?

*Rod.* Signior, is all your family within?

*Iago.* Are your doors lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are robb'd; for shame, put  
on your gown;

Your heart is burst, you have lost half your soul;  
Even now, very now, an old black ram  
Is tugging your white ewe. Arise, arise;  
Awake the snorting citizens with the bell,  
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you:  
Arise, I say.

*Bra.* What, have you lost your wits?

*Rod.* Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I; What are you?

*Rod.* My name is—Roderigo.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:

I have charg'd thee, not to haunt about my doors:  
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say,  
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,  
Being full of supper, and distempering draughts,  
Upon malicious bravery, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rod.* Sir, sir, sir, sir,——

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,



My spirit, and my place, have in them power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rod.* Patience, good sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;  
My house is not a grange.

*Rod.* Most grave Brabantio,  
In simple and pure soul I come to you.

*Iago.* 'Zounds, sir, you are one of those, that will  
not serve God, if the devil bid you. Because we come  
to do you service, you think we are ruffians: You'll  
have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse;  
you'll have your nephews neigh to you: you'll have  
coursers for cousins, and gennets for germans.

*Bra.* What profane wretch art thou?

*Iago.* I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your  
daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with  
two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a villain.

*Iago.* You are—a senator.

*Bro.* This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo

*Rod.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you,  
If't be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,  
At this odd-even and dull watch o'th'night,  
Transported—with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier,—  
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor,—  
If this be known to you, and your allowance,  
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;  
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me,  
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,  
That, from the sense of all civility,  
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence



Your daughter,—if you have not given her leave,—  
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;  
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,  
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger,  
Of here and every where: Straight satisfy yourself:  
If she be in her chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the justice of the state  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the tinder, ho!  
Give me a taper;—call up all my people:—  
This accident is not unlike my dream,  
Belief of it oppresses me already:—  
Light, I say! light! [Exit, from above.]

*Iago.* Farewell; for I must leave you:  
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place,  
To be produc'd (as, if I stay, I shall,)  
Against the Moor: For, I do know, the state,—  
However this may gall him with some check,—  
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embark'd  
With such loud reason to the Cyprus' wars,  
(Which even now stand in act,) that, for their souls,  
Another of his fathom they have not,  
To lead their business: in which regard,  
Though I do hate him as I do hell pains,  
Yet, for necessity of present life,  
I must show out a flag and sign of love,  
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find  
him,  
Lead to the Sagittary the rais'd search;  
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [Exit.]

*Enter, below, BRABANTIO, and Servants with torches.*

*Bra.* It is too true an evil: gone she is;



And what's to come of my despised time,  
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo,  
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—  
With the Moor, say'st thou?—Who would be a father?—  
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, thou deceiv'st me  
Past thought!—What said she to you?—Get more tapers;  
Raise all my kindred.—Are they married think you?

*Rod.* Truly, I think, they are.

*Bra.* O heaven!—How got she out!—O treason of  
the blood!—

Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds  
By what you see them act.—Are there not charms,  
By which the property of youth and maidhood  
May be abus'd? Have you not read, Roderigo,  
Of some such thing?

*Rod.* Yes, sir; I have indeed.

*Bra.* Call up my brother.—O, that you had had  
her!—

Some one way, some another.—Do you know  
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?

*Rod.* I think, I can discover him; if you please  
To get good guard, and go along with me.

*Bra.* Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;  
I may command at most;—Get weapons, ho!  
And raise some special officers of night.—  
On, good Roderigo;—I'll deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. Another street.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Though in the trade of war I have slain men,  
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience,  
To do no contriv'd murder; I lack iniquity



Sometimes, to do me service: Nine or ten times  
I had thought to have yerk'd him here under the ribs

*Oth.* 'Tis better as it is.

*Iago.* Nay, but he prated,  
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms  
Against your honour,  
That, with the little godliness I have,  
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray, sir,  
Are you fast married? for, be sure of this,—  
That the magnifico is much beloved;  
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential  
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you;  
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance  
The law (with all his might, to enforce it on,)  
Will give him cable.

*Oth.* Let him do his spite:  
My services, which I have done the signiory,  
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,  
(Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,  
I shall promulgate,) I fetch my life and being  
From men of royal siege; and my demerits  
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune  
As this that I have reach'd: For know, Iago,  
But that I love the gentle Desdemona,  
I would not my unhoused free condition  
Put into circumscription and confine  
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come  
yonder?

*Enter CASSIO, at a distance, and certain Officers with torches.*

*Iago.* These are the raised father, and his friends:  
You were best go in.



*Oth.* Not I: I must be found;  
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul,  
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?

*Iago.* By Janus, I think no.

*Oth.* The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.  
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!  
What is the news?

*Cas.* The duke does greet you, general;  
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,  
Even on the instant.

*Oth.* What is the matter, think you?

*Cas.* Something from Cyprus, as I may divine;  
It is a business of some heat: the gallies  
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers  
This very night at one another's heels;  
And many of the consuls, rais'd, and met,  
Are at the duke's already: You have been hotly call'd  
for;

When, being not at your lodging to be found,  
The senate hath sent about three several quests,  
To search you out.

*Oth.* 'Tis well I am found by you.  
I will but spend a word here in the house,  
And go with you. [Exit.

*Cas.* Ancient, what makes he here?

*Iago.* 'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carack;  
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

*Cas.* I do not understand.

*Iago.* He's married.

*Cas.* To who?

*Re-enter OTHELLO.*

*Iago.* Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?



*Oth.* Have with you.

*Cas.* Here comes another troop to seek for you.

*Enter BRABANTIO, RODERIGO and Officers of night, with torches, and weapons.*

*Iago.* It is Brabantio:—general, be advis'd;  
He comes to bad intent.

*Oth.* Hola! stand there!

*Rod.* Signior, it is the Moor.

*Bra.* Down with him, thief!

*[They draw on both sides.]*

*Iago.* You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.

*Oth.* Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will  
rust them.—

Good signior, you shall more command with years,  
Than with your weapons.

*Bra.* O thou foul thief, where hast thou stow'd my  
daughter?

Damn'd as thou art, thou hast enchanted her:  
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,  
If she in chains of magick were not bound,  
Whether a maid—so tender, fair, and happy;  
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd  
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,  
Would ever have, to incur a general mock,  
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom  
Of such a thing as thou: to fear, not to delight.  
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense,  
That thou hast practis'd on her with foul charms;  
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs, or minerals,  
That waken motion:—I'll have it disputed on;  
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.  
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee,



For an abuser of the world, a practiser  
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant:—  
Lay hold upon him; if he do resist,  
Subdue him at his peril.

*Oth.* Hold your hands,  
Both you of my inclining, and the rest:  
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it  
Without a prompter.—Where will you that I go  
To answer this your charge?

*Bra.* To prison: till fit time  
Of law, and course of direct session,  
Call thee to answer.

*Oth.* What if I do obey?  
How may the duke be therewith satisfied;  
Whose messengers are here about my side,  
Upon some present business of the state,  
To bring me to him?

*Off.* 'Tis true, most worthy signior,  
The duke's in council; and your noble self,  
I am sure, is sent for.

*Bra.* How! the duke in council!  
In this time of the night!—Bring him away:  
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,  
Or any of my brothers of the state,  
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own:  
For if such actions may have passage free,  
Bond-slaves, and pagans, shall our statesmen be.

[*Exeunt*



SCENE III.—*The same. A council-chamber.*

*The Duke, and Senators, sitting at a table; Officers attending.*

*Duke.* There is no composition in these news,  
That gives them credit.

*1 Sen.* Indeed, they are disproportion'd,  
My letters say, a hundred and seven gallies.

*Duke.* And mine, a hundred and forty.

*2 Sen.* And mine, two hundred:  
But though they jump not on a just account,  
(As in these cases, where the aim reports,  
'Tis oft with difference,) yet do they all confirm  
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.

*Duke.* Nay, it is possible enough to judgement;  
I do not so secure me in the error,  
But the main article I do approve  
In fearful sense.

*Sailor.* [*Within.*] What ho! what ho! what ho!

*Enter an Officer, with a Sailor.*

*Off.* A messenger from the gallies.

*Duke.* Now? the business?

*Sail.* The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;  
So was I bid report here to the state,  
By signior Angelo.

*Duke.* How say you by this change?

*1 Sen.* This cannot be  
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant,  
To keep us in false gaze: When we consider  
Th'importancy of Cyprus to the Turk;  
And let ourselves again but understand,



That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,  
So may he with more facile question bear it,  
For that it stands not in such warlike brace,  
But altogether lacks th'abilities  
That Rhodes is dress'd in:—if we make thought of this,  
We must not think, the Turk is so unskilful,  
To leave that latest which concerns him first;  
Neglecting an attempt of ease, and gain,  
To wake, and wage, a danger profitless.

*Duke.* Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

*Off.* Here is more news.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Mess.* The Ottomites, reverend and gracious,  
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,  
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.

*1 Sen.* Ay, so I thought:—How many, as you guess?

*Mess.* Of thirty sail: and now do they re-stem  
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance  
Their purposes toward Cyprus.—Signior Montano,  
Your trusty and most valiant servitor,  
With his free duty recommends you thus,  
And prays you to believe him.

*Duke.* 'Tis certain then for Cyprus.—  
Marcus Lucchesé, is he not in town?

*1 Sen.* He's now in Florence.

*Duke.* Write from us; wish him post-post-haste.  
despatch.

*1 Sen.* Here comes Brabantio, and the valiant Moor

*Enter* BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and*  
*Officers.*

*Duke.* Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you



Against the general enemy Ottoman.  
I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;  
[To BRABANTIO.  
We lack'd your counsel and your help to-night.

*Bra.* So did I yours: Good your grace, pardon me;  
Neither my place, nor aught I heard of business,  
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general care  
Take hold on me; for my particular grief  
Is of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature,  
That it engluts and swallows other sorrows,  
And it is still itself.

*Duke.* Why, what's the matter?

*Bra.* My daughter! O, my daughter!

*Sen.* Dead?

*Bra.* Ay, to me;  
She is abus'd, stol'n from me, and corrupted  
By spells and medicines bought of mountebanks:  
For nature so preposterously to err,  
Being not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,  
Sans witchcraft could not——

*Duke.* Whoe'er he be, that, in this foul proceeding,  
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of herself,  
And you of her, the bloody book of law  
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter,  
After your own sense; yea, though our proper son  
Stood in your action.

*Bra.* Humbly I thank your grace.  
Here is the man, this Moor; whom now, it seems,  
Your special mandate, for the state affairs,  
Hath hither brought.

*Duke & Sen.* We are very sorry for it.

*Duke.* What, in your own part can you say to this?  
[To OTHELLO



*Bra.* Nothing, but this is so.

*Oth.* Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,  
My very noble and approv'd good masters,—  
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,  
It is most true; true, I have married her;  
The very head and front of my offending  
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,  
And little bless'd with the set phrase of peace;  
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,  
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have us'd  
Their dearest action in the tented field;  
And little of this great world can I speak,  
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;  
And therefore little shall I grace my cause,  
In speaking for myself: Yet, by your gracious patience,  
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver  
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,  
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,  
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal,)  
I won his daughter with,

*Bra.* A maiden never bold;  
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion  
Blush'd at herself; And she,—in spite of nature,  
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,—  
To fall in love with what she fear'd to look on?  
It is a judgement main'd, and most imperfect,  
That will confess—perfection so could err  
Against all rules of nature; and must be driven  
To find out practices of cunning hell,  
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again,  
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,  
Or with some dram conjur'd to this effect,  
He wrought upon her.



*Duke.* To vouch this, is no proof;  
Without more certain and more overt test,  
Than these thin habits, and poor likelihoods  
Of modern seeming, do prefer against him.

*1 Sen.* But, Othello, speak;—  
Did you by indirect and forced courses  
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections?  
Or came it by request, and such fair question  
As soul to soul affordeth?

*Oth.* I do beseech you,  
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,  
And let her speak of me before her father:  
If you do find me foul in her report,  
The trust, the office, I do hold of you,  
Not only take away, but let your sentence  
Even fall upon my life.

*Duke.* Fetch Desdemona hither.

*Oth.* Ancient, conduct them; you best know the  
place.— [*Exeunt IAGO and Attendants.*]  
And, till she come, as truly as to heaven  
I do confess the vices of my blood,  
So justly to your grave ears I'll present  
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,  
And she in mine.

*Duke.* Say it, Othello.

*Oth.* Her father lov'd me; oft invited me;  
Still question'd me the story of my life,  
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,  
That I have pass'd.  
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,  
To th' very moment that he bade me tell it.  
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,  
Of moving accidents, by flood, and field;



Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;  
Of being taken by the insolent foe,  
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,  
And portance in my travel's history:  
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle,  
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch  
heaven,

It was my hint to speak, such was the process;  
And of the Cannibals that each other eat,  
The Anthropophagi, and men whose heads  
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to  
hear,

Would Desdemona seriously incline:  
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;  
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,  
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear  
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,  
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means  
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,  
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,  
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,  
But not intentively: I did consent;  
And often did beguile her of her tears,  
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,  
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,  
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:  
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing  
strange;

'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:  
She wish'd, she had not heard it; yet she wish'd  
That heaven had made her such a man: she thank'd  
me;

And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,



I should but teach him how to tell my story,  
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :  
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;  
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.  
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd ;  
Here comes the lady, let her witness it.

*Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, and Attendants.*

*Duke.* I think, this tale would win my daughter too.—  
Good Brabantio,  
Take up this mangled matter at the best :  
Men do their broken weapons rather use,  
Than their bare hands.

*Bra.* I pray you, hear her speak ;  
If she confess, that she was half the wooer,  
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame  
Light on the man !—Come hither, gentle mistress ;  
Do you perceive in all this noble company,  
Where most you owe obedience ?

*Des.* My noble father,  
I do perceive here a divided duty :  
To you, I am bound for life, and education ;  
My life, and education, both do learn me  
How to respect you ; you are the lord of duty,  
I am hitherto your daughter : But here's my husband ;  
And so much duty as my mother show'd  
To you, preferring you before her father,  
So much I challenge that I may profess  
Due to the Moor, my lord.

*Bra.* God be with you !—I have done :—  
Please it your grace, on to the state affairs ;  
I had rather to adopt a child, than get it.—  
Come hither, Moor :



I here do give thee that with all my heart,  
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart  
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,  
I am glad at soul I have no other child;  
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,  
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.

*Duke.* Let me speak like yourself; and lay a sentence,  
Which, as a grise, or step, may help these lovers  
Into your favour.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended,  
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.  
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone,  
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.

What cannot be preserv'd when fortune takes,  
Patience her injury a mockery makes.

The robb'd, that smiles, steals something from the thief;  
He robs himself, that spends a bootless grief.

*Bra.* So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;  
We lose it not, so long as we can smile.

He bears the sentence well, that nothing bears  
But the free comfort which from thence he hears:  
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow,  
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.

These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,  
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:

But words are words; I never yet did hear,  
That the bruis'd heart was pierced through the ear.

I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

*Duke.* The Turk with a most mighty preparation  
makes for Cyprus:—Othello, the fortitude of the place  
is best known to you: And though we have there a  
substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet opinion, a  
sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice



on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gloss of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

*Oth.* The tyrant custom, most grave senators,  
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war  
My thrice-driven bed of down: I do agnize  
A natural and prompt alacrity,  
I find in hardness; and do undertake  
These present wars against the Ottomites.  
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,  
I crave fit disposition for my wife;  
Due reference of place, and exhibition;  
With such accommodation, and besort,  
As levels with her breeding.

*Duke.*

If you please,

Be't at her father's.

*Bra.*

I'll not have it so.

*Oth.* Nor I.

*Des.*

Nor I; I would not there reside,  
To put my father in impatient thoughts,  
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,  
To my unfolding lend a gracious ear;  
And let me find a charter in your voice,  
To assist my simpleness.

*Duke.* What would you, Desdemona?

*Des.* That I did love the Moor to live with him,  
My downright violence and storm of fortunes  
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued  
Even to the very quality of my lord:  
I saw Othello's visage in his mind;  
And to his honours, and his valiant parts,  
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate.  
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,



A moth of peace, and he go to the war,  
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me,  
And I a heavy interim shall support  
By his dear absence: Let me go with him.

*Oth.* Your voices, lords:—'beseech you, let her will  
Have a free way.

Vouch with me, heaven; I therefore beg it not,  
To please the palate of my appetite;  
Nor to comply with heat, the young effects,  
In my distinct and proper satisfaction;  
But to be free and bounteous to her mind:  
And heaven defend your good souls, that you think  
I will your serious and great business scant,  
For she is with me: No, when light-wing'd toys  
Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness  
My speculative and active instruments,  
That my disports corrupt and taint my business,  
Let housewives make a skillet of my helm,  
And all indign and base adversities  
Make head against my estimation!

*Duke.* Be it as you shall privately determine,  
Either for her stay, or going: the affair cries—haste,  
And speed must answer it; you must hence to-night.

*Des.* To-night, my lord?

*Duke.* This night.

*Oth.* With all my heart.

*Duke.* At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.  
Othello, leave some officer behind,  
And he shall our commission bring to you;  
With such things else of quality and respect,  
As doth import you.

*Oth.* Please your grace, my ancient;  
A man he is of honesty, and trust:



To his conveyance I assign my wife,  
With what else needful your good grace shall think  
To be sent after me.

*Duke.* Let it be so.—  
Good night to every one.—And, noble signior,  
[To BRABANTIO.]

If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black.

*1 Sen.* Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

*Bra.* Look to her, Moor; have a quick eye to see;  
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exeunt Duke, Senators, Officers, &c.*]  
*Oth.* My life upon her faith.—Honest Iago,  
My Desdemona must I leave to thee;  
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;  
And bring them after in the best advantage.—  
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour  
Of love, of worldly matters and direction,  
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO and DESDEMONA.*]

*Rod. Iago.*

*Iago.* What say'st thou, noble heart?

*Rod.* What will I do, thinkest thou?

*Iago.* Why, go to bed, and sleep.

*Rod.* I will incontinently drown myself.

*Iago.* Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after  
it. Why, thou silly gentleman!

*Rod.* It is silliness to live, when to live is a torment:  
and then have we a prescription to die, when death is  
our physician.

*Iago.* O villainous! I have looked upon the world  
for four times seven years! and since I could distinguish  
between a benefit and an injury, I never found a man



that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say, I would drown myself for the love of a Guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

*Rod.* What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond; but it is not in virtue to amend it.

*Iago.* Virtue? a fig! 'tis in ourselves, that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens; to the which, our wills are gardeners: so that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either to have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions: But we have reason to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call—love, to be a sect, or scion.

*Rod.* It cannot be.

*Iago.* It is merely a lust of the blood, and a permission of the will. Come, be a man: Drown thyself! drown cats, and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favour with an usurped beard; I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be, that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor,—put money in thy purse;—nor he his to her: it was a violent commencement, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration;—put but money in thy purse.—These Moors are changeable in their wills;—



fill thy purse with money: the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice.—She must have change, she must: therefore put money in thy purse.—If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canst: If sanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy, than to be drowned and go without her.

*Rod.* Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue?

*Iago.* Thou art sure of me;—Go, make money:—I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: My cause is hearted; thine hath no less reason: Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him: if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, and me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverse; go; provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

*Rod.* Where shall we meet i'th' morning?

*Iago.* At my lodging.

*Rod.* I'll be with thee betimes.

*Iago.* Go to; farewell. Do you hear, Roderigo?

*Rod.* What say you?

*Iago.* No more of drowning, do you hear.

*Rod.* I am changed. I'll sell all my land.



*Iago.* Go to; farewell: put money enough in your purse.  
[*Exit RODERIGO.*]

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse:

For I mine own gain'd knowledge should profane,

If I would time expend with such a snipe,

But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;

And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my sheets

He has done my office: I know not if't be true;

But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,

Will do, as if for surety. He holds me well;

The better shall my purpose work on him.

Cassio's a proper man: Let me see now;

To get his place, and to plume up my will;

A double knavery,—How? how?—Let me see:—

After some time, to abuse Othello's ear,

That he is too familiar with his wife:—

He hath a person, and a smooth dispose,

To be suspected; fram'd to make women false.

The Moor is of a free and open nature,

That thinks men honest, that but seem to be so;

And will as tenderly be led by th' nose,

As asses are.

I have't;—it is engender'd:—Hell and night

Must bring this monstrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*]



## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A sea-port town in Cyprus. A platform.*

*Enter MONTANO and two Gentlemen.*

*Mon.* What from the cape can you discern at sea?

*1 Gent.* Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood;  
I cannot, 'twixt the heaven and the main,  
Descry a sail.

*Mon.* Methinks, the wind hath spoke aloud at  
land;

A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements:  
If it hath ruffian'd so upon the sea,  
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,  
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

*2 Gent.* A segregation of the Turkish fleet:  
For do but stand upon the foaming shore,  
The chiding billow seems to pelt the clouds;  
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous main,  
Seems to cast water on the burning bear,  
And quench the guards of th'ever-fixed pole:  
I never did like molestation view  
On th'enchafed flood.

*Mon.* If that the Turkish fleet  
Be not inshelter'd and embay'd, they are drown'd;  
It is impossible they bear it out.

*Enter a third Gentleman.*

*3 Gent.* News, lords! our wars are done;  
The desperate tempest hath so bang'd the Turks,  
That their designment halts: A noble ship of Venice



Hath seen a grievous wreck and sufferance  
On most part of their fleet.

*Mon.* How! is this true?

*3 Gent.* The ship is here put in,  
A Veronesé; Michael Cassio,  
Lieutenant to the warlike Moor, Othello,  
Is come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,  
And is in full commission here for Cyprus.

*Mon.* I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.

*3 Gent.* But this same Cassio,—though he speak  
comfort,  
Touching the Turkish loss,—yet he looks sadly,  
And prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted  
With foul and violent tempest.

*Mon.* 'Pray heaven he be;  
For I have serv'd him, and the man commands  
Like a full soldier. Let's to the sea-side, ho!  
As well to see the vessel that's come in,  
As throw out our eyes for brave Othello;  
Even till we make the main, and the aerial blue,  
An indistinct regard.

*3 Gent.* Come, let's do so;  
For every minute is expectancy  
Of more arrivance.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Cas.* Thanks to the valiant of this warlike isle,  
That so approve the Moor; O, let the heavens  
Give him defence against the elements,  
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea!

*Mon.* Is he well shipp'd?

*Cas.* His bark is stoutly timber'd, and his pilot  
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;



Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,  
Stand in bold cure.

[*Within.*]

A sail, a sail, a sail!

*Enter another Gentleman.*

*Cas.* What noise?

4 *Gent.* The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea  
Stand ranks of people, and they cry—a sail.

*Cas.* My hopes do shape him for the governor.

2 *Gent.* They do discharge their shot of courtesy:

[*Guns heard.*

Our friends, at least.

*Cas.* I pray you, sir, go forth,  
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.

2 *Gent.* I shall.

[*Exit.*

*Mon.* But, good lieutenant, is your general wiv'd?

*Cas.* Most fortunately: he hath achiev'd a maid  
That paragon's description, and wild fame;  
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,  
And in th' essential vesture of creation,  
Does bear all excellency.—How now? who has put in?

*Re-enter second Gentleman.*

2 *Gent.* 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

*Cas.* He has had most favourable and happy speed:  
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,  
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated sands,—  
'Traitors ensteep'd to clog the guiltless keel,  
As having sense of beauty, do omit  
'Their mortal natures, letting go safely by  
The divine Desdemona.

*Mon.*

What is she?

*Cas.* She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,



Left in the conduct of the bold Iago;  
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts,  
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,  
And swell his sail with thine own powerful breath;  
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,  
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,  
Give renew'd fire to our extincted spirits,  
And bring all Cyprus comfort!—O, behold,

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO, and Attendants.*

The riches of the ship is come on shore!  
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees:—  
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven,  
Before, behind thee, and on every band,  
Enwheel thee round!

*Des* I thank you, valiant Cassio.  
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?

*Cas.* He is not yet arriv'd; nor know I aught  
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.

*Des.* O, but I fear;—How lost you company?

*Cas.* The great contention of the sea and skies  
Parted our fellowship: But, hark! a sail.

*[Cry within, A sail, a sail! Then guns heard.]*

*2 Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;  
This likewise is a friend.

*Cas.* See for the news.—

*[Exit Gentleman.]*

Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—

*[To EMILIA.]*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,  
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding  
That gives me this bold show of courtesy. *[Kissing her]*



*Iago.* Sir, would she give you so much of her lips,  
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,  
You'd have enough.

*Des.* Alas, she has no speech.

*Iago.* In faith, too much;  
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:  
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,  
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,  
And chides with thinking.

*Emil.* You have little cause to say so.

*Iago.* Come on, come on; you are pictures out of  
doors,  
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,  
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,  
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your  
beds.

*Des.* O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

*Iago.* Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;  
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

*Emil.* You shall not write my praise.

*Iago.* No, let me not.

*Des.* What would'st thou write of me, if thou  
should'st praise me?

*Iago.* O gentle lady, do not put me to't;  
For I am nothing, if not critical.

*Des.* Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

*Iago.* Ay, madam.

*Des.* I am not merry; but I do beguile  
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—  
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

*Iago.* I am about it; but, indeed, my invention  
Comes from my pate, as birdlime does from frize,  
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,



And thus she is deliver'd.

If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,  
The one's for use, the other useth it.

*Des.* Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

*Iago.* If she be black, and thereto have a wit,  
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

*Des.* Worse and worse.

*Emil.* How, if fair and foolish?

*Iago.* She never yet was foolish that was fair;  
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

*Des.* These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools  
laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou  
for her that's foul and foolish?

*Iago.* There's none so foul, and foolish thereunto,  
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do

*Des.* O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst  
best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a de-  
serving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of  
her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice  
itself?

*Iago.* She that was ever fair, and never proud;  
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;  
Never lack'd gold, and yet went never gay;  
Fled from her wish, and yet said,—*now I may*;  
She that, being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,  
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly:  
She that in wisdom never was so frail,  
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;  
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,  
See suitors following, and not look behind;  
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

*Des.* To do what?

*Iago* To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.



*Des.* O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?

*Cas.* He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

*Iago.* [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true; 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would, they were clyster-pipes for your sake!——[*Trumpet.*] The Moor, I know his trumpet.

*Cas.* 'Tis truly so.

*Des.* Let's meet him, and receive him.

*Cas.* Lo, where he comes!

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* O my fair warrior!

*Des.* My dear Othello?

*Oth.* It gives me wonder great as my content,  
'To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!

If after every tempest come such calms,

May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!

And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas,

Olympus-high; and duck again as low

As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,

'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,



My soul hath her content so absolute,  
That not another comfort like to this  
Succeeds in unknown fate.

*Des.* The heavens forbid,  
But that our loves and comforts should increase,  
Even as our days do grow!

*Oth.* Amen to that, sweet powers!—  
I cannot speak enough of this content,  
It stops me here; it is too much of joy:  
And this, and this, the greatest discords be,  
[*Kissing her*  
That e'er our hearts shall make!

*Iago.* O, you are well tun'd now:  
But I'll set down the pegs that make this musick,  
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

*Oth.* Come, let's to th' castle.—  
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are  
drown'd.

How do our old acquaintance of this isle?—  
Honey, you shall be well desir'd in Cyprus,  
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,  
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote  
In mine own comforts.—I pr'ythee, good Iago,  
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers:  
Bring thou the master to the citadel;  
He is a good one, and his worthiness  
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,  
Once more well met at Cyprus.

[*Exeunt OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

*Iago.* Do thou meet me presently at the harbour  
Come hither. If thou be'st valiant as (they say) base  
men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures  
more than is native to them,—list me. The lieutenant



to-night watches on the court of guard:—First, I must tell thee this—Desdemona is directly in love with him.

*Rod.* With him! why, 'tis not possible.

*Iago.* Lay thy finger—thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantastical lies: And will she love him still for prating? let not thy discreet heart think it. Her eye must be fed; and what delight shall she have to look on the devil? When the blood is made dull with the act of sport, there should be,—again to inflame it, and to give satiety a fresh appetite,—loveliness in favour; sympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in: Now, for want of these required conveniences, her delicate tenderness will find itself abused, begin to heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor the Moor; very nature will instruct her in it, and compel her to some second choice. Now, sir, this granted, (as it is a most pregnant and unforced position,) who stands so eminently in the degree of this fortune, as Cassio does? a knave very voluble; no further conscionable, than in putting on the mere form of civil and humane seeming, for the better compassing of his salt and most hidden loose affection? why, none; why, none: A slippery and subtle knave; a finder out of occasions; that has an eye can stamp and counterfeit advantages, though true advantage never present itself: A devilish knave! besides, the knave is handsome, young; and hath all those requisites in him, that folly and green minds look after: A pestilent complete knave; and the woman hath found him already.

*Rod.* I cannot believe that in her; she is full of most blessed condition.



*Iago.* Blessed fig's end! the wine she drinks is made of grapes: if she had been blessed, she would never have loved the Moor: Blessed pudding! Didst thou not see her paddle with the palm of his hand? didst not mark that?

*Rod.* Yes, that I did; but that was but courtesy.

*Iago.* Lechery, by this hand; an index, and obscure prologue to the history of lust and foul thoughts. They met so near with their lips, that their breaths embraced together. Villainous thoughts, Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion: Pish!—But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Venice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you: Cassio knows you not;—I'll not be far from you: Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud, or tainting his discipline; or from what other course you please, which the time shall more favourably minister.

*Rod.* Well.

*Iago.* Sir, he is rash, and very sudden in choler; and, haply, with his truncheon may strike at you: Provoke him, that he may: for, even out of that, will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny; whose qualification shall come into no true taste again, but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires, by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed, without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity.

*Rod.* I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

*Iago.* I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell



*Rod.* Adieu. [Exit.]

*Iago* That Cassio loves her, I do well believe it;  
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit:  
The Moor—howbeit that I endure him not,—  
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;  
And, I dare think, he'll prove to Desdemona  
A most dear husband. Now I do love her too;  
Not out of absolute lust, (though, peradventure,  
I stand accountant for as great a sin,)  
But partly led to diet my revenge,  
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor  
Hath leap'd into my seat: the thought whereof  
Doth, like a poisonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;  
And nothing can or shall content my soul,  
Till I am even with him, wife for wife;  
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor  
At least into a jealousy so strong  
That judgement cannot cure. Which thing to do,—  
if this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash  
For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,  
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;  
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,—  
For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too;  
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,  
For making him egregiously an ass,  
And practising upon his peace and quiet  
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confus'd;  
Knavery's plain face is never seen, till us'd. [Exit]

SCENE II.—*A street.*

*Enter a Herald, with a proclamation; people following.*

*Her.* It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant



general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials: So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices are open; and there is full liberty of feasting, from this present hour of five, till the bell hath told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus, and our noble general, Othello!

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*A hall in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and *Attendants.*

*Oth.* Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night: Let's teach ourselves that honourable stop, Not to out-sport discretion.

*Cas.* Iago hath direction what to do; But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye Will I look to't.

*Oth.* Iago is most honest.  
Michael, good night: To-morrow, with our earliest, Let me have speech with you.—Come, my dear love, The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue;

[*To DESDEMONA.*]

That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—  
Good night. [*Exeunt* OTH. DES. and *Attendants.*]

*Enter* IAGO.

*Cas.* Welcome, Iago: We must to the watch.

*Iago.* Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o'clock: Our general cast us thus early, for the love



of his Desdemona; whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and she is sport for Jove.

*Cas.* She's a most exquisite lady.

*Iago.* And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

*Cas.* Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

*Iago.* What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

*Cas.* An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

*Iago.* And, when she speaks, is it not an alarm to love?

*Cas.* She is, indeed, perfection.

*Iago.* Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine; and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black Othello.

*Cas.* Not to-night, good Iago; I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking: I could well wish courtesy would invent some other custom of entertainment.

*Iago.* O, they are our friends; but one cup: I'll drink for you.

*Cas.* I have drunk but one cup to-night, and that was craftily qualified too, and, behold, what innovation it makes here: I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

*Iago.* What, man! 'tis a night of revels; the gallants desire it.

*Cas.* Where are they?

*Iago.* Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

*Cas.* I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [Exit CASSIO.]

*Iago.* If I can fasten but one cup upon him,  
With that which he hath drunk to-night already,



He'll be as full of quarrel and offence  
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sick fool, Ro-  
derigo,  
Whom love has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,  
To Desdemona hath to-night carous'd  
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch:  
Three lads of Cyprus,—noble swelling spirits,  
That hold their honours in a wary distance,  
The very elements of this warlike isle,—  
Have I to-night fluster'd with flowing cups,  
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of  
drunkards,  
Am I to put our Cassio in some action  
That may offend the isle:—But here they come:  
If consequence do but approve my dream,  
My boat sails freely, both with wind and stream.

*Re-enter CASSIO, with him MONTANO, and Gentlemen.*

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, they have given me a rouse already

*Mon.* Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I  
am a soldier.

*Iago.* Some wine, ho!

*And let me the canakin clink, clink;* [Sings.

*And let me the canakin clink;*

*A soldier's a man;*

*A life's but a span;*

*Why then, let a soldier drink.*

Some wine, boys! [Wine brought in.

*Cas.* 'Fore heaven, an excellent song.

*Iago.* I learned it in England, where (indeed) they  
are most potent in potting: your Dane, your German,  
and your swag-bellied Hollander,—Drink, ho!—are  
nothing to your English.

*Cas.* Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking?



*Iago.* Why, he drinks you, with facility, your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit, ere the next pottle can be filled.

*Cas.* To the health of our general.

*Mon.* I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

*Iago.* O sweet England!

*King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
His breeches cost him but a crown;  
He held them sixpence all too dear,  
With that he call'd the tailor—lown.*

*He was a wight of high renown,  
And thou art but of low degree:*

*'Tis pride that pulls the country down,  
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.*

Some wine, ho!

*Cas.* Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other.

*Iago.* Will you hear it again?

*Cas.* No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does those things.—Well,—Heaven's above all; and there be souls that must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

*Iago.* It's true, good lieutenant.

*Cas.* For mine own part,—no offence to the general, nor any man of quality,—I hope to be saved.

*Iago.* And so do I too, lieutenant.

*Cas.* Ay, but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs.—Forgive us our sins!—Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk; this is my ancient;—this is my right hand, and this is my left



hand:—I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough.

*All.* Excellent well.

*Cas.* Why, very well, then: you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*]

*Mon.* To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

*Iago.* You see this fellow, that is gone before;—  
He is a soldier, fit to stand by Cæsar  
And give direction: and do but see his vice;  
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,  
The one as long as th' other: 'tis pity of him.  
I fear, the trust Othello puts him in,  
On some odd time of his infirmity,  
Will shake this island.

*Mon.* But is he often thus?

*Iago.* 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:  
He'll watch the horologe a double set,  
If drink rock not his cradle.

*Mon.* It were well,  
The general were put in mind of it.  
Perhaps, he sees it not; or his good nature  
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,  
And looks not on his evils; Is not this true?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* How now, Roderigo? [*Aside.*]  
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go. [*Exit RODERIGO.*]

*Mon.* And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor  
Should hazard such a place, as his own second,  
With one of an ingraft infirmity:  
It were an honest action, to say  
So to the Moor.



*Iago.* Not I, for this fair island:  
I do love Cassio well; and would do much  
To cure him of this evil. But hark! what noise?

[*Cry within,—Help! help!*

*Re-enter CASSIO, driving in RODERIGO.*

*Cas.* You rogue! you rascal!

*Mon.* What's the matter, lieutenant?

*Cas.* A knave!—teach me my duty!  
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

*Rod.* Beat me!

*Cas.* Dost thou prate, rogue?

[*Striking RODERIGO*

*Mon.* Nay, good lieutenant,  
[*Staying him.*

I pray you, sir, hold your hand.

*Cas.* Let me go, sir,  
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

*Mon.* Come, come, you're drunk.

*Cas.* Drunk! [*They fight.*

*Iago.* Away, I say! go out, and cry—a mutiny.

[*Aside to Rod. who goes out.*

Nay, good lieutenant,—alas, gentlemen,—  
Help, ho!—Lieutenant,—sir,—Montano,—sir;—  
Help, masters!—Here's a goodly watch, indeed!

[*Bell rings.*

Who's that that rings the bell?—Diablo, ho!  
The town will rise: God's will, lieutenant! hold;  
You will be sham'd for ever.

*Enter OTHELLO, and Attendants.*

*Oth.* What is the matter here?

*Mon.* I bleed still, I am hurt to the death;—he dies.



*Oth.* Hold, for your lives.

*Iago.* Hold, hold, lieutenant,—sir, Montano,—gentlemen,—

Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?

Hold, hold! the general speaks to you; hold, for shame!

*Oth.* Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?  
Are we turn'd Turks; and to ourselves do that,  
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?

For christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl:

He that stirs next to carve for his own rage,

Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.—

Silence that dreadful bell, it frights the isle

From her propriety.—What is the matter, masters?—

Honest Iago, that look'st dead with grieving,

Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.

*Iago.* I do not know;—friends all but now, even now,  
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom  
Devesting them for bed: and then, but now,  
(As if some planet had unwitted men,)

Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,

In opposition bloody. I cannot speak

Any beginning to this peevish odds;

And 'would in action glorious I had lost

These legs, that brought me to a part of it!

*Oth.* How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?

*Cas.* I pray you, pardon me, I cannot speak.

*Oth.* Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;  
The gravity and stillness of your youth  
The world hath noted, and your name is great  
In mouths of wisest censure; What's the matter,  
That you unlace your reputation thus,  
And spend your rich opinion, for the name  
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.



*Mon.* Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;  
Your officer, Iago, can inform you—  
While I spare speech, which something now offend  
me;—

Of all that I do know: nor know I aught  
By me that's said or done amiss this night;  
Unless self-charity be sometime a vice;  
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,  
When violence assails us.

*Oth.* Now, by heaven,  
My blood begins my safer guides to rule;  
And passion, having my best judgement collied,  
Assays to lead the way: If I once stir,  
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you  
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know  
How this foul rout began, who set it on;  
And he that is approv'd in this offence,  
Though he had twinn'd with me, both at a birth,  
Shall lose me.—What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,  
To manage private and domestic quarrel,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!  
'Tis monstrous.—Iago, who began it?

*Mon.* If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,  
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,  
Thou art no soldier.

*Iago.* Touch me not so near:  
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,  
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;  
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth  
Shall nothing wrong him.—Thus it is, general.  
Montano and myself being in speech,  
There comes a fellow, crying out for help;



And Cassio following him with determin'd sword,  
To execute upon him: Sir, this gentleman  
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;  
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,  
Lest, by his clamour, (as it so fell out,)  
The town might fall in fright: he, swift of foot,  
Outran my purpose; and I return'd the rather  
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,  
And Cassio high in oath; which, till to-night,  
I ne'er might say before: When I came back,  
(For this was brief,) I found them close together,  
At blow, and thrust; even as again they were,  
When you yourself did part them.  
More of this matter can I not report:—  
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:—  
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,—  
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,—  
Yet, surely, Cassio, I believe, receiv'd,  
From him that fled, some strange indignity,  
Which patience could not pass.

*Oth.* I know, Iago,  
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,  
Making it light to Cassio:—Cassio, I love thee;  
But never more be officer of mine.—

*Enter DESDEMONA, attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up;—  
I'll make thee an example.

*Des.* What's the matter, dear?

*Oth.* All's well now, sweeting; Come away to bed.  
Sir, for your hurts,  
Myself will be your surgeon: Lead him off.

[*To MONTANO, who is led off.*]



Iago, look with care about the town;  
And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.—  
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,  
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife.

[*Exeunt all but IAGO and CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

*Cas.* Ay, past all surgery.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!

*Cas.* Reputation, reputation, reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part, sir, of myself, and what remains is bestial.—My reputation, Iago, my reputation.

*Iago.* As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that, than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What, man! there are ways to recover the general again: You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion: sue to him again, and he's yours.

*Cas.* I will rather sue to be despised, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk? and speak parrot and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with one's own shadow?—O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

*Iago.* What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you?

*Cas.* I know not.



*Iago.* Is it possible?

*Cas.* I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore.—O, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should, with joy, revel, pleasure, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts!

*Iago.* Why, but you are now well enough: How came you thus recovered?

*Cas.* It hath pleased the devil, drunkenness, to give place to the devil, wrath: one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

*Iago.* Come, you are too severe a moralist: As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen; but, since it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

*Cas.* I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me, I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange!—Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil.

*Iago.* Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think I love you.

*Cas.* I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

*Iago.* You, or any man living, may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general;—I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces:—confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again: she is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a dispo-



sition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness, not to do more than she is requested: This broken joint, between you and her husband, entreat her to splinter; and, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

*Cas.* You advise me well.

*Iago.* I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

*Cas.* I think it freely; and, betimes in the morning, I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

*Iago.* You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

*Cas.* Good night, honest Iago. [*Exit CASSIO.*]

*Iago.* And what's he then, that says,—I play the villain?

When this advice is free, I give, and honest,  
Probal to thinking, and (indeed) the course  
To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy  
The inclining Desdemona to subdue  
In any honest suit; she's fram'd as fruitful  
As the free elements. And then for her  
To win the Moor,—were't to renounce his baptism,  
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,—  
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love,  
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,  
Even as her appetite shall play the god  
With his weak function. How am I then a villain,  
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,  
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!  
When devils will their blackest sins put on,



They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,  
As I do now: For while this honest fool  
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,  
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,  
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,—  
That she repeals him for her body's lust;  
And, by how much she strives to do him good,  
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.  
So will I turn her virtue into pitch;  
And out of her own goodness make the net,  
That shall enmesh them all.—How now, Roderigo?

*Enter RODERIGO.*

*Rod.* I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound  
that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money  
is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well  
cudgelled; and, I think, the issue will be—I shall have  
so much experience for my pains: and so, with no  
money at all, and a little more wit, return to Venice.

*Iago.* How poor are they, that have not patience!—  
What wound did ever heal, but by degrees?

Thou know'st, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;  
And wit depends on dilatory time.

Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,  
And thou, by that small hurt, hast cashier'd Cassio:

Though other things grow fair against the sun,  
Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:

Content thyself a while.—By th' mass, 'tis morning;  
Pleasure, and action, make the hours seem short.—

Retire thee; go where thou art billeted:  
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter:

Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit Rod.*] Two things are to  
be done,—



My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;  
I'll set her on;  
Myself, the while, to draw the Moor apart,  
And bring him jump when he may Cassio find  
Soliciting his wife:—Ay, that's the way;  
Dull not device by coldness and delay. [Exit

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### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*Before the castle.*

*Enter CASSIO, and some Musicians.*

*Cas.* Masters, play here, I will content your pains,  
Something that's brief; and bid—good morrow, general.  
[Musick.

*Enter CLOWN.*

*Clo.* Why, masters, have your instruments been at  
Naples, that they speak i'th' nose thus?

*1 Mus.* How, sir, how!

*Clo.* Are these, I pray you, called wind instruments?

*1 Mus.* Ay, marry, are they, sir.

*Clo.* O, thereby hangs a tail.

*1 Mus.* Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

*Clo.* Marry, sir, by many a wind instrument that  
I know. But, masters, here's money for you: and  
the general so likes your musick, that he desires you,  
of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

*1 Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.



*Clo.* If you have any musick that may not be heard, to't again: but, as they say, to hear musick, the general does not greatly care.

*1 Mus.* We have none such, sir.

*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away: Go; vanish into air; away. [*Exeunt Musicians.*]

*Cas.* Dost thou hear, my honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, keep up thy quilllets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife, be stirring, tell her, there's one Cassio entreats her a little favour of speech: Wilt thou do this?

*Clo.* She is stirring, sir; if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her. [*Exit.*]

*Enter IAGO.*

*Cas.* Do, good my friend.—In happy time, Iago.

*Iago.* You have not been a-bed then?

*Cas.* Why, no; the day had broke  
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,  
To send in to your wife: My suit to her  
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona  
Procure me some access.

*Iago.* I'll send her to you presently;  
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor  
Out of the way, that your converse and business  
May be more free. [*Exit.*]

*Cas.* I humbly thank you for't. I never knew  
A Florentine more kind and honest.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry



For your displeasure; but all will soon be well.  
 The general, and his wife, are talking of it;  
 And she speaks for you stoutly: The Moor replies,  
 That he, you hurt, is of great fame in Cyprus,  
 And great affinity; and that, in wholesome wisdom,  
 He might not but refuse you: but, he protests, he loves  
 you;

And needs no other suitor, but his likings,  
 To take the saf'st occasion by the front,  
 To bring you in again.

*Cas.* Yet, I beseech you,—  
 If you think fit, or that it may be done,—  
 Give me advantage of some brief discourse  
 With Desdemona alone.

*Emil.* Pray you, come in;  
 I will bestow you where you shall have time  
 To speak your bosom freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to you.  
 [Exeunt

SCENE II.—*A room in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO, IAGO, and Gentlemen.*

*Oth.* These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;  
 And, by him, do my duties to the state:  
 That done, I will be walking on the works,  
 Repair there to me.

*Iago.* Well, my good lord, I'll do't.

*Oth.* This fortification, gentlemen,—shall we see't?

*Gent.* We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt



SCENE III.—*Before the castle.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, CASSIO, and EMILIA.*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd, good Cassio, I will do  
All my abilities in thy behalf.

*Emil.* Good madam, do; I know it grieves my husband,  
band,

As if the case were his.

*Des.* O, that's an honest fellow.—Do not doubt, Cassio,  
But I will have my lord and you again  
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous madam,  
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,  
He'll never any thing but your true servant.

*Des.* O, sir, I thank you: You do love my lord:  
You have known him long; and be you well assur'd,  
He shall in strangeness stand no further off  
Than in a politick distance.

*Cas.* Ay, but, lady,  
That policy may either last so long,  
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,  
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,  
That, I being absent, and my place supplied,  
My general will forget my love and service.

*Des.* Do not doubt that; before Emilia here,  
I give thee warrant of thy place: assure thee,  
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it  
To the last article: my lord shall never rest;  
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;  
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift;  
I'll intermingle every thing he does  
With Cassio's suit: Therefore be merry, Cassio;



For thy solicitor shall rather die,  
Than give thy cause away.

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO, at a distance.*

*Emil.* Madam, here comes  
My lord.

*Cas.* Madam, I'll take my leave.

*Des.* Why, stay,  
And hear me speak.

*Cas.* Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,  
Unfit for mine own purposes.

*Des.* Well, well,  
Do your discretion, *[Exit CASSIO.]*

*Iago.* Ha! I like not that.

*Oth.* What dost thou say?

*Iago.* Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what.

*Oth.* Was not that Cassio, parted from my wife?

*Iago.* Cassio, my lord? No, sure, I cannot think it,  
That he would steal away so guilty-like,  
Seeing you coming.

*Oth.* I do believe 'twas he.

*Des.* How now, my lord?  
I have been talking with a suitor here,  
A man that languishes in your displeasure.

*Oth.* Who is't, you mean?

*Des.* Why, your lieutenant Cassio. Good my lord,  
If I have any grace, or power to move you,  
His present reconciliation take;  
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,  
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,  
I have no judgement in an honest face:  
I pr'ythee, call him back.

*Oth.* Went he hence now?



*Des.* Ay, sooth; so humbled,  
That he hath left part of his grief with me;  
I suffer with him. Good love, call him back.

*Oth.* Not now, sweet Desdemona; some other time.

*Des.* But shall't be shortly?

*Oth.* The sooner, sweet, for you.

*Des.* Shall't be to-night, at supper?

*Oth.* No, not to-night.

*Des.* To-morrow dinner then?

*Oth.* I shall not dine at home;  
I meet the captains at the citadel.

*Des.* Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn;  
Or Tuesday noon, or night; or Wednesday morn;—  
I pray thee, name the time; but let it not  
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;  
And yet his trespass, in our common reason,  
(Save that, they say, the wars must make examples  
Out of their best,) is not almost a fault  
To incur a private check: When shall he come?  
Tell me, Othello. I wonder in my soul,  
What you could ask me, that I should deny,  
Or stand so mammering on. What! Michael Cassio,  
That came a wooing with you; and many a time,  
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,  
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do  
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much,—

*Oth.* Pr'ythee, no more: let him come when he will;  
I will deny thee nothing.

*Des.* Why, this is not a boon;  
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves,  
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm;  
Or sue to you to do peculiar profit  
To your own person: Nay, when I have a suit,



Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,  
It shall be full of poize and difficulty,  
And fearful to be granted.

*Oth.* I will deny thee nothing:  
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,  
To leave me but a little to myself.

*Des.* Shall I deny you? no: Farewell, my lord.

*Oth.* Farewell, my Desdemona: I will come to thee  
straight.

*Des.* Emilia, come:—Be it as your fancies teach you;  
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exit, with EMILIA.*]

*Oth.* Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! and when I love thee not,  
Chaos is come again.

*Iago.* My noble lord,——

*Oth.* What dost thou say, Iago?

*Iago.* Did Michael Cassio, when you woo'd my lady,  
Know of your love?

*Oth.* He did, from first to last: Why dost thou ask?

*Iago.* But for a satisfaction of my thought;  
No further harm.

*Oth.* Why of thy thought, Iago?

*Iago.* I did not think, he had been acquainted with her.

*Oth.* O, yes; and went between us very oft.

*Iago.* Indeed?

*Oth.* Indeed! ay, indeed:—Discern'st thou aught in  
that?

Is he not honest?

*Iago.* Honest, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay, honest.

*Iago.* My lord, for aught I know.

*Oth.* What dost thou think?

*Iago.* Think, my lord?



*Oth.*

Think, my lord!

By heaven, he echoes me,  
As if there were some monster in his thought  
Too hideous to be shown.—Thou dost mean something:  
I heard thee say but now,—Thou lik'dst not that,  
When Cassio left my wife; What did'st not like?  
And, when I told thee—he was of my counsel  
In my whole course of wooing, thou cry'dst, *Indeed?*  
And did'st contract and purse thy brow together,  
As if thou then had'st shut up in thy brain  
Some horrible conceit: If thou dost love me,  
Show me thy thought.

*Iago.* My lord, you know I love you.*Oth.*

I think, thou dost;

And,—for I know thou art full of love and honesty,  
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,—  
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more:  
For such things, in a false disloyal knave,  
Are tricks of custom; but, in a man that's just,  
They are close denotements, working from the heart,  
That passion cannot rule.

*Iago.*

For Michael Cassio,—

I dare be sworn, I think that he is honest.

*Oth.* I think so too.*Iago.*

Men should be what they seem;

Or, those that be not, 'would they might seem none!

*Oth.* Certain, men should be what they seem.*Iago.*

Why then,

I think that Cassio is an honest man.

*Oth.* Nay, yet there's more in this:

I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,  
As thou dost ruminate; and give thy worst of thoughts  
The worst of words.



*Iago.* Good my lord, pardon me;  
Though I am bound to every act of duty,  
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.  
Utter my thoughts? Why, say, they are vile and false,—  
As where's that palace, whereinto foul things  
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?

*Oth.* Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,  
If thou but think'st him wrong'd, and mak'st his ear  
A stranger to thy thoughts.

*Iago.* I do beseech you,—  
Though I, perchance, am vicious in my guess,  
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague  
To spy into abuses; and, oft, my jealousy  
Shapes faults that are not,—I entreat you then,  
From one that so imperfectly conjects,  
You'd take no notice; nor build yourself a trouble  
Out of his scattering and unsure observance:—  
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,  
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,  
To let you know my thoughts.

*Oth.* What dost thou mean?

*Iago.* Good name, in man, and woman, dear my lord,  
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:  
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, no-  
thing;  
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;  
But he, that filches from me my good name,  
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,  
And makes me poor indeed.

*Oth.* By heaven, I'll know thy thought.



*Iago.* You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;  
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Iago.* O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;  
It is the green-ey'd monster, which doth mock  
The meat it feeds on: That cuckold lives in bliss,  
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;  
But, O, what damned minutes tells he o'er,  
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet strongly loves!

*Oth.* O misery!

*Iago.* Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;  
But riches, fineless, is as poor as winter,  
To him that ever fears he shall be poor:—  
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend  
From jealousy!

*Oth.* Why? why is this?  
Think'st thou, I'd make a life of jealousy,  
To follow still the changes of the moon  
With fresh suspicions? No: to be once in doubt,  
Is—once to be resolv'd: Exchange me for a goat,  
When I shall turn the business of my soul  
To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,  
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,  
To say—my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,  
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;  
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:  
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw  
The smallest fear, or doubt of her revolt;  
For she had eyes, and chose me: No, Iago;  
I'll see, before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;  
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,—  
Away at once with love, or jealousy.

*Iago.* I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason



To show the love and duty that I bear you  
With franker spirit: therefore, as I am bound,  
Receive it from me:—I speak not yet of proof.  
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;  
Wear your eye—thus, not jealous, nor secure:  
I would not have your free and noble nature,  
Out of self-bounty, be abus'd; look to't:  
I know our country disposition well;  
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks  
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience  
Is—not to leave undone, but keep unknown.

*Oth.* Dost thou say so?

*Iago.* She did deceive her father, marrying you;  
And, when she seem'd to shake, and fear your looks,  
She lov'd them most.

*Oth.* And so she did.

*Iago.* Why, go to, then;  
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,  
To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,—  
He thought, 'twas witchcraft:—But I am much to blame;  
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon,  
For too much loving you.

*Oth.* I am bound to thee for ever.

*Iago.* I see, this hath a little dash'd your spirits.

*Oth.* Not a jot, not a jot.

*Iago.* Trust me, I fear it has.

I hope, you will consider, what is spoke  
Comes from my love;—But, I do see you are mov'd:—  
I am to pray you, not to strain my speech  
To grosser issues, nor to larger reach,  
Than to suspicion.

*Oth.* I will not.

*Iago.* Should you do so, my lord,



My speech should fall into such vile success  
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend:—  
My lord, I see you are mov'd.

*Oth.* No, not much mov'd:—  
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

*Iago.* Long live she so! and long live you to think  
so!

*Oth.* And yet, how nature erring from itself,—

*Iago.* Ay, there's the point:—As,—to be bold with  
you,—

Not to affect many proposed matches,  
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree;  
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends:  
Foh! one may smell, in such, a will most rank,  
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.—  
But pardon me; I do not, in position,  
Distinctly speak of her: though I may fear,  
Her will, recoiling to her better judgement,  
May fall to match you with her country forms,  
And (haply) repent.

*Oth.* Farewell, farewell:  
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;  
Set on thy wife to observe: Leave me, Iago.

*Iago.* My lord, I take my leave. [Going.]

*Oth.* Why did I marry?—This honest creature,  
doubtless,

Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.

*Iago.* My lord, I would, I might entreat your honour  
To scan this thing no further; leave it to time:  
And though it be fit that Cassio have his place,  
(For, sure, he fills it up with great ability,)  
Yet, if you please to hold him off a while,  
You shall by that perceive him and his means:



Note, if your lady strain his entertainment  
With any strong or vehement opportunity;  
Much will be seen in that. In the mean time,  
Let me be thought too busy in my fears,  
(As worthy cause I have, to fear—I am,)  
And hold her free, I do beseech your honour.

*Oth.* Fear not my government.

*Iago.* I once more take my leave. [Exit.

*Oth.* This fellow's of exceeding honesty,  
And knows all qualities, with a learned spirit,  
Of human dealings: If I do prove her haggard,  
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,  
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I am black;  
And have not those soft parts of conversation  
That chamberers have: Or, for I am declin'd  
Into the vale of years;—yet that's not much;—  
She's gone; I am abus'd; and my relief  
Must be—to loath her. O curse of marriage,  
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,  
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,  
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,  
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,  
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;  
Prerogativ'd are they less than the base;  
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death;  
Even then this forked plague is fated to us,  
When we do quicken. Desdemona comes:

*Enter DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*

If she be false, O, then heaven mocks itself!—  
I'll not believe it.

*Des.* How now, my dear Othello?



Your dinner, and the generous islanders  
By you invited, do attend your presence.

*Oth.* I am to blame.

*Des.* Why is your speech so faint? are you not well?

*Oth.* I have a pain upon my forehead here.

*Des.* Faith, that's with watching; 'twill away again:  
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour  
It will be well.

*Oth.* Your napkin is too little;

*[He puts the handkerchief from him, and it drops]*  
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

*Des.* I am very sorry that you are not well.

*[Exeunt OTH. and DES]*

*Emil.* I am glad I have found this napkin;  
This was her first remembrance from the Moor:  
My wayward husband hath a hundred times  
Woo'd me to steal it: but she so loves the token,  
(For he conjur'd her, she would ever keep it,)  
That she reserves it evermore about her,  
To kiss, and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,  
And give it Iago:  
What he'll do with it, heaven knows, not I;  
I nothing, but to please his fantasy.

*Enter IAGO.*

*Iago.* How now! what do you do here alone?

*Emil.* Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

*Iago.* A thing for me?—it is a common thing.

*Emil.* Ha!

*Iago.* To have a foolish wife.

*Emil.* O, is that all? What will you give me now  
For that same handkerchief?

*Iago.*

What handkerchief?



*Emil.* What handkerchief?

Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona;  
That which so often you did bid me steal.

*Iago.* Hast stolen it from her?

*Emil.* No, faith; she let it drop by negligence;  
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.  
Look, here it is.

*Iago.* A good wench; give it me.

*Emil.* What will you do with it, that you have been  
so earnest  
To have me filch it?

*Iago.* Why, what's that you?

[*Snatching it.*]

*Emil.* If it be not for some purpose of import,  
Give't me again: Poor lady! she'll run mad,  
When she shall lack it.

*Iago.* Be not you known oft; I have use for it.  
Go, leave me.

[*Exit EMILIA*]

I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin,  
And let him find it: Trifles, light as air,  
Are, to the jealous, confirmations strong  
As proofs of holy writ. This may do something  
The Moor already changes with my poison:—  
Dangerous conceits are, in their natures, poisons,  
Which, at the first, are scarce found to distaste;  
But, with a little act upon the blood,  
Burn like the mines of sulphur.—I did say so:—

*Enter OTHELLO.*

Look, where he comes! Not poppy, nor mandragora,  
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,  
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep  
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.



*Oth.* Ha! ha! false to me?  
To me?

*Iago.* Why, how now, general? no more of that.

*Oth.* Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the  
rack:—

I swear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,  
Than but to know't a little.

*Iago.* How now, my lord?

*Oth.* What sense had I of her stolen hours of lust?  
I saw it not, thought it not, it harm'd not me:  
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;  
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips:  
He that is robb'd, not wanting what is stolen,  
Let him not know it, and he's not robb'd at all.

*Iago.* I am sorry to hear this.

*Oth.* I had been happy, if the general camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body,  
So I had nothing known: O now, for ever,  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell content!  
Farewell the plumed troop, and the big wars,  
That make ambition virtue! O, farewell!  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,  
The spirit-stirring drum, th'ear-piercing fife,  
The royal banner; and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!  
And O you mortal engines, whose rude throats  
Th'immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit,  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone!

*Iago.* Is it possible?—My lord,——

*Oth.* Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;  
Be sure of it; give me the ocular proof;

[Taking him by the throat]

Or, by the worth of mine eternal soul,



Thou hadst been better have been born a dog,  
Than answer my wak'd wrath.

*Iago.* Is it come to this?

*Oth.* Make me to see it; or (at the least) so prove it,  
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,  
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!

*Iago.* My noble lord,——

*Oth.* If thou dost slander her, and torture me,  
Never pray more; abandon all remorse;  
On horror's head horrors accumulate:  
Do deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amaz'd,  
For nothing canst thou to damnation add,  
Greater than that.

*Iago.* O grace! O heaven defend me!  
Are you a man? have you a soul, or sense?—  
God be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool,  
That liv'st to make thine honesty a vice!—  
O monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world,  
To be direct and honest, is not safe.—  
I thank you for this profit; and, from hence,  
I'll love no friend, since love breeds such offence.

*Oth.* Nay, stay:—Thou should'st be honest.

*Iago.* I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,  
And loses that it works for.

*Oth.* By the world,  
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;  
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not;  
I'll have some proof: Her name, that was as fresh  
As Dian's visage, is now begrim'd and black  
As mine own face.—If there be cords, or knives,  
Poison, or fire, or suffocating streams,  
I'll not endure it.—Would, I were satisfied!

*Iago.* I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion:



I do repent me, that I put it to you.  
You would be satisfied?

*Oth.* Would? nay, I will.

*Iago.* And may: But, how? how satisfied, my lord?  
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on?  
Behold her tupp'd?

*Oth.* Death and damnation! O!

*Iago.* It were a tedious difficulty, I think,  
To bring them to that prospect: Damn them then,  
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster,  
More than their own! What then? how then?  
What shall I say? Where's satisfaction?  
It is impossible, you should see this,  
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,  
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross  
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,  
If imputation, and strong circumstances,—  
Which lead directly to the door of truth,—  
Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.

*Oth.* Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

*Iago.* I do not like the office:  
But, sith I am enter'd in this cause so far,—  
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,—  
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;  
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,  
I could not sleep.  
There are a kind of men so loose of soul,  
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;  
One of this kind is Cassio:  
In sleep I heard him say,—*Sweet Desdemona,*  
*Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!*  
And then, sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand,  
*Cry,—O, sweet creature!* and then kiss me hard,



As if he pluck'd up kisses by the roots,  
That grew upon my lips: then laid his leg  
Over my thigh, and sigh'd, and kiss'd; and then  
Cry'd,—*Cursed fate! that gave thee to the Moor!*

*Oth.* O monstrous! monstrous!

*Iago.* Nay, this was but his dream.

*Oth.* But this denoted a foregone conclusion;  
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream.

*Iago.* And this may help to thicken other proofs,  
That do demonstrate thinly.

*Oth.* I'll tear her all to pieces

*Iago.* Nay, but be wise: yet we see nothing done;  
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this,—  
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,  
Spotted with strawberries, in your wife's hand?

*Oth.* I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

*Iago.* I know not that: but such a handkerchief,  
(I am sure it was your wife's,) did I to-day  
See Cassio wipe his beard with.

*Oth.* If it be that,—

*Iago.* If it be that, or any that was hers,  
It speaks against her with the other proofs.

*Oth.* O, that the slave had forty thousand lives;  
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge!  
Now do I see 'tis true.—Look here, Iago;  
All my fond love thus I do blow to heaven:  
'Tis gone.—  
Arise, black vengeance, from thy hollow cell!  
Yield up, O love, thy crown, and hearted throne,  
To tyrannous hate! swell, bosom, with thy fraught,  
For 'tis of aspicks' tongues!

*Iago.* Pray, be content.

*Oth.* O, blood, Iago, blood!



*Iago.* Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.

*Oth.* Never, Iago. Like to the Pontick sea,  
Whose icy current and compulsive course  
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on  
To the Propontick, and the Hellespont;  
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,  
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,  
Till that a capable and wide revenge  
Swallow them up.—Now, by yond' marble heaven,  
In the due reverence of a sacred vow [Kneels.  
I here engage my words.

*Iago.* Do not rise yet.— [Kneels.  
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!  
You elements that clip us round about!  
Witness, that here Iago doth give up  
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,  
To wrong'd Othello's service! let him command,  
And to obey shall be in me remorse,  
What bloody work soever.

*Oth.* I greet thy love,  
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,  
And will upon the instant put thee to't:  
Within these three days let me hear thee say,  
That Cassio's not alive.

*Iago.* My friend is dead; 'tis done, at your request:  
But let her live.

*Oth.* Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her!  
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw,  
To furnish me with some swift means of death  
For the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.

*Iago.* I am your own for ever. [Exeunt.



SCENE IV.—*The same.*

*Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Clown.*

*Des.* Do you know, sirrah, where lieutenant Cassio lies?

*Clo.* I dare not say, he lies any where.

*Des.* Why, man?

*Clo.* He is a soldier; and for me to say a soldier lies, is stabbing.

*Des.* Go to; Where lodges he?

*Clo.* To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

*Des.* Can any thing be made of this?

*Clo.* I know not where he lodges; and for me to devise a lodging, and say—he lies here, or he lies there, were to lie in my own throat.

*Des.* Can you enquire him out, and be edified by report?

*Clo.* I will catechize the world for him; that is, make questions, and by them answer.

*Des.* Seek him, bid him come hither: tell him, I have moved my lord in his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

*Clo.* To do this, is within the compass of man's wit and therefore I will attempt the doing it. *[Exit]*

*Des.* Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia

*Emil.* I know not, madam.

*Des.* Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse  
Full of cruzadoes. And, but my noble Moor  
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness  
As jealous creatures are, it were enough  
To put him to ill thinking.



*Emil.* Is he not jealous?

*Des.* Who, he? I think, the sun, where he was born,  
Drew all such humours from him.

*Emil.* Look, where he comes.

*Des.* I will not leave him now, till Cassio  
Be call'd to him.—How is't with you, my lord?

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* Well, my good lady:—[*Aside.*] O, hardness to  
dissemble!—

How do you, Desdemona?

*Des.* Well, my good lord.

*Oth.* Give me your hand: This hand is moist, my lady.

*Des.* It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow

*Oth.* This argues fruitfulness, and liberal heart;—  
Hot, hot, and moist: This hand of yours requires  
A sequester from liberty, fasting and prayer,  
Much castigation, exercise devout;  
For here's a young and sweating devil here,  
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,  
A frank one.

*Des.* You may, indeed, say so;  
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.

*Oth.* A liberal hand: The hearts of old, gave hands;  
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.

*Des.* I cannot speak of this. Come now your pro-  
mise.

*Oth.* What promise, chuck?

*Des.* I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you

*Oth.* I have a salt and sullen rheum offends me;  
Lend me thy handkerchief.

*Des.* Here, my lord.

*Oth.* That which I gave you.



*Des.* I have it not about me.

*Oth.* Not?

*Des.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Oth.* That is a fault.

That handkerchief  
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;  
She was a charmer, and could almost read  
The thoughts of people: she told her, while she kept it,  
'Twould make her amiable, and subdue my father  
Entirely to her love; but if she lost it,  
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye  
Should hold her loathly, and his spirits should hun-  
After new fancies: She, dying, gave it me;  
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,  
To give it her. I did so: and take heed of't,  
Make it a darling like your precious eye,  
To lose or give't away, were such perdition,  
As nothing else could match.

*Des.* Is't possible?

*Oth.* 'Tis true: there's magick in the web of  
A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to make two hundred compasses,  
In her prophetick fury sew'd the work.  
The worms were hallow'd, that did breed the silk;  
And it was died in mummy, which the skilful  
Conserv'd of maidens' hearts.

*Des.* Indeed! is't true?

*Oth.* Most veritable; therefore look to't well.

*Des.* Then 'would to heaven, that I had never seen it.

*Oth.* Ha! wherefore?

*Des.* Why do you speak so startingly and rash?

*Oth.* Is't lost? is't gone? speak, is it out o'th' way?

*Des.* Heaven bless us!



*Oth.* Say you?

*Des.* It is not lost; But what an if it were?

*Oth.* Ha!

*Des.* I say, it is not lost.

*Oth.* Fetch't, let me see it.

*Des.* Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now;

This is a trick, to put me from my suit;

I pray, let Cassio be receiv'd again.

*Oth.* Fetch me that handkerchief: my mind misgives.

*Des.* Come, come;

You'll never meet a more sufficient man.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* I pray, talk me of Cassio.

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* A man that, all his time,

Hath founded his good fortune on your love;

Shar'd dangers with you;——

*Oth.* The handkerchief,——

*Des.* In sooth,

You are to blame.

*Oth.* Away! [Exit OTHELLO]

*Emil.* Is not this man jealous?

*Des.* I ne'er saw this before.

Sure, there's some wonder in this handkerchief:

I am most unhappy in the loss of it.

*Emil.* 'Tis not a year or two shows us a man:

They are all but stomachs, and we all but food;

They eat us hungerly, and when they are full,

They belch us. Look you! Cassio, and my husband.

*Enter IAGO and CASSIO.*

*Iago.* There is no other way; 'tis she must do't;  
And, lo, the happiness! go, and impórtune her.



*Des.* How now, good Cassio? what's the news with you

*Cas.* Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you,  
That, by your virtuous means, I may again  
Exist, and be a member of his love,  
Whom I, with all the duty of my heart,  
Entirely honour; I would not be delay'd:  
If my offence be of such mortal kind,  
That neither service past, nor present sorrows,  
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,  
Can ransome me into his love again,  
But to know so must be my benefit;  
So shall I clothe me in a forc'd content,  
And shut myself up in some other course,  
To fortune's alms.

*Des.* Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio,  
My advocacy is not now in tune;  
My lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,  
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.  
So help me, every spirit sanctified,  
As I have spoken for you all my best;  
And stood within the blank of his displeasure,  
For my free speech! You must a while be patient:  
What I can do, I will; and more I will,  
Than for myself I dare: let that suffice you.

*Iago.* Is my lord angry?

*Emil.* He went hence but now  
And, certainly, in strange unquietness.

*Iago.* Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,  
When it hath blown his ranks into the air;  
And, like the devil, from his very arm  
Puff'd his own brother;—And can he be angry?  
Something of moment, then: I will go meet him;  
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.



*Des.* I pr'ythee, do so.—Something, sure, of state,—  
[*Exit IAGO.*

Either from Venice; or some unhatch'd practice,  
Made démonstrable here in Cyprus to him,—  
Hath puddled his clear spirit: and, in such cases,  
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,  
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;  
For let our finger ache, and it indues  
Our other healthful members ev'n to that sense  
Of pain: Nay, we must think, men are not gods;  
Nor of them look for such observances  
As fit the bridal.—Beshrew me much, Emilia,  
I was (unhandsome warrior as I am,)  
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;  
But now I find, I had suborn'd the witness,  
And he's indited falsely.

*Emil.* Pray heaven, it be state matters, as you think;  
And no conception, nor no jealous toy,  
Concerning you.

*Des.* Alas, the day! I never gave him cause.

*Emil.* But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;  
They are not ever jealous for the cause,  
But jealous for they are jealous: 'tis a monster,  
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

*Des.* Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!

*Emil.* Lady, amen.

*Des.* I will go seek him.—Cassio walk hereabout;  
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit,  
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.

*Cas.* I humbly thank your ladyship

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA.*



*Enter* BIANCA.

*Bian.* Save you, friend Cassio!

*Cas.* What make you from home.  
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?  
I'faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.

*Bian.* And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.  
What! keep a week away? seven days and nights?  
Eight score eight hours? and lovers' absent hours,  
More tedious than the dial eight score times?  
O weary reckoning!

*Cas.* Pardon me, Bianca;  
I have this while with leaden thoughts been press'd;  
But I shall, in a more continue time,  
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,  
[*Giving her DESDEMONA's handkerchief*]  
Take me this work out.

*Bian.* O, Cassio, whence came this?  
This is some token from a newer friend.  
To the felt absence now I feel a cause:  
Is it come to this? Well, well.

*Cas.* Woman, go to!  
Throw your vile guesses in the devil's teeth,  
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,  
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:  
No, in good troth, Bianca.

*Bian.* Why, whose is it?

*Cas.* I know not, sweet: I found it in my chamber  
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,  
(As like enough, it will,) I'd have it copied:  
Take it, and do't; and leave me for this time.

*Bian.* Leave you! wherefore?

*Cas.* I do attend here on the general;



And think it no addition, nor my wish,  
To have him see me woman'd.

*Bian.*

Why, I pray you?

*Cas.* Not that I love you not.

*Bian.*

But that you do not love me.

I pray you, bring me on the way a little;  
And say, if I shall see you soon at night.

*Cas.* 'Tis but a little way, that I can bring you,  
For I attend here: but I'll see you soon.

*Bian.* 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

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## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*The same.*

*Enter OTHELLO and IAGO.*

*Iago.* Will you think so?

*Oth.*

Think so, Iago?

*Iago.*

What,

To kiss in private?

*Oth.*

An unauthoriz'd kiss.

*Iago.* Or to be naked with her friend abed,  
An hour, or more, not meaning any harm?

*Oth.* Naked abed, Iago, and not mean harm?  
It is hypocrisy against the devil:

They that mean virtuously, and yet do so,

The devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.



*Iago.* So they do nothing, 'tis a venial slip:  
But if I give my wife a handkerchief,—

*Oth.* What then?

*Iago.* Why, then 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,  
She may, I think, bestow't on any man.

*Oth.* She is protectress of her honour too;  
May she give that?

*Iago.* Her honour is an essence that's not seen;  
They have it very oft, that have it not:  
But, for the handkerchief,—

*Oth.* By heaven, I would most gladly have forgot it:—  
Thou said'st,—O, it comes o'er my memory,  
As doth the raven o'er the infected house,  
Boding to all,—he had my handkerchief.

*Iago.* Ay, what of that?

*Oth.* That's not so good, now.

*Iago.* What, if I had said, I had seen him do you  
wrong?

Or heard him say,—As knaves be such abroad,  
Who having, by their own importunate suit,  
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,  
Convinced or supplied them, cannot choose  
But they must blab—

*Oth.* Hath he said a ny thing?

*Iago.* He hath, my lord; but be you well assur'd,  
No more than he'll unswear.

*Oth.* What hath he said?

*Iago.* 'Faith, that he did,—I know not what he did

*Oth.* What? what?

*Iago.* Lie—

*Oth.* With her?

*Iago.* With her, on her; what you will.

*Oth.* Lie with her! lie on her!—We say, lie on her



when they belie her: Lie with her! that's fulsome.—Handkerchief,—confessions,—handkerchief.—To confess, and be hanged for his labour.—First, to be hanged, and then to confess:—I tremble at it. Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing passion, without some instruction. It is not words, that shake me thus:—Pish!—Noses, ears, and lips:—Is it possible?—Confess!—Handkerchief!—O devil!—

*[Falls in a trance.]*

*Iago.* Work on,  
My medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;  
And many worthy and chaste dames, even thus,  
All guiltless meet reproach.—What, ho! my lord!

*Enter CASSIO.*

My lord, I say! Othello!—How now, Cassio?

*Cas.* What is the matter?

*Iago.* My lord has fallen into an epilepsy;  
This is his second fit; he had one yesterday.

*Cas.* Rub him about the temples.

*Iago.*

No, forbear:

The lethargy must have his quiet course:  
If not, he foams at mouth; and, by and by,  
Breaks out to savage madness. Look, he stirs:  
Do you withdraw yourself a little while,  
He will recover straight; when he is gone,  
I would on great occasion speak with you.—

*[Exit CASSIO.]*

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?

*Oth.* Dost thou mock me?

*Iago.*

I mock you! no, by heaven:

'Would, you would bear your fortunes like a man.)

*Oth.* A horned man's a monster, and a beast.



*Iago.* There's many a beast then in a populous city,  
And many a civil monster.

*Oth.* Did he confess it?

*Iago.* Good sir, be a man;  
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yok'd,  
May draw with you: there's millions now alive,  
That nightly lie in those unproper beds,  
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better.  
O, 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,  
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,  
And to suppose her chaste! No, let me know;  
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.

*Oth.* O, thou art wise; 'tis certain.

*Iago.* Stand you awhile apart,  
Confine yourself but in a patient list.  
Whilst you were here, ere while mad with your grief,  
(A passion most unsuiting such a man,)  
Zassio came hither: I shifted him away,  
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy;  
Bade him anon return, and here speak with me;  
The which he promis'd. Do but encave yourself,  
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,  
That dwell in every region of his face;  
For I will make him tell the tale anew,—  
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when  
He hath, and is again to cope your wife;  
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;  
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,  
And nothing of a man.

*Oth.* Dost thou hear, Iago?  
I will be found most cunning in my patience;  
But (dost thou hear?) most bloody.

*Iago.* That's not amiss;



But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?

[OTHELLO *withdraws*.

Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,  
A housewife, that, by selling her desires,  
Buys herself bread and clothes: it is a creature,  
That dotes on Cassio,—as 'tis the strumpet's plague,  
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;—  
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain  
From the excess of laughter:—Here he comes:—

*Re-enter CASSIO.*

As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;  
And his unbookish jealousy must construe  
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,  
Quite in the wrong.—How do you now, lieutenant?

*Cas.* The worser, that you give me the addition,  
Whose want even kills me.

*Iago.* Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure of't.  
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power, [*Speaking lower*  
How quickly should you speed?

*Cas.* Alas, poor caitiff!

*Oth.* Look, how he laughs already! [*Aside.*

*Iago.* I never knew a woman love man so.

*Cas.* Alas, poor rogue! I think i'faith, she loves me.

*Oth.* Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.

[*Aside.*

*Iago.* Do you hear, Cassio?

*Oth.* Now he importunes him

To tell it o'er: Go to; well said, well said. [*Aside.*

*Iago.* She gives it out, that you shall marry her:  
Do you intend it?

*Cas.* Ha, ha, ha!



*Oth.* Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?

[*Aside.*

*Cas.* I marry her!—what? a customer! I pr'ythee, bear some charity to my wit; do not think it so unwholesome. Ha, ha, ha!

*Oth.* So, so, so, so: They laugh that win. [*Aside.*

*Iago.* 'Faith, the cry goes, that you shall marry her.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, say true.

*Iago.* I am a very villain else.

*Oth.* Have you scored me? Well. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* This is the monkey's own giving out: she is persuaded I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promise.

*Oth.* Iago beckons me; now he begins the story.

[*Aside.*

*Cas.* She was here even now; she haunts me in every place. I was, the other day, talking on the sea-bank with certain Venetians; and thither comes this bauble; by this hand, she falls thus about my neck;—

*Oth.* Crying, O dear Cassio! as it were: his gesture imports it. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me; so hales, and pulls me: ha, ha, ha!—

*Oth.* Now he tells, how she plucked him to my chamber: O, I see that nose of yours, but not that dog I shall throw it to. [*Aside.*

*Cas.* Well, I must leave her company.

*Iago.* Before me! look, where she comes.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Cas.* 'Tis such another fitchew! marry, a perfumed one.—What do you mean by this haunting of me?

*Bian.* Let the devil and his dam haunt you! What



did you mean by that same handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it. I must take out the whole work?—A likely piece of work, that you should find it in your chamber, and not know who left it there! This is some minx's token, and I must take out the work? There,—give it your hobby-horse: where-soever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

*Cas.* How now, my sweet Bianca? how now? how now?

*Oth.* By heaven, that should be my handkerchief!

[*Aside.*

*Bian.* An you'll come to supper to-night, you may: an you will not, come when you are next prepared for.

[*Exit.*

*Iago.* After her, after her.

*Cas.* 'Faith I must, she'll rail in the street else.

*Iago.* Will you sup there?

*Cas.* 'Faith, I intend so.

*Iago.* Well, I may chance to see you; for I would very fain speak with you.

*Cas.* Pr'ythee, come; Will you?

*Iago.* Go to; say no more.

[*Exit CASSIO.*

*Oth.* How shall I murder him, Iago?

*Iago.* Did you perceive how he laughed at his vice?

*Oth.* O, Iago!

*Iago.* And did you see the handkerchief?

*Oth.* Was that mine?

*Iago.* Yours, by this nand: and to see how he prizes the foolish woman, your wife! she gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

*Oth.* I would have him nine years a killing:—A fine woman! a fair woman! a sweet woman!

*Iago.* Nay, you must forget that.

*Oth.* Ay, let her rot, and perish, and be damned to-



night; for she shall not live: No, my heart is turned to stone; I strike it, and it hurts my hand. O, the world hath not a sweeter creature: she might lie by an emperor's side, and command him tasks.

*Iago.* Nay, that's not your way.

*Oth.* Hang her! I do but say what she is:—So delicate with her needle!—An admirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear!—Of so high and plenteous wit and invention!—

*Iago.* She's the worse for all this.

*Oth.* O, a thousand, a thousand times:—And then, of so gentle a condition!

*Iago.* Ay, too gentle.

*Oth.* Nay, that's certain: But yet the pity of it, *Iago*!—O, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*!

*Iago.* If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

*Oth.* I will chop her into messes:—Cuckold me!

*Iago.* O, 'tis foul in her.

*Oth.* With mine officer!

*Iago.* That's fouler.

*Oth.* Get me some poison, *Iago*; this night:—I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide my mind again:—this night, *Iago*.

*Iago.* Do it not with poison, strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated.

*Oth.* Good, good: the justice of it pleases; very good.

*Iago.* And, for Cassio,—let me be his undertaker: You shall hear more by midnight. [*A trumpet within.*]

*Oth.* Excellent good.—What trumpet is that same?

*Iago.* Something from Venice, sure. 'Tis Lodovico, Come from the duke: and, see, your wife is with him.



*Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, and Attendants.*

*Lod.* 'Save you, worthy general!

*Oth.* With all my heart, sir.

*Lod.* The duke and senators of Venice greet you.

*[Gives him a packet.*

*Oth.* I kiss the instrument of their pleasures.

*[Opens the packet, and reads.*

*Des.* And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

*Iago.* I am very glad to see you, signior;

Welcome to Cyprus.

*Lod.* I thank you: How does lieutenant Cassio?

*Iago.* Lives, sir.

*Des.* Cousin, there's fallen between him and my lord  
An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

*Oth.* Are you sure of that?

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* *This fail you not to do, as you will—*  
*[Reads.*

*Lod.* He did not call; he's busy in the paper.  
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?

*Des.* A most unhappy one; I would do much  
To atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.

*Oth.* Fire and brimstone!

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Are you wise?

*Des.* What, is he angry?

*Lod.* 'May be, the letter mov'd him;  
For, as I think, they do command him home,  
Deputing Cassio in his government.

*Des.* By my troth, I am glad on't.

*Oth.* Indeed?

*Des.* My lord?



*Oth.* I am glad to see you mad.

*Des.* How, sweet Othello?

*Oth.* Devil! [Striking her.

*Des.* I have not deserv'd this.

*Lod.* My lord, this would not be believ'd in Venice,  
Though I should swear I saw it: 'Tis very much;  
Make her amends, she weeps.

*Oth.* O devil, devil!  
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,  
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile:—  
Out of my sight!

*Des.* I will not stay to offend you. [Going.

*Lod.* Truly, an obedient lady:—  
I do beseech your lordship, call her back.

*Oth.* Mistress,——

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* What would you with her, sir?

*Lod.* Who, I, my lord?

*Oth.* Ay; you did wish, that I would make her turn:  
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on,  
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;  
And she's obedient, as you say,—obedient,—  
Very obedient;—Proceed you in your tears.—  
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!  
I am commanded home:—Get you away;  
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,  
And will return to Venice;—Hence, avaunt!

[Exit DESDEMONA  
Cassio shall have my place. And,—sir, to-night,  
I do entreat that we may sup together.

You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkies!  
[Exit.

*Lod.* Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate



Call—all-in-all sufficient?—This the noble nature  
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue  
The shot of accident, nor dart of chance,  
Could neither graze, nor pierce?

*Iago.* He is much chang'd.

*Lod.* Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain?

*Iago.* He is that he is; I may not breathe my  
censure.

What he might be,—if, what he might, he is not,—  
I would to heaven, he were.

*Lod.* What, strike his wife!

*Iago.* 'Faith, that was not so well; Yet 'would I  
knew,

That stroke would prove the worst.

*Lod.* Is it his use?

Or did the letters work upon his blood,  
And new-create this fault?

*Iago.* Alas, alas!

It is not honesty in me, to speak

What I have seen and known. You shall observe  
him;

And his own course will denote him so,

That I may save my speech: Do but go after,

And mark how he continues.

*Lod.* I am sorry, that I am deceiv'd in him.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A room in the castle.*

*Enter OTHELLO and EMILIA.*

*Oth.* You have seen nothing then?

*Emil.* Nor ever heard; nor ever did suspect.

*Oth.* Yes, you have seen Cassio and she together



*Emil.* But then I saw no harm; and then I heard  
Each syllable, that breath made up between them.

*Oth.* What, did they never whisper?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* Nor send you out o' th' way?

*Emil.* Never.

*Oth.* To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor  
nothing?

*Emil.* Never, my lord.

*Oth.* That's strange.

*Emil.* I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,  
Lay down my soul at stake: if you think other,  
Remove your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.  
If any wretch hath put this in your head,  
Let heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!  
For, if she be not honest, chaste and true,  
There's no man happy; the purest of their wives  
Is foul as slander.

*Oth.* Bid her come hither:—go.—

[*Exit EMILIA.*]

She says enough;—yet she's a simple bawd,  
That cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,  
A closet-lock-and-key of villainous secrets:  
And yet she'll kneel, and pray; I have seen her do't.

*Re-enter EMILIA, with DESDEMONA.*

*Des.* My lord, what is your will?

*Oth.* Pray, chuck, come hither

*Des.* What is your pleasure?

*Oth.* Let me see your eyes;  
Look in my face.

*Des.* What horrible fancy's this?

*Oth.* Some of your function, mistress; [*To EMILIA.*]



Leave procreants alone, and shut the door;  
Cough, or cry—hem, if any body come:  
Your mystery, your mystery;—nay, despatch.

[Exit EMILIA.]

*Des.* Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?  
I understand a fury in your words,  
But not the words.

*Oth.* Why, what art thou?

*Des.* Your wife, my lord; your true  
And loyal wife.

*Oth.* Come, swear it, damn thyself;  
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves  
Should fear to seize thee: therefore be double-damn'd,  
Swear—thou art honest.

*Des.* Heaven doth truly know it.

*Oth.* Heaven truly knows, that thou art false as hell.

*Des.* To whom, my lord? with whom? How am  
I false?

*Oth.* O Desdemona!—away! away! away!

*Des.* Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?  
Am I the occasion of these tears, my lord?  
If, haply, you my father do suspect,  
An instrument of this your calling back,  
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,  
Why, I have lost him too.

*Oth.* Had it pleas'd heaven  
To try me with affliction; had he rain'd  
All kinds of sores, and shames, on my bare head;  
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips;  
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes;  
I should have found in some part of my soul  
A drop of patience: but (alas!) to make me  
A fixed figure, for the time of scorn



To point his slow unmoving finger at,—

O! O!

Yet could I bear that too; well, very well:

But there, where I have garner'd up my heart;

Where either I must live, or bear no life;

The fountain from the which my current runs,

Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!

Or keep it as a cistern, for foul toads

To knot and gender in!—turn thy complexion there!

Patience, thou young and rose-lipp'd cherubin;

Ay, there, look grim as hell!

*Des.* I hope, my noble lord esteems me honest.

*Oth.* O, ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,

That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed,

Who art so lovely fair, and smell'st so sweet,

That the sense aches at thee.—'Would, thou had'st  
ne'er been born!

*Des.* Alas, what ignorant sin have I committed?

*Oth.* Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,

Made to write whore upon? What committed!

Committed!—O thou publick commoner!

I should make very forges of my cheeks,

That would to cinders burn up modesty,

Did I but speak thy deeds.—What committed!

Heaven stops the nose at it, and the moon winks;

The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,

Is hush'd within the hollow mine of earth,

And will not hear it: What committed!—

Impudent strumpet!

*Des.* By heaven, you do me wrong.

*Oth.* Are not you a strumpet?

*Des.* No, as I am a christian,  
If to preserve this vessel for my lord,



From any other foul unlawful touch,  
Be—not to be a strumpet, I am none.

*Oth.* What, not a whore?

*Des.* No, as I shall be saved.

*Oth.* Is it possible?

*Des.* O, heaven forgive us!

*Oth.* I cry you mercy, then;  
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice,  
That married with Othello.—You, mistress,

*Re-enter EMILIA.*

That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,  
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!  
We have done our course; there's money for your pains;  
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

*Emil.* Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?—  
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

*Des.* 'Faith, half asleep.

*Emil.* Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

*Des.* With who?

*Emil.* Why, with my lord, madam.

*Des.* Who is thy lord?

*Emil.* He that is yours, sweet lady

*Des.* I have none: Do not talk to me, Emilia;  
I cannot weep; nor answer I have none,  
But what should go by water. Pr'ythee, to-night  
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets,—remember;—  
And call thy husband hither.

*Emil.* Here is a change indeed  
[*Exit.*

*Des.* 'Tis meet I should be us'd so, very meet.  
How have I been behav'd, that he might stick  
The small'st opinion on my great'st abuse?



*Re-enter EMILIA, with IAGO.*

*Iago.* What is your pleasure, madam? How is it with you?

*Des.* I cannot tell. Those, that do teach young babes, Do it with gentle means, and easy tasks: He might have chid me so; for, in good faith, I am a child to chiding.

*Iago.* What's the matter, lady?

*Emil.* Alas, Iago, my lord hath so bewhor'd her, Thrown such despite and heavy terms upon her, As true hearts cannot bear.

*Des.* Am I that name, Iago?

*Iago.* What name, fair lady?

*Des.* Such as, she says, my lord did say I was.

*Emil.* He call'd her, whore; a beggar, in his drink, Could not have laid such terms upon his callet.

*Iago.* Why did he so?

*Des.* I do not know; I am sure, I am none such.

*Iago.* Do not weep, do not weep; Alas, the day!

*Emil.* Has she forsook so many noble matches, Her father, and her country, and her friends, To be call'd—whore? would it not make one weep?

*Des.* It is my wretched fortune.

*Iago.* Beshrew him for it  
How comes this trick upon him?

*Des.* Nay, heaven doth know

*Emil.* I will be hang'd, if some eternal villain,  
Some busy and insinuating rogue,  
Some cogging cozening slave, to get some office,  
Have not devis'd this slander; I'll be hang'd else.

*Iago.* Fye, there is no such man; it is impossible.

*Des.* If any such there be, heaven pardon him!



*Emil.* A halter pardon him! and hell gnaw his bones!  
Why should he call her, whore? who keeps her company?

What place? what time? what form? what likelihood?  
The Moor's abus'd by some most villainous knave,  
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy fellow:—  
O, heaven, that such companions thou'dst unfold;  
And put in every honest hand a whip,  
To lash the rascal naked though the world,  
Even from the east to the west!

*Iago.*

Speak within door

*Emil.* O, fye upon him! some such squire he was,  
That turn'd your wit the seamy side without,  
And made you to suspect me with the Moor.

*Iago.* You are a fool; go to.

*Des.*

O good Iago,

What shall I do to win my lord again?  
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light of heaven,  
I know not how I lost him. Here I kneel:—  
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,  
Either in discourse of thought, or actual deed;  
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any sense,  
Delighted them in any other form;  
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,  
And ever will,—though he do shake me off  
To beggarly divorcement,—love him dearly,  
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may do much;  
And his unkindness may defeat my life,  
But never taint my love. I cannot say, whore;  
It does abhor me, now I speak the word;  
To do the act that might the addition earn,  
Not the world's mass of vanity could make me.

*Iago.* I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;



The business of the state does him offence,  
And he does chide with you.

*Des.* If 'twere no other,—

*Iago.* It is but so, I warrant you. [*Trumpets*  
Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!  
And the great messengers of Venice stay:  
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.

[*Exeunt DESDEMONA and EMILIA*

*Enter RODERIGO.*

How now, Roderigo?

*Rod.* I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

*Iago.* What in the contrary?

*Rod.* Every day thou doff'st me with some device,  
*Iago*; and rather (as it seems to me now,) keep'st  
from me all conveniency, than suppliest me with the  
least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer  
endure it: Nor am I yet persuaded, to put up in peace  
what already I have foolishly suffered.

*Iago.* Will you hear me, Roderigo?

*Rod.* 'Faith, I have heard too much; for your words,  
and performances, are no kin together.

*Iago.* You charge me most unjustly.

*Rod.* With nought but truth. I have wasted myself  
out of my means. The jewels you have had from me,  
to deliver to Desdemona, would half have corrupted a  
votarist: You have told me—she has received them, and  
returned me expectations and comforts of sudden re-  
spect and acquittance; but I find none.

*Iago.* Well; go to; very well.

*Rod.* Very well! go to! I cannot go to, man; nor  
tis not very well: By this hand, I say, it is very scurvy;  
and begin to find myself fobbed in it.



*Iago.* Very well.

*Rod.* I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona: If she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit, and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself, I will seek satisfaction of you.

*Iago.* You have said now.

*Rod.* Ay, and I have said nothing, but what I protest intendment of doing.

*Iago.* Why, now I see there's mettle in thee; and even, from this instant, do build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, Roderigo: Thou hast taken against me a most just exception; but, yet, I protest, I have dealt most directly in thy affair.

*Rod.* It hath not appeared.

*Iago.* I grant, indeed, it hath not appeared; and your suspicion is not without wit and judgement. But, Roderigo, if thou hast that within thee indeed, which I have greater reason to believe now than ever,—I mean, purpose, courage, and valour,—this night show it: if thou the next night following enjoyest not Desdemona, take me from this world with treachery, and devise engines for my life.

*Rod.* Well, what is it? is it within reason, and compass?

*Iago.* Sir, there is especial commission come from Venice, to depute Cassio in Othello's place.

*Rod.* Is that true? why, then Othello and Desdemona return again to Venice.

*Iago.* O, no; he goes into Mauritania, and takes away with him the fair Desdemona, unless his abode be lingered here by some accident; wherein none can be so determinate, as the removing of Cassio.



*Rod.* How do you mean—removing of him?

*Iago.* Why, by making him incapable of Othello's place; knocking out his brains.

*Rod.* And that you would have me do?

*Iago.* Ay; if you dare do yourself a profit, and a right. He sups to-night with a harlot, and thither will I go to him;—he knows not yet of his honourable fortune: if you will watch his going thence, (which I will fashion to fall out between twelve and one,) you may take him at your pleasure; I will be near to second your attempt, and he shall fall between us. Come, stand not amazed at it, but go along with me; I will show you such a necessity in his death, that you shall think yourself bound to put it on him. It is now high supper-time, and the night grows to waste: about it.

*Rod.* I will hear further reason for this.

*Iago.* And you shall, be satisfied. [Exeunt

SCENE III.—*Another room in the castle.*

*Enter* OTHELLO, LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, EMILIA, and Attendants.

*Lod.* I do beseech you, sir, trouble yourself no further.

*Oth.* O, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

*Lod.* Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyship.

*Des.* Your honour is most welcome.

*Oth.* Will you walk, sir?—

O,—Desdemona,—

*Des.* My lord?

*Oth.* Get you to bed on the instant; I will be returned forthwith: dismiss your attendant there; look, it be done.

*Des.* I will, my lord. [Exeunt OTH. LOD. and Attend



*Emil.* How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

*Des.* He says, he will return incontinent;  
He hath commanded me to go to bed,  
And bade me to dismiss you.

*Emil.* Dismiss me!

*Des.* It was his bidding; therefore, good Emilia  
Give me my nightly wearing, and adieu:  
We must not now displease him.

*Emil.* I would, you had never seen him!

*Des.* So would not I; my love doth so approve him,  
That even his stubbornness, his checks, and frowns,—  
Pr'ythee, unpin me,—have grace and favour in them.

*Emil.* I have laid those sheets you bade me on the bed.

*Des.* All's one:—Good father! how foolish are our  
minds!—

If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, shroud me  
In one of those same sheets.

*Emil.* Come, come, you talk.

*Des.* My mother had a maid call'd—Barbara;  
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,  
And did forsake her: she had a song of—willow,  
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,  
And she died singing it: That song, to-night,  
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do,  
But to go hang my head all at one side,  
And sing it like poor Barbara. Pr'ythee, despatch.

*Emil.* Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

*Des.* No, unpin me here.—

This Lodovico is a proper man.

*Emil.* A very handsome man.

*Des.* And he speaks well.

*Emil.* I know a lady in Venice, who would have walked  
barefoot to Palestine, for a touch of his nether lip.



## I.

Des. *The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree, [Singing.  
 Sing all a green willow;  
 Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,  
 Sing willow, willow, willow:  
 The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans  
 Sing willow, &c.  
 Her salt tears fell from her, and soften'd the stones;  
 Lay by these:*

*Sing willow, willow, willow;  
 Pr'ythee, hie thee; he'll come anon.—  
 Sing all a green willow must be my garland.*

## II.

*Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—  
 Nay, that's not next.—Hark! who is it that knocks?  
 Emil. It is the wind.*

Des. *I call'd my love, false love; but what said he then?  
 Sing willow, &c.*

*If I court mo women, you'll couch with mo men.  
 So, get thee gone; good night. Mine eyes do itch;  
 Doth that bode weeping?*

Emil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Des. I have heard it said so.—O, these men, these men!—

Dost thou in conscience think,—tell me, Emilia,—  
 That there be women do abuse their husbands  
 In such gross kind?

Emil. There be some such, no question.

Des. Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

Emil. Why, would not you?

Des. No, by this heavenly light!



*Emil.* Nor I neither by this heavenly light;  
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

*Des.* Would'st thou do such a deed for all the world?

*Emil.* The world is a huge thing: 'Tis a great price  
For a small vice.

*Des.* Good troth, I think thou would'st not.

*Emil.* By my troth, I think I should; and undo't.  
when I had done. Marry, I would not do such a thing  
for a joint-ring; nor for measures of lawn; nor for  
gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition:  
but, for the whole world,—Why, who would not make  
her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I  
should venture purgatory for't.

*Des.* Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong for  
the whole world.

*Emil.* Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world;  
and, having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in  
your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

*Des.* I do not think there is any such woman.

*Emil.* Yes, a dozen; and as many  
To the vantage, as would store the world they play'd for.  
But, I do think, it is their husbands' faults,  
If wives do fall: Say, that they slack their duties,  
And pour our treasures into foreign laps;  
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,  
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say, they strike us,  
Or scant our former having in despite;  
Why, we have galls; and, though we have some grace,  
Yet we have some revenge. Let husbands know,  
Their wives have sense like them: they see, and smell,  
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,  
As husbands have. What is it that they do,  
When they change us for others? Is it sport?



I think it is; And doth affection breed it?  
I think, it doth; Is't frailty, that thus errs?  
It is so too: And have not we affections?  
Desires for sport? and frailty, as men have?  
Then, let them use us well: else, let them know,  
The ills we do, their ills instruct us to.

*Des.* Good night, good night: Heaven me such usage  
send,  
Not to pick bad from bad; but, by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*]

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## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*A street.*

*Enter IAGO and RODERIGO.*

*Iago.* Here, stand behind this bulk; straight will he  
come:

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home;  
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow:  
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,  
And fix most firm thy resolution.

*Rod.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't.

*Iago.* Here, at thy hand; be bold, and take thy sword.

[*Retires to a little distance.*]

*Rod.* I have no great devotion to the deed;  
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:—

'Tis but a man gone:—forth, my sword; he dies.

[*Goes to his stand.*]

*Iago.* I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,



And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,  
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,  
Every way makes my gain: Live Roderigo,  
He calls me to a restitution large  
Of gold, and jewels, that I bobb'd from him,  
As gifts to Desdemona;  
It must not be: If Cassio do remain,  
He hath a daily beauty in his life,  
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor  
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril:  
No, he must die:—But so, I hear him coming.

*Enter CASSIO.*

*Rod.* I know his gait, 'tis he;—Villain, thou diest.

*[Rushes from his post, and makes a pass at CASSIO.]*

*Cas.* That thrust had been mine enemy indeed,  
But that my coat is better than thou think'st;  
I will make proof of thine.

*[Draws, and wounds RODERIGO.]*

*Rod.* O, I am slain!

*[IAGO rushes from his post, cuts CASSIO behind in the leg, and exit.]*

*Cas.* I am maim'd for ever:—Help, ho! murder!  
murder! *[Falls]*

*Enter OTHELLO, at a distance.*

*Oth.* The voice of Cassio:—Iago keeps his word.

*Rod.* O, villain that I am!

*Oth.* Hark! 'tis even so.

*Cas.* O, help! ho! light! a surgeon!

*Oth.* 'Tis he;—O brave Iago, honest, and just,  
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong!  
Thou teachest me,—Minion, your dear lies dead,



And your fate hies apace:—Strumpet, I come:  
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted.  
Thy bed, lust-stain'd, shall with lust's blood be spotted.

[Exit OTHELLO]

*Enter LODOVICO and GRATIANO, at a distance.*

Cas. What, ho! no watch? no passage? murder  
murder!

Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.

Cas. O, help!

Lod. Hark!

Rod. O wretched villain!

Lod. Two or three groans;—it is a heavy night:  
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe  
To come into the cry, without more help.

Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.

*Enter IAGO, with a light.*

Lod. Hark!

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and  
weapons.

Iago. Who's there? whose noise is this, that cries on  
murder?

Lod. We do not know.

Iago. Did you not hear a cry?

Cas. Here, here; for heaven's sake, help me.

Iago. What's the matter?

Gra. This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

Lod. The same, indeed; a very valiant fellow.

Iago. What are you here that cry so grievously?

Cas. Iago? O, I am spoil'd, undone by villains!  
Give me some help.

Iago. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this?



*Cas.* I think, that one of them is hereabout,  
And cannot make away.

*Iago.* O treacherous villains!—  
What are you there? came in, and give some help.

[*To LODOVICO and GRATIANO.*]

*Rod.* O, help me here!

*Cas.* That's one of them.

*Iago.* O murderous slave! O villain!

[*IAGO stabs RODERIGO*]

*Rod.* O damn'd Iago! O inhuman dog!—

O! O! O!

*Iago.* Kill men i'th' dark!—Where be these bloody  
thieves?—

How silent is this town!—Ho! murder! murder!

What may you be? are you of good, or evil?

*Lod.* As you shall prove us, praise us.

*Iago.* Signior Lodovico?

*Lod.* He, sir.

*Iago.* I cry you mercy; Here's Cassio hurt  
By villains.

*Gra.* Cassio?

*Iago.* How is it, brother?

*Cas.* My leg is cut in two.

*Iago.* Marry, heaven forbid!—  
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt.

*Enter BIANCA.*

*Bian.* What is the matter, ho? who is't that cry'd?

*Iago.* Who is't that cry'd?

*Bian.* O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!  
O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect  
Who they should be, that have thus mangled you?



*Cas.* No.

*Gra.* I am sorry, to find you thus: I have been to seek you.

*Iago.* Lend me a garter. So.—O, for a chair,  
To bear him easily hence!

*Bian.* Alas, he faints:—O Cassio! Cassio! Cassio!

*Iago.* Gentlemen all, I do suspect this trash  
To be a party in this injury.—

Patience a while, good Cassio.—Come, come;

Lend me a light.—Know we this face, or no?

Alas! my friend, and my dear countryman,  
Roderigo? no:—Yes, sure; O heaven! Roderigo

*Gra.* What, of Venice?

*Iago.* Even he, sir; did you know him?

*Gra.* Know him? ay.

*Iago.* Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;  
These bloody accidents must excuse my manners,  
That so neglected you.

*Gra.* I am glad to see you.

*Iago.* How do you, Cassio?—O, a chair, a chair!

*Gra.* Roderigo!

*Iago.* He, he, 'tis he: O, that's well said;—the  
chair:— [A chair brought in.

Some good man bear him carefully from hence;  
I'll fetch the general's surgeon.—For you, mistress,

[To BIANCA.

Save you your labour.—He that lies slain here, Cassio,  
Was my dear friend: What malice was between you?

*Cas.* None in the world; nor do I know the man.

*Iago.* [To BIAN.] What, look you pale?—O, bear him  
out o' th' air.—

[CASSIO and ROD. are borne off

Stay you, good gentlemen:—Look you pale, mistress?



Do you perceive the gastness of her eye?—  
Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon:—  
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;  
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak,  
Though tongues were out of use.

*Enter EMILIA.*

*Emil.* 'Las, what's the matter; what's the matter,  
husband?

*Iago.* Cassio hath here been set on in the dark,  
By Roderigo, and fellows that are scap'd;  
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

*Emil.* Alas, good gentleman! alas, good Cassio!

*Iago.* This is the fruit of whoring.—Pr'ythee, Emilia,  
Go know of Cassio where he supp'd to-night:—  
What, do you shake at that?

*Bian.* He supp'd at my house; but I therefore shake  
not.

*Iago.* O, did he so? I charge you, go with me.

*Emil.* Fye, fye upon thee, strumpet!

*Bian.* I am no strumpet; but of life as honest,  
As you that thus abuse me.

*Emil.* As I? foh! fye upon thee!

*Iago.* Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio  
dress'd:—

Come, mistress, you must tell us another tale.—

Emilia, run you to the citadel,

And tell my lord and lady what has happ'd.—

Will you go on, I pray?—This is the night, [Aside

That either makes me, or fordoes me quite. [Exeunt



SCENE II.—*A bedchamber: DESDEMONA in bed asleep  
A light burning.*

*Enter OTHELLO.*

*Oth.* It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—  
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!—  
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;  
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,  
And smooth as monumental alabaster.

*[Takes off his sword.]*

Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.  
Put out the light, and then put out the light:  
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,  
I can again thy former light restore,  
Should I repent me:—but once put out thine,  
'Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,  
I know not where is that Promethean heat,  
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy  
rose,

I cannot give it vital growth again,  
It needs must wither:—I'll smell it on the tree.—

*[Kissing her]*

O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade  
Justice to break her sword!—One more, one more.—  
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,  
And love thee after:—One more, and this the last:  
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,  
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly;  
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—

*Des.* Who's there? Othello?

*Oth.*

Ay, Desdemona.

*Des.* Will you come to bed, my lord?



*Oth.* Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?

*Des.* Ay, my lord

*Oth.* If you bethink yourself of any crime,  
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,  
Solicit for it straight.

*Des.* Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?

*Oth.* Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:  
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit;  
No,—Heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul

*Des.* Talk you of killing?

*Oth.* Ay, I do.

*Des.* Then, heaven  
Have mercy on me!

*Oth.* Amen, with all my heart!

*Des.* If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.

*Oth.* Humph!

*Des.* And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,  
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know  
not,

Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.

*Oth.* Think on thy sins.

*Des.* They are loves I bear to you

*Oth.* Ay, and for that thou diest.

*Des.* That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.—  
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?  
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:  
These are portents; but yet, I hope, I hope,  
They do not point on me.

*Oth.* Peace, and be still!

*Des.* I will so: What's the matter?

*Oth.* That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave  
thee,  
Thou gav'st to Cassio.



*Des.* No, by my life and soul;  
Send for the man, and ask him.

*Oth.* Sweet soul, take heed,  
Take heed of perjury; thou'rt on thy death-bed.

*Des.* Ay, but not yet to die.

*Oth.* Yes, presently:  
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;  
For to deny each article with oath,  
Cannot remove, nor choke, the strong conception,  
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.

*Des.* Then, Lord have mercy on me!

*Oth.* I say, amen.

*Des.* And have you mercy too!—I never did  
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,  
But with such general warranty of heaven  
As I might love: I never gave him token.

*Oth.* By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.  
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart,  
And mak'st me call, what I intend to do,—  
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:  
I saw the handkerchief.

*Des.* He found it then;  
I never gave it him:—Send for him hither,  
And let him confess a truth.

*Oth.* He hath confess'd.

*Des.* What, my lord?

*Oth.* That he hath—us'd thee.

*Des.* How? unlawfully?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Des.* He'll not say so.

*Oth.* No, his mouth is stopp'd;  
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.

*Des.* My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?



*Oth.* Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge  
Had stomach for them all.

*Des.* Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.

*Oth.* Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my  
face?

*Des.* O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.

*Oth.* Down, strumpet!

*Des.* Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.

*Oth.* Nay, if you strive,——

*Des.* But half an hour.

*Oth.* Being done,

There is no pause.

*Des.* But while I say one prayer.

*Oth.* It is too late. [He smothers her.]

*Emil.* [Within.] My lord, my lord! what ho! my  
lord! my lord!

*Oth.* What noise is this?—Not dead! not yet quite  
dead?

I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;

I would not have thee linger in thy pain.—

So, so.

*Emil.* [Within.] What ho! my lord, my lord!

*Oth.* Who's there?

*Emil.* [Within.] O, good my lord, I would speak a  
word with you.

*Oth.* Yes;—'tis Emilia:—by and by.—She's dead.

'Tis like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;

The noise was high.—Ha! no more moving?

Still as the grave. Shall she come in? Were't good?

I think, she stirs again:—No.—What's the best?

If she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife:

My wife! my wife! what wife?—I have no wife:

O, insupportable! O heavy hour!



Methinks it should be now a huge eclipse  
Of sun and moon; and that th'affrighted globe  
Should yawn at alteration.

Emil. [*Within.*] I do beseech you I may speak with you,  
O, good my lord!

Oth. I had forgot thee: O, come in, Emilia:—  
Soft,—by and by:—Let me the curtains draw.—  
Where art thou? What's the matter with thee now?  
[*Unlocks the door.*]

*Enter EMILIA.*

Emil. O, good my lord, yonder's foul murder done.

Oth. What? now?

Emil. But now, my lord!

Oth. It is the very error of the moon;  
She comes more near the earth than she was wont;  
And makes men mad.

Emil. Cassio, my lord, has kill'd a young Venetian,  
Call'd—Roderigo.

Oth. Roderigo kill'd!  
And Cassio kill'd?

Emil. No, Cassio is not kill'd.

Oth. Not Cassio kill'd? Then murder's out of tune,  
And sweet revenge grows harsh.

Des. O, falsely, falsely murder'd!

Emil. Alas! what cry is that?

Oth. That! what?

Emil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice:—  
Help! help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again!  
Sweet Desdemona! O, sweet mistress, speak!

Des. A guiltless death I die.

Emil. O, who hath done  
This deed?



*Des.* Nobody; I myself; farewell:  
Commend me to my kind lord; O, farewell. [*Dies.*

*Oth.* Why, how should she be murder'd?

*Emil.* Alas, who knows?

*Oth.* You heard her say herself, it was not I.

*Emil.* She said so; I must needs report the  
truth.

*Oth.* She's, like a liar, gone to burning hell;  
'Twas I that kill'd her.

*Emil.* O, the more angel she,  
And you the blacker devil!

*Oth.* She turn'd to folly, and she was a whore.

*Emil.* Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.

*Oth.* She was false as water.

*Emil.* Thou art rash as fire, to say  
That she was false; O, she was heavenly true!

*Oth.* Cassio did tup her; ask thy husband else.  
O, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,  
But that I did proceed upon just grounds  
To this extremity; Thy husband knew it all.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Thy husband.

*Emil.* That she was false to wedlock?

*Oth.* Ay, with Cassio

Nay, had she been true,  
If heaven would make me such another world  
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,  
I'd not have sold her for it.

*Emil.* My husband?

*Oth.* Ay, 'twas he that told me first;  
An honest man he is, and hates the slime  
That sticks on filthy deeds.

*Emil.* My husband?



*Oth.* What needs this iterance, woman? I say, thy husband.

*Emil.* O mistress, villainy hath made mocks with love!--  
My husband say, that she was false?

*Oth.* He, woman;  
I say, thy husband; Dost understand the word?  
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.

*Emil.* If he say so, may his pernicious soul  
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart;  
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.

*Oth.* Ha!

*Emil.* Do thy worst:  
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven,  
Than thou wast worthy her.

*Oth.* Peace, you were best.

*Emil.* Thou hast not half the power to do me harm,  
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!  
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed,—  
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,  
Though I lost twenty lives:—Help! help, ho! help!  
The Moor has kill'd my mistress; Murder! murder!

*Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, and IAGO.*

*Mon.* What is the matter!—How now, general?

*Emil.* O, are you come, Iago? you have done well,  
That men must lay their murders on your neck

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Emil.* Disprove this villain, if thou be'st a man:  
He says, thou told'st him that his wife was false:  
I know, thou didst not, thou'rt not such a villain;  
Speak, for my heart is full.

*Iago.* I told him what I thought; and told no more  
Than what he found himself was apt and true.



*Emil.* But did you ever tell him, she was false?

*Iago.* I did.

*Emil.* You told a lie; an odious, damned lie;  
Upon my soul, a lie; a wicked lie:—  
She false with Cassio!—Did you say with Cassio?

*Iago.* With Cassio, mistress; Go to, charm your  
tongue.

*Emil.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to  
speak;

My mistress here lies murder'd in her bed.

*All.* O heavens forefend!

*Emil.* And your reports have set the murder on.

*Oth.* Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.

*Gra.* 'Tis a strange truth.

*Mon.* O monstrous act!

*Emil.* Villainy, villainy, villainy!—

I think upon't,—I think,—I smell't;—O villainy!

I thought so then;—I'll kill myself for grief.—

O villainy, villainy!

*Iago.* What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home

*Emil.* Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak;

'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:—

Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.

*Oth.* O! O! O! [Hanging over his wife.

*Emil.* Nay, lay thee down, and roar;

For thou hast kill'd the sweetest innocent,

That e'er did lift up eye.

*Oth.* O, she was foul!— [Rising.

I scarce did know you, uncle: There lies your niece,

Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopp'd:

I know, this act shows horrible and grim.

*Gra.* Poor Desdemona! I am glad thy father's dead;

Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief



Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,  
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,  
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,  
And fall to reprobation.

*Oth.* 'Tis pitiful: but yet Iago knows,  
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame  
A thousand times committed; Cassio confess'd it:  
And she did gratify his amorous works  
With that recognizance and pledge of love  
Which I first gave her; I saw it in his hand;  
It was a handkerchief, an antique token  
My father gave my mother.

*Emil.* O heaven! O heavenly powers!

*Iago.* Come, hold your peace

*Emil.* 'Twill out, 'twill out;—I hold my peace, sir

—no;

No, I will speak as liberal as the air;  
Let heaven, and men, and devils, let them all,  
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.

*Iago.* Be wise, and get you home.

*Emil.* I will not.

[IAGO offers to stab his wife.

*Gra.*

Fye!

Your sword upon a woman?

*Emil.* O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou  
speak'st of,

I found by fortune, and did give my husband;  
For often, with a solemn earnestness,  
(More than, indeed, belong'd to such a trifle,)  
He begg'd of me to steal it.

*Iago.* Villainous whore!

*Emil.* She give it Cassio! no, alas; I found it,  
And I did give't my husband.



*Iago.* Filth, thou liest.

*Emil.* By heaven, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:  
O murd'rous coxcomb! what should such a fool  
Do with so good a wife?

*IAGO stabs EMILIA, then runs out*

*Oth.* Are there no stones in heaven,  
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!

*Gra.* The woman falls; sure, he has kill'd his wife.

*Emil.* Ay, ay; O lay me by my mistress' side!

*Gra.* He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.

*Mon.* 'Tis a notorious villain. Take you this weapon,  
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:  
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,  
But kill him rather; I'll after that same villain,  
For 'tis a damned slave.

*[Exeunt MONTANO and GRATIANO.]*

*Oth.* I am not valiant neither,  
But every puny whipster gets my sword:—  
But why should honour outlive honesty?  
Let it go all.

*Emil.* What did thy song bode, lady?  
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,  
And die in musick;—*Willow, willow, willow.*—  
Moor, she was chaste; she lov'd thee, cruel Moor;  
So come my soul to bliss, as I speak true;  
So speaking as I think, I die,—I die. *[Dies.]*

*Oth.* I have another weapon in this chamber,  
It is a sword of Spain, the ice-brook's temper;—  
O, here it is:—Uncle, I must come forth.

*Gra.* *[Within.]* If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear;  
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer.

*Oth.* Look in upon me then, and speak with me,  
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.



*Re-enter GRATIANO.*

*Gra.* What is the matter?

*Oth.* Behold! I have a weapon;

A better never did itself sustain

Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,

That, with this little arm, and this good sword,

I have made my way through more impediments

Than twenty times your stop:—But, O vain boast!

Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.—

Be not afraid, though you do see me weapon'd;

Here is my journey's end, here is my butt,

And very sea-mark of my utmost sail.

Do you go back dismay'd? 'tis a lost fear;

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,

And he retires;—Where should Othello go?—

Now, how dost thou look now? O ill-starr'd wench!

Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt,

This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,

And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl?

Even like thy chastity.—

O cursed, cursed slave!—Whip me, ye devils,

From the possession of this heavenly sight!

Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur!

Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!—

O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead?

Dead? O! O! O!

*Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO, carried in a chair  
and Officers, with IAGO, prisoner.*

*Lod.* Where is this rash and most unfortunate  
man?

*Oth.* That's he, that was Othello; here I am



*Lod.* Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.

*Oth.* I look down towards his feet;—but that's a fable:

If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee.

[OTHELLO wounds IAGO.]

*Lod.* Wrench his sword from him.

*Iago.* I bleed, sir; but not kill'd.

*Oth.* I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;  
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.

*Lod.* O thou Othello, that was once so good,  
Fall'n in the practice of a cursed slave,  
What shall be said to thee?

*Oth.* Why, any thing:  
An honourable murderer, if you will;  
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.

*Lod.* This wretch hath part confess'd his villainy:  
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?

*Oth.* Ay.

*Cas.* Dear general, I never gave you cause.

*Oth.* I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.  
Will you, I pray you, demand that demi-devil,  
Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?

*Iago.* Demand me nothing: What you know, you know:

From this time forth I never will speak word.

*Lod.* What? not to pray?

*Gra.* Torments will ope your lips

*Oth.* Well, thou dost best.

*Lod.* Sir, you shall understand what hath be-  
fall'n,

Which, as I think, you know not: Here is a letter,  
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo;  
And here, another: the one of them imports



The death of Cassio to be undertook  
By Roderigo.

*Oth.* O villain!

*Cas.* Most heathenish, and most gross!

*Lod.* Now here's another discontented paper,  
Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,  
Roderigo meant to have sent this damned villain;  
But that, belike, Iago in the interim  
Came in and satisfied him.

*Oth.* O the pernicious caitiff!—  
How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief  
That was my wife's?

*Cas.* I found it in my chamber:  
And he himself confess'd, but even now,  
That there he dropp'd it, for a special purpose,  
Which wrought to his desire.

*Oth.* O fool! fool! fool!

*Cas.* There is, besides, in Roderigo's letter,—  
How he upbraids Iago, that he made him  
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came  
That I was cast: And even but now he spake,  
After long seeming dead,—Iago hurt him,  
Iago set him on.

*Lod.* You must forsake this room, and go with  
us;  
Your power and your command is taken off,  
And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,—  
If there be any cunning cruelty,  
That can torment him much, and hold him long,  
It shall be his: You shall close prisoner rest,  
Till that the nature of your fault be known  
To the Venetian state:—Come, bring him away.

*Oth.* Soft you; a word or two, before you go



I have done the state some service, and they know  
it;

No more of that:—I pray you, in your letters,  
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,  
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,  
Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak  
Of one, that lov'd not wisely, but too well;  
Of one, not easily jealous, but, being wrought,  
Perplex'd in the extreme; of one, whose hand,  
Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away,  
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose subdu'd eyes,  
Albeit unused to the melting mood,  
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees  
Their medicinal gum: Set you down this:  
And say, besides,—that in Aleppo once,  
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk  
Beat a Venetian, and traduc'd the state,  
I took by th' throat the circumcised dog,  
And smote him—thus. [Stabs himself.]

*Lod.* O bloody period!

*Gra.*

All, that's spoke, is marr'd.

*Oth.* I kiss'd thee, ere I kill'd thee;—No way but  
this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.]

Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [Dies.]

*Cas.* This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;  
For he was great of heart.

*Lod.*

O Spartan dog,

More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea!

Look on the tragick loading of this bed; [To IAGO]

This is thy work: the object poisons sight;—

Let it be hid.—Gratiano, keep the house,

And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,

For they succeed to you.—To you, lord governor,



Remains the censure of this hellish villain;  
 The time, the place, the torture,—O enforce it!  
 Myself will straight aboard; and, to the state,  
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exit

END OF VOL. IX.



# ANNOTATIONS

## TIMON OF ATHENS

### ACT I.

LINE 22. *Shall we for recompense, &c.* We must here suppose the poet busy in writing in his own work: and that these three lines are the introduction of the person addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Manager or actor to utter.

Line 25. *— and, like a desert, dry*  
*And bound it close.* That the false words, and  
 signify. WARRINGTON.

This speech of the Poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that rivers drop from a poet's pen more from cedars than trees, and that his hand kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparks from the flint. What follows next? That it, like a current, like a bound it close. This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions; but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often



THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA  
DO hereby certify that the within and  
above described land, is the state,  
land of the United States. (Seal)

Witness my hand and the seal of the  
County of Santa Barbara, California,  
this 1st day of January, 1901.  
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF  
SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

AND OF VOL. 11  
THE  
OFFICE OF THE  
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF  
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DO hereby certify that the within and  
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## ANNOTATIONS

ON

### TIMON OF ATHENS.

#### ACT I.

LINE 23. *When we for recompense, &c.]* We must here suppose the poet busy in reading in his own work ; and that these three lines are the introduction of the poem addressed to Timon, which he afterwards gives the Painter an account of.

WARBURTON.

Line 35. — *and, like a current, flies*

*Each bound it chafes.]* Thus the folio reads, and rightly.

WARBURTON.

This speech of the Poet is very obscure. He seems to boast the copiousness and facility of his vein, by declaring that verses drop from a poet as gums from odoriferous trees, and that his flame kindles itself without the violence necessary to elicit sparkles from the flint. What follows next? that it, *like a current, flies each bound it chafes.* This may mean, that it expands itself notwithstanding all obstructions ; but the images in the comparison are so ill sorted, and the effect so obscurely expressed, that I cannot but think something omitted that connected the last sentence with the former. It is well known that the players often



shorten speeches to quicken the representation: and it may be suspected, that they sometimes performed their amputations with more haste than judgment. JOHNSON.

Line 47. ———to the dumbness of the gesture

*One might interpret.]* The figure, though dumb, seems to have a capacity of speech. The allusion is to the puppet-shows, or motions, as they were termed in our author's time. The person who spoke for the puppets was called an *interpreter*. MALONE.

Line 63. ———no levell'd malice, &c.] To *level* is to *aim*, to point the shot at a mark. Shakspeare's meaning is, my poem is not a satire written with any particular view, or *levelled* at any single person; I fly like an eagle into the general expanse of life, and leave not, by any private mischief, the trace of my passage. JOHNSON.

Line 78. ———even he drops down, &c.] Either Shakspeare meant to put a falsehood into the mouth of his Poet, or had not yet thoroughly planned the character of Apemantus; for in the ensuing scenes, his behaviour is as cynical to Timon as to his followers. STEEVENS.

Line 103. *Rain sacrificial whisperings in his ear,]* Whisperings attended with such respect and veneration as accompany sacrifices to the gods. Such, I suppose, is the meaning. MALONE.

Line 104. ———through him  
Drink the free air.] That is, catch his breath in affected softness. JOHNSON.

Line 192. ———Never may  
That state or fortune fall into my keeping,  
Which is not ow'd to you!] The meaning is, let me never henceforth consider any thing that I possess, but as owed or due to you; held for your service, and at your proposal. JOHNSON.



Line 204. — *pencil'd figures are*

*Even such as they give out.]* Pictures have no hypocrisy; they are what they profess to be. JOHNSON.

Line 232. *When thou art Timon's dog,]* When thou hast gotten a better character, and instead of being Timon as thou art, shalt be changed to Timon's dog, and become more worthy kindness and salutation. JOHNSON.

Line 412. — *windpipe's dangerous notes:]* The notes of the windpipe seem to be only the indications which show where the windpipe is. JOHNSON.

Shakspeare is very fond of making use of musical terms, when he is speaking of the human body, and *windpipe* and *notes* savour strongly of a quibble. STEEVENS.

Line 458. *I confirm you.]* I fix your characters firmly in my own mind. JOHNSON.

Line 504. *Like madness is the glory of this life,*  
*As this pomp shows to a little oil, and root.]* The glory of this life is very near to madness, as may be made appear from this pomp, exhibited in a place where a philosopher is feeding on oil and roots. When we see by example how few are the necessities of life, we learn what madness there is in so much superfluity. JOHNSON.

Line 521. — *mine own device ;]* The mask appears to have been designed by Timon to surprize his guests.

JOHNSON.

Line 536. — *had not eyes behind ;]* To see the miseries that are following her. JOHNSON.

Line 612. *Ay, defiled land,]* *I,*—is the old reading, which apparently depends on a very low quibble. Alcibiades is told, that *his estate lies in a pitch'd field*. Now *pitch*, as Falstaff says, *doth defile*. Alcibiades therefore replies, that his estate lies in *defiled land*. This, as it happened, was not understood, and all the editors published—

*I defy land—*

JOHNSON



# ANNOTATIONS ON

[ACT II.

Line 617. *All to you.*] i. e. all good wishes, or all happiness to you. STEEVENS.

Line 622. Serving of becks,] *Beck* means a salutation made with the head. So Milton:

“Nods and *becks*, and wreathed smiles.”

To serve a *beck*, is to offer a salutation.

JOHNSON.

## ACT II.

Line 13 —no reason

*Can found his state in safety.*] i. e. Reason cannot find his fortune to have any safe or solid foundation.

JOHNSON.

Line 99. *Enter Apemantus and a Fool*] I suspect some scene to be lost, in which the entrance of the Fool, and the page that follows him, was prepared by some introductory dialogue, in which the audience was informed that they were the fool and page of Phrynia, Timandra, or some other courtesan, upon the knowledge of which depends the greater part of the ensuing jocularities.

JOHNSON.

Line 167. —his artificial one:] Meaning the celebrated philosopher's stone, which was in those times much talked of. Sir Thomas Smith was one of those who lost considerable sums in seeking of it.

JOHNSON.

Sir Richard Steele was one of the last eminent men who entertained hopes of being successful in this pursuit. His laboratory was at Poplar, a village near London, and is now converted into a garden house.

STEEVENS.

Line 206. *Though you hear now, (too late!) yet now's a time,*] Though you now at last listen to my remonstrances, yet now your affairs are in such a state that the whole of your remaining fortune will scarce pay half your debts. You are therefore wise too late.

MALONE.



Line 216. *O my good lord, the world is but a word;*] The meaning is, as the *world* itself may be comprised in a word, you might give it away in a breath. WARBURTON.

Line 228. —*a wasteful cock,*] A *wasteful cock* is a *cock* or *pipe* with a turning stopple *running to waste*. In this sense, both the terms have their usual meaning; but I know not that *cock* is ever used (as Hanmer and Warburton assert) for *cockloft* or *wasteful* for *lying in waste*, or that *lying in waste* is at all a phrase. JOHNSON.

Line 243. *No villainous bounty yet hath pass'd my heart ;  
Unwisely, not ignobly, have I given.*] Every reader must rejoice in this circumstance of comfort which presents itself to Timon, who, although beggar'd through want of prudence, consoles himself with reflecting that his ruin was not brought on by the pursuit of guilty pleasures. STEEVENS.

Line 249. *And try the argument—*] The licentiousness of our author forces us often upon far-fetched expositions. *Arguments* may mean *contents*, as the *arguments* of a book : or *evidences* and *proofs*. JOHNSON.

Line 276. —*I knew it the most general way,*] *General* is not speedy, but *compendious*, the way to try many at a time. JOHNSON.

Line 291. —*intending—*] is *regarding*, *turning their notice* to other things. JOHNSON.

Line 292. —*and these hard fractions,*] *Flavius*, by *fractions*, means *broken hints*, *interrupted sentences*, *abrupt remarks*. JOHNSON.

Line 293. —*cold-moving nods,*] *Cold-moving* is the same as *coldly-moving*. So *perpetual sober gods*, for *perpetually sober*; *lazy-pacing clouds*—*loving-jealous*—*flattering sweet*, &c. Such distant and uncourteous salutations are properly termed *cold-moving*, as proceeding from a cold and unfriendly disposition. MALONE.



## ACT III.

Line 56. *Let molten coin be thy damnation,*] Perhaps the poet alludes to the punishment inflicted on M. Aquilius by Mithridates. STEEVENS.

Line 59. *It turns in less than two nights?*] Alluding to the turning or acescence of milk. JOHNSON.

Line 65. *—of nature—*] Flaminius considers that nutriment which Lucullus had for a length of time received at Timon's table, as constituting a great part of his animal system. STEEVENS.

Line 148. *—in respect of his,*] *In respect of his* fortune: what Lucius denies to Timon is in proportion to what Lucius possesses, less than the usual alms given by good men to beggars. JOHNSON.

Line 202. *—takes virtuous copies to be wicked; like those &c.*] This is a reflection on the Puritans of that time. 'These people were then set upon the project of new-modelling the ecclesiastical and civil government according to scripture rules and examples; which makes him say, that under zeal for the word of God, they would set whole realms on fire.

WARBURTON.

Line 212. *—keep his house.*] i. e. keep within doors for fear of duns. JOHNSON.

Line 384. *And with such sober and unnoted passion*  
*He did behave his anger, ere 'twas spent, &c.*] "Unnoted passion," means a passion operating inwardly, but not accompanied with any external or boisterous appearances; so regulated and subdued, that no spectator could note or observe its operation. MALONE.

Line 387. *You undergo too strict a paradox,*] You undertake a paradox too hard. JOHNSON.

Line 421. *—sin's extremest gust;*] *Gust*, for aggravation. WARBURTON



*Gust* is here in its common sense; the utmost degree of appetite for sin. JOHNSON.

Line 422. — *by mercy, 'tis most just.*] The meaning is, Homicide in our own defence, *by a merciful and lenient interpretation* of the laws, is considered as justifiable. MALONE.

Line 499. *Upon that were my thoughts tiring,*] A hawk, I think, is said to *tire*, when she amuses herself with pecking a pheasant's wing, or any thing that puts her in mind of prey. To *tire* upon a thing, is therefore, to be *idly employed upon it*. JOHNSON.

Line 596. — — *minute jacks !*] Sir Thomas Hanmer thinks it means *Jack-a-lantern*, which shines and disappears in an instant. What it was I know not; but it was something of quick motion, mentioned in *King Richard III.* JOHNSON.

A *minute-jack* is what was called formerly a *Jack of the clock-house*; an image whose office was the same as one of those at St. Dunstan's church in Fleet Street. STEEVENS.

Line 597. — — *the infinite malady*—] Every kind of disease incident to man and beast. JOHNSON.

#### ACT IV.

Line 110. *It is the pasture lards the brother's sides,*] The meaning of the passage is,—It is the land alone which each man possesses that makes him rich, and proud, and flattered; and the want of it, that makes him poor, and an object of contempt. I suppose, with Dr. Johnson, that Shakspeare was still thinking of the rich and poor brother already described. MALONE.

Line 133. *Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads ;*] i. e. men who have strength yet remaining to struggle with their distemper. This alludes to an old custom of drawing away the pillow from under the heads of men in their last agonies, to make their departure the easier. WARBURTON.



Line 249. *That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,]*  
The virgin that shows her bosom through the lattice of her chamber. JOHNSON.

I do not believe any particular satire was here intended. Lady Suffolk, Lady Somerset, and many of the celebrated beauties of the time of James I. are thus represented in their pictures; nor were they, I imagine, thought more reprehensible than the ladies of the present day, who from the same extravagant pursuit of what is called fashion, run into an opposite extreme. MALONE.

Line 284. *Yet may your pains, six months,*  
*Be quite contrary:]* The meaning is this: he had said before, follow constantly your trade of debauchery: that is (says he) for six months in the year. Let the other six be employed in quite contrary pains and labour, namely, in the severe discipline necessary for the repair of those disorders that your debaucheries occasion, in order to fit you anew to the trade; and thus let the whole year be spent in these different occupations. On this account he goes on, and says, *Make false hair, &c.* WARBURTON.

Line 286. — *thatch your poor thin roofs, &c.]* About the year 1595, when the fashion was introduced in England of wearing a greater quantity of hair than was ever the produce of a single head, it was dangerous for any child to go about, as nothing was more common than for women to entice such as had fine locks into private places, and there to cut them off. I have this information from Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, which I have often quoted on the article of dress. STEEVENS.

Line 311. *And ditches grave you all!]* To grave is to entomb. The word is now obsolete, though sometimes used by Shakspeare and his contemporary authors. STEEVENS.

Line 344. *Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plow-torn leas;]*  
The sense is this: O nature! cease to produce men, enscar thy



*womb*; but if thou wilt continue to produce them, at least cease to pamper them; *dry up thy marrows*, on which they fatten with *unctuous morsels*, thy *vines*, which gave them *liquorish draughts*, and thy *plow-torn leas*. Here are effects corresponding with causes, *liquorish draughts*, with *vines*, and *unctuous morsels* with *marrows*, and the old reading literally preserved.

JOHNSON

Line 361. —*the cunning of a carper.*] For the philosophy of a Cynick, of which sect Apemantus was; and therefore he concludes:

“ —Do not assume my likeness.

WARBURTON.

*Cunning* here seems to signify *counterfeit appearance*.

JOHNSON.

Line 400. *What, a knave too!*] Timon had just called Apemantus *fool*, in consequence of what he had known of him by former acquaintance; but when Apemantus tells him that he comes to vex him, Timon determines that to vex is either the office of a villain or a fool; that to vex by design is villainy, to vex without design is folly. He then properly asks Apemantus whether he takes delight in vexing, and when he answers, yes, Timon replies,—*What! a knave too?* I before only knew thee to be a *fool*, but now I find thee likewise a *knave*.

JOHNSON.

Line 409. *Worse than the worst, content.*] Best states contentless have a wretched being, a being worse than that of the worst states that are content.

JOHNSON.

Line 411. —*by his breath,*] By his *breath* means in our author's language, by his *voice* or *speech*, and so in fact by his sentence. Shakspeare frequently uses the word in this sense. It has been twice used in this play.

MALONE.

Line 415. *Hadst thou, like us.*] There is in this speech a sullen haughtiness, and malignant dignity, suitable at once to the lord and the man-hater. The impatience with which



he bears to have his luxury reproached by one that never had luxury within his reach, is natural and graceful.

JOHNSON.

Line 415. —*first swath.*] From infancy. *Swath* is the dress of a new-born child.

JOHNSON.

Line 422. —*precepts of respect,*] Of obedience to laws.

JOHNSON.

— 437. —*that poor rag.*] The term is yet used. The lowest of the people are yet denominated—*Tag, rag, &c.* So, in *Julius Cæsar*: “—if the *tag-rag* people did not clap him and hiss him,—I am no true man.”

MALONE.

Line 442. *Thou hast been a knave, and flatterer.*] Dryden has quoted two verses of Virgil to show how well he could have written satires. Shakspeare has here given a specimen of the same power by a line bitter beyond all bitterness, in which Timon tells Apemantus, that he had not virtue enough for the vices which he condemns.

Dr. Warburton explains *worst* by *lowest*, which somewhat weakens the sense, and yet leaves it sufficiently vigorous.

I have heard Mr. Burke commend the subtilty of discrimination with which Shakspeare distinguishes the present character of Timon from that of Apemantus, whom to vulgar eyes he would now resemble.

JOHNSON.

Line 477. —*for too much curiosity;*] i. e. for too much *finical delicacy*. The Oxford editor alters it to *courtesy*.

WARBURTON.

Line 482. *Ay, though it look like thee.*] Timon here supposes that an objection against hatred, which through the whole tenor of the conversation appears an argument for it. One would have expected him to have answered—

Yes, for it looks like thee.

JOHNSON.

Line 511. —*the unicorn, &c.*] The account given of the unicorn is this: that he and the lion being enemies by nature, as soon as the lion sees the unicorn he betakes himself



to a tree: the unicorn in his fury, and with all the swiftness of his course, running at him, sticks his horn fast in the tree, and then the lion falls upon him and kills him.

Gesner *Hist. Animal.*

HANMER.

Line 517. *ware remotion* ;] *Remotion* means, I apprehend, merely *remoteness*, the being placed at a distance from the lion.

MALONE.

Line 535. *Thou art the cap, &c.*] The *top*, the *principal*. The remaining dialogue has more malignity than wit.

JOHNSON.

Line 634. *The sea's a thief, whose liquid surge resolves*

*The moon into salt tears* :] The *moon* is supposed to be humid, and perhaps a source of humidity, but cannot be *resolved* by the surges of the sea. Yet I think *moon* is the true reading. Here is a circulation of thievery described: The sun, moon, and sea, all rob, and are robbed.

JOHNSON.

Line 659. *What an alteration of honour has*

*Desperate want made* !] *An alteration of honour*, is an *alteration* of an *honourable state* to a state of disgrace.

JOHNSON.

Line 665. *Grant, I may ever love, and rather woo*

*Those that would mischief me, than those that do* !] It is plain, that in this whole speech *friends* and *enemies* are taken only for those who *profess friendship* and *profess enmity*; for the *friend* is supposed not to be more kind, but more dangerous than the *enemy*. The sense is, *Let me rather woo or caress those that would mischief, that profess to mean me mischief, than those that really do me mischief, under false professions of kindness*. The Spaniards, I think, have this proverb: *Defend me from my friends, and from my enemies I will defend myself*. This proverb is a sufficient comment on the passage.

JOHNSON.

Line 678. —knaves,] *Knave* is here in the compound sense of a *servant* and a *rascal*.

JOHNSON.



## ACT V.

Line 117. — *a made-up villain.*] That is, a villain that adopts qualities and characters not properly belonging to him; a hypocrite. JOHNSON.

Line 126. — *but two in company:]* This passage is obscure. I think the meaning is this: *but two in company*, that is, stand apart, *let only two be together*; for even when each stands single there are two, he himself and a villain.

JOHNSON.

Line 180. — *Of its own fall,*] The Athenians *had sense*, that is, felt the danger of *their own fall*, by the arms of Alcibiades. JOHNSON.

Line 183. *Than their offence can weigh down by the dram;]* I take the meaning to be, We will give thee a recompence that our offences cannot outweigh, *heaps of wealth down by the dram*, or delivered according to the exactest measure.

JOHNSON.

Line 319. *When crouching marrow, in the bearer strong,*  
*Cries, of itself, No more:]* The image may be said to be taken from a porter or coal-heaver, who when there is as much laid upon his shoulders as he can bear, will certainly cry, *no more*. MALONE.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON TIMON OF ATHENS.



# ANNOTATIONS

ON

## O T H E L L O.

### ACT I.

LINE 33. ———*must be be-lee'd and calm'd*—] *Be-lee'd* and *becalm'd* are terms of navigation. I have been informed that one vessel is said to be in the *lee* of another, when it is so placed that the wind is intercepted from it. Iago's meaning therefore is, that Cassio had got the wind of him, and *be-calm'd* him from going on. STEEVENS

Line 46. *Whether I in any just term am affin'd*—] Do I stand within any such terms of propinquity, or relation to the Moor, as that it is my duty to love him? JOHNSON

Line 58. ———*honest knaves* :] *Knave* is here for servant but with a sly mixture of contempt. JOHNSON

Line 75. *In compliment extern,*] In that which I do only for an outward show of civility. JOHNSON.

Line 109. ———*tupping your white ewe.*] In the north of England a ram is called a *tup*. MALONE.

Line 131. ————*this is Venice* ;  
*My house is not a grange.*] In Lincolnshire, and in other northern counties, they call every lone house, or farm which stands solitary, a *grange*. T. WARTON.



Line 143. *What profane wretch art thou?*] That is, *what wretch of gross and licentious language?* In that sense Shakespeare often uses the word profane. JOHNSON.

Line 144. —*your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.*] In the *Dictionnaire Comique*, par le Roux, 1750, this phrase is more particularly explained under the article *Bete*: “*Faire la bete a deux dos.*—Maniere de parler qui signifie etre couché avec une femme; faire le deduit.”—“Et faisoient tous deux souvent ensemble *la bete a deux dos* joyusement.” Rabelais, Liv. I. MALONE.

Line 155. *At this odd-even and dull watch o’the night,*] The *even* of night is midnight, the time when night is divided into *even* parts. JOHNSON.

Line 183. —*cast him;*] That is, *dismiss* him; *reject* him. We still say, a *cast* coat, and a *cast* serving-man. JOHNSON.

Line 212. *By which the property of youth and maidhood May be abus’d?*] By which the faculties of a young virgin may be infatuated, and made subject to illusions and false imagination. JOHNSON.

Line 250. —*and my demerits*—] *Demerits* has the same meaning in our author, and many others of that age, as *merits*. *Mereco* and *demereo* had the same meaning in the Roman language. STEEVENS.

Line 256. *For the sea’s worth.*] I would not marry her, though she were as rich as the Adriatick, which the Dege annually marries. JOHNSON.

Line 286. —*a land carack;*] A *carack* is a ship of great bulk, and commonly of great value; perhaps what we now call a *galleon*. JOHNSON.

Line 315. —*to fear, not to delight.*] To one more likely to terrify than delight her. MALONE.

Line 349. *There is no composition*—] *Composition*, for *consistency*, *concordancy*. WARBURTON



Line 356. *As in these cases, where the aim reports,]* Where men report not by certain knowledge, but by aim and conjecture. JOHNSON.

Line 376. *—with more facile question—]* Question is for the act of seeking. With more easy endeavour. JOHNSON.

Line 436. *Stood in your action.]* Were the man exposed to your charge or accusation. JOHNSON.

Line 449. *The very head and front of my offending—]* The main, the whole, unextenuated. JOHNSON.

Line 455. *Their dearest action—]* Their dearest action is their most important action. MALONE.

Line 482. *—thin habits,—*  
*Of modern seeming,]* Weak show of slight appearance. JOHNSON.

Line 490. *—the Sagittary,]* The *Sagittary* means the sign of the fictitious creature so called, i. e. an animal compounded of man and horse, and armed with a bow and quiver. STEEVENS.

Line 517. *Wherein of antres vast, &c.]* Whoever ridicules this account of the progress of love, shows his ignorance, not only of history, but of nature and manners. It is no wonder that, in any age, or in any nation, a lady, recluse, timorous, and delicate, should desire to hear of events and scenes which she could never see, and should admire the man who had endured dangers, and performed actions, which, however great, were yet magnified by her timidity. JOHNSON.

*—antres—]* French *grottos*. POPE.

*Caves and dens.* JOHNSON.

Line 522. *—men whose heads*  
*Do grow beneath their shoulders,]* Of these men there is an account in the interpolated travels of Mandeville, a book of that time. JOHNSON.

Raleigh also has given an account of men whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders, in his *Description of Guiana*,



published in 1596, a book that without doubt Shakspeare had read. MALONE.

Line 585. *Let me speak like yourself ;]* i. e. let me speak as yourself would speak, were you not too much heated with passion. Sir J. REYNOLDS.

Line 620. ———*thrice driven bed of down :*] A driven bed, is a bed for which the feathers are selected, by driving with a fan, which separates the light from the heavy. JOHNSON.

Line 625. *I crave fit disposition for my wife ;*  
*Due reference of place, and exhibition ; &c.]* I desire, that proper disposition be made for my wife, that she may have precedency and revenue, accommodation and company, suitable to her rank. JOHNSON.

*Exhibition* is allowance. The word is at present used only at the universities STEEVENS.

Line 644. *I saw Othello's visage in his mind ;]* It must raise no wonder, that I loved a man of an appearance so little engaging ; I saw his face only in his mind ; the greatness of his character reconciled me to his form. JOHNSON.

Line 662. ———*when light-wing'd toys*  
*Of feather'd Cupid seel with wanton dulness*  
*My speculative and active instruments,]* *speculative instruments*, in Shakspeare's language, are the eyes ; and *active instruments*, the hands and feet. *Wanton dulness* is dulness arising from wanton indulgences. MALONE.

## ACT II.

Line 161. *She never yet was foolish, &c ]* The law makes the power of cohabitation a proof that a man is not a *natural* ; therefore, since the foolishest woman, if *pretty*, may have a child, no *pretty* woman is ever foolish. JOHNSON.

Line 180. *To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail ;]* i. e. to exchange a delicacy for coarser fare. STEEVENS.



Line 185. *To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.*] After enumerating the perfections of a woman, Iago adds, that if ever there was such a one as he had been describing, she was, at the best, of no other use, than *to suckle children, and keep the accounts of a household.* STEEVENS.

Line 339. — *Which thing to do,—*  
*If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash*  
*For his quick hunting, stand the putting on,*] *To trash,* is still a hunter's phrase, and signifies to fasten a weight on the neck of a dog, when his speed is superior to that of his companions. STEEVENS.

Line 342. *I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip;*] A phrase from the art of wrestling. JOHNSON.

Line 349. *Knarery's plain face is never seen,*] An honest man acts upon a plan, and forecasts his designs; but a knave depends upon temporary and local opportunities, and never knows his own purpose, but at the time of execution. JOHNSON.

Line 352. — *mere perdition—*] *Mere* in this place signifies *entire.* STEEVENS.

Line 432. — *given me a rouse, &c.*] A *rouse* appears to be a quantity of liquor rather too large. STEEVENS.

Line 458. — *a worthy peer,*] i. e. a worthy fellow. STEEVENS.

— 461. — *loun.*] Sorry fellow, paltry wretch. JOHNSON.

— 501. *He'll watch the Horologe a double set, &c.*] If he have no drink, he'll keep awake while the clock strikes two rounds, or four-and-twenty hours. JOHNSON.

Line 512. — *ingraft infirmity:*] An infirmity *rooted, settled* in his constitution. JOHNSON.

Line 521. — *into a twiggen bottle.*] A *twiggen bottle* is a *wickered bottle.* STEEVENS.

Line 553. *Silence that dreadful bell,*] It was a common



practice formerly, when any great affray happened in a town, to ring the alarum bell. MALONE.

Line 553. — *it frights the isle*

*From her propriety.] From her regular and proper state.* JOHNSON

Line 576. — *spend your rich opinion,]* Throw away and squander a reputation so valuable as yours. JOHNSON.

Line 584. — *self-charity—]* Care of one's self.

JOHNSON.

— 589. *And passion, having my best judgment collied,]* To colly, anciently signified to besmut, to blacken us with coal.

STEEVENS.

Line 594. — *he that is approv'd in this offence,—]* He that is convicted by proof, of having been engaged in this offence.

JOHNSON.

Line 659. — *cast in his mood,]* Ejected in his anger

JOHNSON.

— 666. — *and speak parrot?]* A phrase signifying to act foolishly and childishly. WARBURTON.

Line 730. Probal—] A contraction of the word *probable*, STEEVENS.

Line 743. *When devils will their blackest sins put on, They do suggest—]* When devils mean to instigate men to commit the most atrocious crimes. MALONE.

Line 748. *I'll pour this pestilence—]* Pestilence, for poison.

WARBURTON

— 749. *That she repels him—]* That is, recalls him.

JOHNSON.

Line 754. *That shall enmesh them all.]* A metaphor from taking birds in meshes. POPE.

Line 770. *Though other things grow fair against the sun,*

*Yet fruits, that blossom first, will first be ripe:]*

The blossoming, or fair appearance of things, to which Iago alludes, is, the removal of Cassio. As their plan had already



*blossomed*, so there was good ground for expecting that it would soon be ripe. MALONE.

## ACT III.

Line 91. *That policy may either last so long.*] He may either of himself think it politick to keep me out of office so long, or he may be satisfied with such slight reasons, or so many accidents may make him think my re-admission at that time improper, that I may be quite forgotten. JOHNSON.

Line 100. *I'll watch him tame,*] It is said, that the ferocity of beasts, insuperable and irreclaimable by any other means, is subdued by keeping them from sleep. JOHNSON.

Line 159. *—so mammering on*] *To hesitate, to stand in suspense.* HANMER.

Line 184. *Excellent wretch!—Perdition catch my soul,  
But I do love thee! &c.*] The meaning of the word *wretch* is not generally understood. It is now, in some parts of England, a term of the softest and fondest tenderness. It expresses the utmost degree of amiableness, joined with an idea which perhaps all tenderness includes, of feebleness, softness, and want of protection. JOHNSON.

Line 251. *—who has a breast so pure,  
But some uncleanly apprehensions  
Keep leets, and law-days, and in session sit  
With meditations lawful?*] i. e. Who has a breast so little apt to form ill opinions of others, but that foul suspicion will sometimes mix with his fairest and most candid thoughts, and erect a court in his mind, to enquire of the offences apprehended. STEEVENS.

Line 293. *—as poor as winter,*] Finely expressed: *winter* producing no fruits. WARBURTON.

Line 303. *To such exsufflicate and blown surmises,*] *Exsuf-*



*flicate*, i. e. *a bubble*. Do not think, says the Moor, that I shall change the noble designs that now employ my thoughts to suspicions which, like bubbles *blown* into a wide extent, have only an empty show without solidity; or that, in consequence of such empty fears, I will close with thy inference against the virtue of my wife. JOHNSON.

Line 309. *Where virtue is, these are more virtuous:]* An action in itself indifferent, grows *virtuous* by its end and application. JOHNSON.

Line 324. *Out of self-bounty be abus'd;]* *Self-bounty* for *inherent generosity*. WARBURTON.

Line 332. *And, when she seem'd—]* This and the following argument of Iago ought to be deeply impressed on every reader. Deceit and falsehood, whatever conveniences they may for a time promise or produce, are in the sum of life obstacles to happiness. Those, who profit by the cheat, distrust the deceiver, and the act by which kindness is sought puts an end to confidence.

The same objection may be made with a lower degree of strength against the imprudent generosity of disproportionate marriages. When the first heat of passion is over, it is easily succeeded by suspicion, that the same violence of inclination, which caused one irregularity, may stimulate to another; and those who have shewn, that their passions are too powerful for their prudence, will, with very slight appearances against them, be censured, as not very likely to restrain them by their virtue. JOHNSON.

Line 338. *To seel her father's eyes up, close as oak,]* *To seel* a hawk is to sew up his eye-lids. MALONE.

Line 390. *—strain his entertainment—]* Press hard his re admission to his pay and office. *Entertainment* was the military term for admission of soldiers. JOHNSON.

Line 396. *Fear not my government.]* Do not distrust my ability to contain my passion. JOHNSON



Line 401. *Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,*] *Jesses* are short straps of leather tied about the foot of a hawk, by which she is held on the fist. HANMER

Line 402. *I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind,  
To prey at fortune.*] The falconers always let fly the hawk against the wind; if she flies with the wind behind her, she seldom returns. If therefore a hawk was for any reason to be dismissed, she was *let down the wind*, and from that time shifted for herself, and *preyed at fortune*. This was told me by the late Mr. Clark. JOHNSON.

Line 431. *Your napkin, &c.*] In the north of England, and in Scotland, this term for a handkerchief is still used. The word has already often occurred. MALONE.

Line 484. *Which thou ow'dst yesterday,*] To owe is, in our author, oftener to possess, than to be indebted, and such is its meaning here. JOHNSON.

Line 559. *Behold her tupp'd?*] A ram in Staffordshire, and some other counties, is called a *tup*. So, in the first Act:

“ —an old black ram

“ Is *tupping* your white ewe.”

STEEVENS.

Line 638. ————let him command,

*And to obey shall be in me remorse,*

*What bloody work soever.*] Iago devotes himself to wronged Othello, and says, *Let him command whatever bloody business*, and in me it shall be an act not of cruelty, but of tenderness, to obey him; not of malice to others, but of tenderness for him. JOHNSON.

#### ACT IV.

Line 9. —hypocrisy against the devil:] Means, *hypocrisy to cheat* the devil. As common hypocrites cheat men,



by seeming good, and yet living wickedly, these men would cheat the devil, by giving him flattering hopes, and at last avoiding the crime which he thinks them ready to commit.

JOHNSON.

Line 56. *Noses, ears, and lips :*] Othello is imagining to himself the familiarities which he supposes to have passed between Cassio and his wife.

STEEVENS.

Line 87. — *in those improper beds,*] *Unproper,* for common.

WARBURTON.

— 125. *And his unbookish jealousy—*] *Unbookish,* for ignorant.

WARBURTON.

Line 145. *Do you triumph, Roman? do you triumph?*] Othello calls him *Roman* ironically. *Triumph*, which was a Roman ceremony, brought Roman into his thoughts, *What* (says he) *you are now triumphing as great as a Roman?*

JOHNSON.

Line 146. — *a customer!*] *A common woman*, one that invites custom.

JOHNSON.

Line 154. *Have you scored me?*] Have you made my reckoning? have you settled the term of my life?

JOHNSON.

Line 173. — *fitchew!* *A pole-cat.*

POPE.

Shakspeare has in another place mentioned the lust of this animal. He tells Iago, that she is as lewd as the *pole-cat*, but of better scent, the polecat being a very stinking animal.

JOHNSON.

Line 270. — *atone them,*] Make them one; reconcile them.

JOHNSON.

Line 290. *If that the earth could teem, &c*] If women's tears could impregnate the earth. By the doctrine of equivocal generation, new animals were supposed producible by new combinations of matter. See Bacon.

JOHNSON.

Line 416. — *garner'd up my heart;*] That is, *treasured up*; the *garner* and the *fountain* are improperly conjoined.

JOHNSON.



Line 676. *I have much to do,*

*But to go hang my head—]* When the imagination had subsided, and the mind was no longer agitated by the horror of the action, it became at leisure to look round for specious additions. This addition is natural. Desdemona can at first hardly forbear to sing the song; she endeavours to change her train of thoughts, but her imagination at last prevails, and she sings it. JOHNSON.

Line 702. *I call'd my love, false love ;]* This couplet is not in the ballad, which is the complaint, not of a woman forsaken, but of a man rejected. These lines were properly added when it was accommodated to a woman. JOHNSON.

Line 754. *—have sense like them :]* Sense is used here, as in *Hamlet*, for sensation, or sensual appetite. MALONE.

### ACT V.

Line 13. *I have rubb'd this young quat almost to the sense,*  
*And he grows angry.]* A quat in the midland counties is a pimple, which by rubbing is made to smart, or is rubbed to sense. Roderigo is called a quat by the same mode of speech, as a low fellow is now termed in low language a scab. To rub to the sense, is to rub to the quick. JOHNSON.

Line 45. *—no passage ?]* No passengers? nobody going by? JOHNSON.

Line 52. *—a heavy night :]* A thick cloudy night, in which an ambush may be commodiously laid JOHNSON.

Line 164. *—or fordoes me quite.]* To fordo is to undo, to ruin, to destroy. STEEVENS.

Line 186. *—This sorrow's heavenly ;]* This tenderness, with which I lament the punishment which justice compels me to inflict, is a holy passion. JOHNSON.

Line 245. *A murder, which I thought a sacrifice :]* This line



is difficult. *Thou hast hурdened my heart, and makest me kill thee with the rage of a murderer, when I thought to have sacrificed thee to justice with the calmness of a priest striking a victim*

I am glad that I have ended my revisal of this dreadful scene. It is not to be endured. JOHNSON.

Line 341. —*false as water.*] As water that will support no weight, nor keep any impression. JOHNSON.

Line 363. —*villainy hath made mocks with love !*] Villainy has taken advantage to play upon the weakness of a violent passion. JOHNSON.

Line 377. *Thou hast not half the power to do me harm, As I have to be hurt.*] She means to say,—I have in this cause power to endure more than thou hast power to inflict. JOHNSON.

Line 401. —*charm your tongue.*] i. e. apply some power, strong as a *charm* would be, to your tongue; for nothing less can stop its volubility. STEEVENS.

Line 468. *Are there no stones in heaven, But what serve for the thunder?*] Shakspeare may mean—Does heaven reserve its thunder only to make a noise? has it no implements of mischief to punish as well as terrify? STEEVENS.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON OTHELLO



ANNOTATIONS

ON

C Y M B E L I N E.

ACT I.

LINE 31. *You speak him far.]* You are lavish in your encomiums on him : your eulogium has a wide compass.

MALONE.

Line 32. *I do extend him, sir, within himself;]* I extend him within himself: my praise, however *extensive*, is *withir* his merit.

JOHNSON.

Line 59. *A glass that feated them;]* *A glass that iormed them;* a model, by the contemplation and inspection of which they formed their manners.

JOHNSON.

Line 125. *Though ink be made of gall.]* Shakspeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* used in ink with the animal *gall*, supposed to be bitter.

JOHNSON.

Line 187. ————*overbuys me*

*Almost the sum he pays.]* So small is my value, and so great is his, that in the purchase he has made (for which he paid himself), for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return.

MALONE.



Line 261. — *her beauty and her brain go not together:]* I believe the lord means to speak a sentence, “ Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together. JOHNSON.

Line 277. — *’twere a paper lost,  
As offer’d mercy is.]* I believe the poet’s meaning is, that the loss of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loss of a pardon to a condemned criminal.

STEEVENS.

Line 298. — *till the diminution*

*Of space had pointed him sharp as my needle:]* The diminution of space, is the diminution of which space is the cause. Trees are killed by a blast of lightning, that is, by *blasting*, not *blasted* lightning. JOHNSON.

Line 320. — *like the tyrannous breathing of the north,*

*Shakes all our buds from growing.]* i. e. our buds of love, as our author has elsewhere expressed it.

MALONE.

A *bud* without any distinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural representation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, grow to flowers, as the buds of fruits grow to fruits.

JOHNSON.

Line 374. — *rather shunned to go even with what I heard, &c.]* This is expressed with a kind of fantastical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than such intelligence as I had gathered myself. JOHNSON.

Line 400. — *though I profess, &c.]* Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his mistress, and regard her not with the fondness of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

Line 536. *Your highness*

*Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:]*  
There is in this passage nothing that much requires a note,



yet I cannot forbear to push it forward into observation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been published in later times, by a race of men who have practised tortures without pity, and related them without shame, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings.

“Cape saxa manu, cape robora, pastor.” JOHNSON.

Line 549. *I do not like her.*] This soliloquy is very inartificial. The speaker is under no strong pressure of thought; he is neither resolving, repenting, suspecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long speech to tell himself what himself knows. JOHNSON.

Line 617. ———Blessed be those,

*How mean soe'er, that have their honest wills*

*Which seasons comfort.*] The last words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the seasons for their support and nourishment; so that, if those be kindly, such have no more to care for, or desire.

WARBURTON.

## ACT II.

Line 2. ———*kissed the jack upon an up-cast,*] He is describing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the small bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is nearest to it wins. To *kiss the jack* is a state of great advantage. JOHNSON.

Line 17. *To have smelt—*] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding speech. MALONE.

Line 25. ———*with your comb on.*] The allusion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. JOHNSON.

Line 105. ———*but as a monument,*

*Thus in a chapel lying!*] Shakspeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in



his time were usually placed on the tombs of considerable persons. The head was always reposed upon a pillow.

MALONE.

Line 111. —like the crimson drops

*In the bottom of a cowslip:* This simile contains the smallest out of a thousand proofs that Shakspeare was an observer of nature.

STEEVENS.

Line 123. —you dragons of the night!] The task of drawing the chariot of night was assigned to dragons, on account of their supposed watchfulness. Milton mentions the dragon yoke of night in his *Il Penseroso*.

STEEVENS.

Line 127. One, two, three,] Our author is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Just before Imogen went to sleep, she asked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almost midnight*. Iachimo, immediately after she has fallen asleep, comes from the trunk, and the present soliloquy cannot have consumed more than a few minutes: yet we are now told that it is *three o'clock*.

MALONE.

Line 250. *Fools are not mad folks*] This, as Cloten very well understands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks*.

STEEVENS.

Line 264. *The contract, &c.*] Here Shakspeare has not preserved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The speech of Cloten is rough and harsh, but certainly not the talk of one—

“Who can’t take two from twenty, for his heart,

“And leave eighteen——.”

His argument is just and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeness, he seems not to be much undermatched.

JOHNSON.

Line 274. *A hilding for a livery,*] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and serve as a lacquey.

MALONE.



Line 423. *So likely to report themselves:]* So near to speech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeness is remarkable, a *speaking picture*. JOHNSON.

Line 424. *Was as another nature, dumb;]* The meaning is this: The *sculpture* was as *nature*, but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *speech*. JOHNSON.

Line 434. *This is her honour!]*——

*Let it be granted, you have seen all this, &c.]* The expression is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Posthumus answers with impatience:

“*This is her honour!*”——

That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to pass for the corruption of her honour. JOHNSON.

Line 440. ————*if you can*

*Be pale;]* If you can, forbear to flush your cheek with rage. JOHNSON.

Line 461. ————*The vows of women—]* The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. JOHNSON.

Line 482. *The cognizance—]* The *badge*; the *token*, the visible proof. JOHNSON.

### ACT III.

Line 33. *Poor ignorant baubles!]* Unacquainted with the nature of our boisterous seas. JOHNSON.

Line 37. (*O, giglot fortune!]*) *O false and inconstant fortune!* A *giglot* was a *strumpet*. So, in *Hamlet*:

“*Out, out, thou strumpet fortune!*” MALONE.

Line 83. ————*keep at utterance;]* i. e. at *extreme distance*.

WARBURTON.

More properly in a state of hostile defiance, and deadly opposition. JOHNSON



Line 83. — *I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — in your state of honour *I am perfect.*” JOHNSON.

Line 101. — *What false Italian*

(*As poisonous tongu'd, as handed,*)] About Shakspeare's time the practice of poisoning was very common in Italy, and the suspicion of Italian poisons yet more common. JOHNSON.

Line 106. — *take in some virtue.*] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it. JOHNSON.

Line 120. *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractised in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

Line 171. *A franklin's housewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a small estate, neither *villain* nor *vassal*.

JOHNSON.

Line 185. — *Their impious turbands on,*] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almost all the readers of those times, always confounded with that of a *Saracen*. JOHNSON.

Line 200. *This service is not service, &c*] In war it is not sufficient to do duty well; the advantage rises not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

Line 204. *The sharded beetle—*] “The cases (says Goldsmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more necessary, as they often live *under the surface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own industry.” These are undoubtedly the *safe holds* to which Shakspeare alludes.

MALONE.

Line 221. *To stride a limit.*] To overspass his bound

— 222. *What should we speak of,*] This dread of an old age, unsupplied with matter for discourse and meditation, is a sentiment natural and noble. No state can be more destitute than that of him, who, when the delights of sense forsake him, has no pleasures of the mind. JOHNSON



Line 232. *How you speak!*] OIway seems to have taken many hints for the conversation that passes between Acasto and his sons, from the scene before us. STEEVENS.

Line 296. —*I stole these babes;*] Shakspeare seems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs. The latter part of this soliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reason why Belarius should now tell to himself what he could not know better by telling it.

JOHNSON.

Line 321. —*drug-damn'd*—] This is another allusion to Italian poisons. JOHNSON.

Line 386. *The scriptures*—] So, Ben Jonson, in *The Sad Shepherd*:

“The lover’s *scriptures*, Heliodore’s, or Tatius.”

Shakspeare, however, means, in this place, an opposition between *scripture*, in its common signification, and *heresy*.

STEEVENS.

Line 418. *To be unbent,*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an hunter. JOHNSON.

Line 464. —*Now, if you could wear a mind*

*Dark as your fortune is;*] To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the search of others. *Darkness*, applied to the *mind*, is *secrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obscurity*.

JOHNSON.

Line 468. —*full of view:*] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

Line 509. ————— *This attempt*

*I’m soldier to,*] i. e. I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of *ardour* to undertake it. MALONE.

Line 654. *Or this, or perish.*] These words, in my opinion, relate to Pisanio’s present conduct, and they mean, I think, “I must either *practise this deceit* upon Cloten, or perish by his fury.” MALONE.



Line 720. *To him that is most true.*] Pisanio, notwithstanding his master's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, considers him as *true*, supposing, as he has already said to her, that Posthumus was abused by some villain, equally an enemy to them both. MALONE.

#### ACT IV.

Line 14. — *in single oppositions :*] In single combat.

An *opposite* was in Shakspeare the common phrase for an adversary, or antagonist. MALONE.

Line 40. *Stick to your journal course : the breach of custom Is breach of all.*] Keep your *daily* course uninterrupted ; if the stated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confusion. JOHNSON.

Line 48. *How much the quantity,*] *How* much soever the mass of my affection to my father may be, so much precisely is my love for thee : and as much as my filial love weighs, so much also weighs my affection for thee. MALONE.

Line 76. — *gentle, but unfortunate ;*] *Gentle*, is *well-born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Line 103. *Mingle their spurs together,*] *Spurs*, an old word for the fibres of a tree. POPE.

Line 107. *It is great morning.*] A Gallicism. *Grand jour*. STEEVENS.

— 169. — *the snatches in his voice, And burst of speaking.*] This is one of our author's strokes of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

Line 295. — *what coast thy sluggish crare—*] A *crare*, says Mr. Heath, is a small trading vessel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. STEEVENS.



Line 352. ———reverence,  
*(That angel of the world,)*—] Reverence, or due regard to subordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. JOHNSON.

Line 378. *The sceptre, learning, &c.*] The poet's sentiment seems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally subject to the stroke of death:—neither the power of kings, nor the science of scholars, nor the art of those whose immediate study is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final destiny of man. JOHNSON.

Line 391. ———*thy grave!*] For the obsequies of Fidele, a song was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chichester, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. JOHNSON.

Line 443. ———'tis pregnant, pregnant!] i. e. 'tis a ready, apposite conclusion. STEEVENS.

Line 470. *Last night the very gods show'd me a vision:*] It was no common dream, but sent from the very gods, or the gods themselves. JOHNSON.

Line 491. ———*who was he,*  
*That, otherwise than noble nature did,*  
*Hath alter'd that good picture?*] To do a picture, and a picture is well done, are standing phrases; the question therefore is,—Who has altered this picture, so as to make it otherwise than nature did it? JOHNSON.

Line 523. ———*these poor pickaxes*—] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

—— 529. *So please you entertain me.*] i. e. hire me; receive me unto your service. MALONE.

Line 536. ———*arm him.*] That is, Take him up in your arms. HANMER.

Line 568. ———*our jealousy*  
*Does yet depend.*] My suspicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewise have not acquitted you. We now say, the cause is depending. JOHNSON.



Line 595. ———to the note o' the king,] I will so distinguish myself, the king shall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

Line 612. ———a render  
Where we have liv'd ;] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a just representation of the superfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Line 614. ———whose answer—] The retaliation of the death of Cloten would be death, &c. JOHNSON.

Line 622. ———their quarter'd fires.] Their fires regularly disposed. JOHNSON.

### ACT V.

Line 1. Yea, bloody cloth, &c.] This is a soliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed spontaneously and inadvertently discharges itself in words. The speech throughout all its tenor, if the last conceit be excepted, seems to issue warm from the heart. He first condemns his own violence ; then tries to disburden himself by imputing part of the crime to Pisanio ; he next soothes his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an instrument of the gods for the happiness of Imogen. He is now grown reasonable enough to determine, that having done so much evil, he will do no more ; that he will not fight against the country which he has already injured ; but as life is not longer supportable, he will die in a just cause, and die with the obscurity of a man who does not think himself worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

Line 10. ———to put on—] Is to incite, to instigate. JOHNSON.

Line 82. The country base,] i. e. a rustick game called prison-bars vulgarly prison-base. STEEVENS.



Line 84. —for preservation *cus'd*, or shame,)] *Shame for modesty.* WARBURTON.

Line 119. *Nay, do not wonder at it :*] Posthumus first bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. JOHNSON.

Line 150. —great the answer be—] *Answer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. JOHNSON.

Line 158. *That gave the affront with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. JOHNSON.

Line 170. *You shall not now be stolen,*] The wit of the Gaoler alludes to the custom of putting a lock on a horse's leg, when he is turned to pasture. JOHNSON.

Line 190. —to satisfy,  
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take  
No stricter render of me, than my all.] "Since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and since life itself is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeased, how small soever the atonement may be." MALONE.

Line 204. —cold bonds.] This equivocal use of *bonds* is another instance of our author's infelicity in pathetic speeches. JOHNSON.

Line 317. 'Tis still a dream ; or else such stuff as madmen  
Tongue, and brain not : either both, or nothing :  
Or senseless speaking, or a speaking such  
As sense cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be easily caught, I take to be this : This is a dream or madness, or both—or nothing,—but whether it be a speech without consciousness, as in a dream, or a speech unintelligible, as in madness, be it as it is, it is like my course of life. JOHNSON.

Line 334. —sorry that you have paid too much, and sorry that you are paid too much :] i. e. sorry that you have paid too much out of your pocket, and sorry that you are paid, or subdued, too much by the liquor. STEEVENS.



Line 393. ———one that promis'd nought  
*But beggary and poor looks.*] To promise nothing  
 but poor looks, may be, to give no promise of courageous be-  
 haviour. JOHNSON.

Line 654. ———and she herself.] That is, She was not only  
 the temple of virtue, but virtue herself. JOHNSON.

670. ———these staggers—] This wild and delirious pertur-  
 bation. *Staggers* is the horse's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Line 708. *Think, that you are upon a rock ;*] In this speech,  
 or in the answer, there is little meaning. I suppose, she  
 would say,—Consider such another act as equally fatal to  
 me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me see whe-  
 ther you will repeat it. JOHNSON.

Line 771. *By tasting of our wrath?*] The consequence is  
 taken for the whole action: *by tasting* is *by forcing us to make*  
*thee to taste.* JOHNSON.

Line 809. *Your pleasure was my mere offence, &c.*] My  
 crime, my punishment, and all the treason that I com-  
 mitted, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice  
 only. MALONE.

Line 828. *Thou weep'st, and speak'st.*] “Thy tears give  
 testimony to the sincerity of thy relation; and I have the  
 less reason to be incredulous, because the actions which you  
 have done within my knowledge are more incredible than  
 the story which you relate.” The king reasons very justly.  
 JOHNSON.

END OF THE ANNOTATIONS ON CYMEELINE.



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